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A
Complete Edition
of the
Poets
of
GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Second.

Containing
Spenser, Shakespeare, Davies & Hall.



*Edition of
the Poets of
Great Britain*

LONDON:

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER,
FROM THE TEXT OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

Containing

THE FAERY QUEENE.
COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN.
VIRGIL'S GNAT.
THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.
HYMNS.
VISIONS.
MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE.
PROTHALAMION.

EPITHALAMION.
SONNETS.
ELEGIAC POEMS.
TEARS OF THE MUSES.
RUINS OF ROME.
RUINS OF TIME.
MINOPOTMOS.
&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke ! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie——
And, asked who thee forth did bring ?
A Shepeheard's fwaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde :
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy head——
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1792.

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MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE.
PROTHALAMION.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

And I will find more after this.
Come tell me what was said of me,
And when thou art past propertie,
Gave pardon for thy hardy head—
And when his Honor hath thee redded,
All as his flouting looks he redded:
A Shepherd's Twaine he did thee sing,
And asked who thee forth did bring?
Of Noblesse and Gentry
To him that is the President
As child whose parent is unknown,
Goe, little Becket, thyself present.

PRESENTED TO HIS BOOKS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY WINDGATE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1852.

THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

THE authentic materials which history has preserved, concerning Edmund Spenser, are by no means sufficient to enable us to give a full account of his life, or such a description, either of his person or of his fortune, as will completely gratify the admirer of English Poetry, or of real genius.

He was born in London, and flourished during the illustrious reign of Queen Elizabeth; but what rank his parents held in society is very uncertain: A circumstance which, of itself, renders it probable that his descent was obscure.

The time, both of his birth and of his death, has been disputed. Concerning the first, we are not in possession of any circumstance which can authorise us to hazard even a conjecture. The latter event, in all probability, happened about the year 1598.

But while the accounts of his birth and family are so obscure and imperfect, and while many of the events of his life are lost in oblivion, Edmund Spenser is well known by his works, which have been read with admiration and delight ever since their first publication.

He had his education at Pembroke-Hall in Cambridge; where, after he had remained for some time, storing his mind with useful knowledge, he stood for a Fellowship, in competition with a Mr. Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; but without success. This disappointment, and the narrowness of his circumstances, obliged him to retire from the college. He took up his residence with some friends in the north. And in this retirement he became enamoured of the beautiful Rosalind, whom he celebrates with so much elegance in his pastoral poems, and of whose cruelty we find him uttering so many pathetic complaints.

It was in this retirement that the genius of Spenser first began to distinguish itself; and the Shepherd's Calendar was the first fruit of his unsuccessful passion. This first effort of his genius he dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, who was regarded as the most accomplished and respectable gentleman of the age in which he lived. Sir Philip was himself a poet of no inferior talents, and soon discovered the merit of Spenser, whom he continued to countenance and protect till the end of his life.

By the advice of his friends, Spenser in a short time quitted this retirement, and went to London, that he might be more in the road of preferment. Here he experienced the judicious and generous patronage of the amiable Sir Philip Sydney, who, on reading a few stanzas of his Fairy Queen, which Spenser had at this time begun to write, was so struck with the inimitable description of some of the characters, that he ordered his steward to pay the author two hundred pounds; and prepared the way for his being known and received at Court.

Although nothing could have been more auspicious than this introduction, yet Spenser did not derive from it any immediate benefit. He was indeed created Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth; but for some time he possessed only the place without the pension. His generous and noble patron was, from the nature of his employments, and the active share he had in the campaigns of the Low Countries, obliged to be much absent from Court; and the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who did not hold Spenser's merit in the same estimation, instead of promoting his interest with the Queen, is said to have intercepted her favour to this ingenious and unfortunate man,

This misfortune struck the elegant mind of the poet so deeply, that the impression seems not to have been effaced during a great part of his life. And, as might have been expected, we find him in many parts of his works, indulging himself in the most tender complaints of this ungenerous and undeserved treatment. In his poem called the Ruins of Time, which was written some time after Sydney's death; in the speech of Calliope; in the poem intitled the Tears of the Muses; in his Mother Hubbard's Tale; and at the end of book 6. of the Fairy Queen: there are several lines which carry a most pointed allusion to the repulse and opposition of the Lord Treasurer. This conduct, on the part of the poet, naturally widened the breach between him and Burleigh; till what, at first, was perhaps only neglect in the Treasurer, was converted into a settled hatred.

Notwithstanding this violent and illiberal opposition of the Treasurer, however, the Queen, upon Spenser's presenting her with some poems, ordered him a gratuity of an hundred pounds; and, some time after his appearance at Court, his uncommon abilities gained him the esteem and acquaintance of the most eminent men of that time.

His first appearance in active life was in the year 1579, when he was sent abroad by the Earl of Leicester; but on what particular service he was employed is uncertain.

He was next recommended as secretary to the Lord Grey of Wilton, upon his being chosen deputy of Ireland. In this situation he acquitted himself with great skill and ability, as may appear from his discourse on the state of Ireland, in which are to be found many solid and judicious remarks, that reflect as much honour on his talents for public business, as his other productions do on his genius for poetry.

Our author seemed now for ever exempted from the difficulties and embarrassments of his former life. His services to the Crown were rewarded, by a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 3000 acres of land in the county of Corke. His house was in Kilcolman; and the river Mulla, which he has more than once so beautifully introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds.

About this time, Spenser contracted an intimate friendship with the great and learned Sir Walter Raleigh; and the poem called "Colin Clout's come home again," in which Sir Walter is described, after the pastoral manner, in the character of the Shepherd of the Ocean, is a beautiful memorial of this friendship, which originated at first from congeniality of soul and similarity of taste in the polite arts. Sir Walter did Spenser considerable services at Court, and rendered the Queen better acquainted with his writings than she had ever been before.

In this delightful retirement he was a more successful lover, than when he paid his addresses to Rosalind. The history of the progress of his new amour may be traced in the collection of his sonnets; and the excellent epithalamium which we find among his writings, was occasioned by his obtaining the object of his affection in marriage.

It was here too, that he finished his celebrated poem of the Fairy Queen, which was begun and continued at different intervals of time, and of which only the three first books were at first published. In a following edition he added three more: but the last six books (excepting the two cantos of Mutability) were unfortunately lost by his servant, whom he had sent before him in haste to England; a circumstance which the admirers of genuine merit, and of this most admirable poem, must for ever regret.

Spenser, however, was soon driven from this serene and tranquil scene. In the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond he lost his estate. And upon his return to England, the weight of his misfortunes was doubled, from the want of his best friend the brave Sir Philip Sydney, who, a few years before, had died of the wounds he had received in an action in the Netherlands, universally lamented, as the ornament of the English nation.

The remainder of Spenser's life, were it better known, would probably be little else than the mournful detail of affliction. His fortune was now broken; his heart was wounded with calamity; and the evening of a day, in which he had seen but few bright hours, was spent in the deep gloom of adversity.

He died in the same year with his powerful enemy the Lord Burleigh, which was in 1598, and about twelve years after his beloved patron Sir Philip Sydney. He was buried at his own request, in Westminster Abbey, near the famous Geoffrey Chaucer. His obsequies were attended by the poets
of

of that time. Several copies of verses were thrown into his grave; and a monument to his memory was erected at the charge of the famous Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex.

Besides those pieces of Spenser which have been preserved, we find he had written several others, of which the titles only can now be traced. Among these the most considerable were, nine comedies, inscribed with the names of the Nine Muses. The rest, which are mentioned in his own letters, and those of his friends, are, his Dying Pelicane, his Pageants, Stemmata Dudleyana, the Canticles paraphrased, Ecclesiastes, Seven Psalms, Hours of our Lord, Sacrifice of a Sinner, Purgatory, A Se'n-night's Slumber, The Court of Cupid, and the Hell of Lovers. He is likewise said to have written a treatise in prose, called the English Poet.

As for the Epithalamion Thamesis, and his Dreams, both mentioned by himself in one of his letters, it is probable they are still preserved, though under different names. His dreams, there is reason to conclude, have been published under the several titles of, Visions of the World's Vanity, Bellay's Visions, Petrarch's Visions, &c.; and the substance of the Epithalamion Thamesis has been preserved in Canto XI. of Book IV. of the Fairy Queen, in that beautiful episode of the marriage of the Thames and Medway, which is so great an ornament to that book.

We are equally ignorant, what family Spenser left behind him, as we are concerning many of the events of his own life. The only circumstance that seems to merit any credit is, that a person, in the reign of King William, came over from Ireland to solicit the lands which had belonged to his ancestors, and brought along with him letters of recommendation as a descendant of Spenser. His claim was allowed to be good, and he obtained his suit. He could give no account whatever of the works of his illustrious ancestor which are wanting; and in all probability, therefore, we must conclude, with regret, that they are irrecoverably lost.

THE LIFE OF CHENIERE

A LETTER OF THE AUTHOR'S

Expounding his whole intention in the course of this Worke; which, for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNT.

*Lord Warden of the Stanneryes and her Maiestie's lieftenaunt of the Country of
Cornewayll.*

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled The Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for auoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discouer unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or bye-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end, therefore, of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline; which, for that I conceiued, should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of enuy, and suspicion

of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique poets historicall; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysses; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso disseuered them again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in philosophy call Ethice, or Vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politice, in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a braue knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised; the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politicke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seem displeasaunt, which

had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegorical deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightful and pleasing to commune scence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgment, formed a commune-wealth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a gouernment such as might best be; so much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whom I conceiue, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to haue seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty rauished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faery Land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine the Queene, and her kingdom in Faery Land. And yet in some places els, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queene or Empreffe, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia: Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii other vertues, I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: of which these three bookes contain three.

The first of the Knight of the Red-crosse, in whom I expresse Holynesse: the seconde of Sir Guyon, in whom I sette forth temperaunce: the third of Britomartis, a lady-knight, in whom I picture chastity. But because the beginning of the whole work seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seuerall adventures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affayrs orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepast, and diuining of thinges to come; maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning, therefore, of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I

deuise that the Faery Queene kept her annual feast xii days; uppon which xii seuerall dayes, the occasions of the xii seuerall adventures happened, which being undertaken by xii seueral knights, are in these xii books seuerally handled and discoursed. The first was this: In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownishe young man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that he might haue the atchieuement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen. That being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfe's hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffered them not to yssue: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assigne her some one of her knights to take upon him that exploit. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the lady much gaine saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serue him, (that is the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paule, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady. And esteemes taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day there came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to haue bene slayne by an enchauntresse called Acrasia: and therefore craued of the Faery Queene to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchanter called Busirane had in hand a most faire lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most gricuous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour the lover of that lady presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him; and reskewed his love.

But, by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as accidents, then in-

tendments: as the loue of Britomart, the ouerthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousness of Belphebe, the lasciuiousnes of Helenora; and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the history, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discource, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So humbly cra-

uing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER

23. Jan. 1589.

To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent

EMPRESSE,

Renowned for Pietie, Vertue, and all Gracious Government,

ELISABETH,

By the Grace of God,

QUEENE OF ENGLAND, FRVANCE

AND IRELAND, AND OF VIRGINIA;

Defendour of the Faith, &c.

HER MOST HVMBLE SERVANT,

EDMVND SPENSER,

Doth, in all Hvmitie,

DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS,

To live with the Eternitie of her Fame.

V E R S E S
TO THE
AUTHOR OF THE FAERY QUEENE.

A Vision upon this Concept of the Faery Queene.

Me thought I saw the graue where Laura lay,
Within that temple, where the vestal flame
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tumbre faire Loue, and fairer Vertue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene;
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obluion laid him down on Laura's herse;
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heuens did
perfe;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grieve,
And curst the accessse of that celestial thiefe.

Another of the same.

THE prayse of meaner wits this Worke like profit
brings, [sings.
As doth the cuckoe's song delight when Philumena
If thou hast formed right true Vertue's face herein,
Vertue herselfe can best discerne, to whom they
written bin.
If thou hast beautie prayfd, let her sole looks di-
uine
Iudge ought therein be amis, and mend it by
hereine.
If chastitie want ought, or temperance her dew,
Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy
Queen anew. [fore
Mean while she shall perceiue how far her vertues
About the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote
of yore;

And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will,
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an angel's
quill.

Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those
of thy deuice.

To the Learned Shepheard.

COLLYN, I see by thy new taken taske
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
And loath the layes that long to lowly swaynes;
That lifts thy notes from shepheards unto kinges,
So like the liuely lark that mounting singes.

Thy louely Rosalinde seemes now forlorne,
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in
scorne,
Those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight;
Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth, as they gaue thee the
bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelayses,
Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers,
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes,
Delight the daintie eares of higher powers;
And so mought they, in their deep scanning skill,
Alow and grace our Collyn's flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queen of thine,
In whose faire eyes Loue linckt with Vertue fittes,
Enfusing by those bewties syers deuine
Such high conceits into thy humble wittes,

As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rustic tunes, to chaunt heroique decdes.

So mought thy Red-crosse knight with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire island's right,
Which thou dost vail in type of Faery Land,
Eliza's blessed field, that Albion hight; [focs,
That shields her friendes, and warres her mightie
Yet still with people, peace and plenty flowes.

But (iolly Shepeheard) though with pleasing style
Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne,
Let not conceipt thy settled fence beguile,
Ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine:
Subject thy dome to her empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse and all the world takes
light.

HOBYNOLL.

FAYRE Thamis streame, that from Ludd's stately
Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas, [towne,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, while this Bryttane Orpheus playes:
Nere thy sweet bankes there liues that sacred
Crowne,

Whose hand strowes palme and neuer-dying bayes;
Let all at once with thy soft murmuring sowne
Present her with this worthy poet's prayes;
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepherdes weedes,
And deep conceites now singes in Faeries decdes.

R. S.

GRAVE Muses march in triumph and with prayes,
Our Goddesse here hath giuen you leaue to land,
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.

Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete breast are all the Muses bredde;
So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his poet's hedde.

Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
Euen of the fairest that the world hath seene.

H. B.

WHEN stout Achilles heard of Helen's rape,
And what reuenge the states of Greece deuild,
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In woman's weedes himselfe he then disguisde;
But this deuise Ulysses soon did spy, [try.
And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to

When Spenser saw the same was spredd so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice;
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armies;
So Spenser was by Sidney's speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;
For well he knew his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles in those warlike frayes
Did win the palme from all the Grecian peeres;
So Spenser now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.
What though his taske exceed a humane witt,
He is excused, sith Sidney thought it fit.

W. L.

To look upon a worke of rare deuise,
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserued prise,
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either prove the iudgment to be naught,
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a ialous doubt, that there did lurke
Some secret doubt, whereto the prayse did tend;
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
Tis needlesse for the host to have a syng.

Thus then to shew my iudgment to be such
As can discernie of colours blacke and white,
As all to free my minde from enuie's tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanship is such,
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware,
But such hath beene the custome heretofore;
And customes very hardly broken are:
And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
Then look you giue your host his utmost dew,

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,

Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware,

But such hath beene the custome heretofore;

And customes very hardly broken are:

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And customes very hardly broken are:

SONNETS

THE FAERY QUEENE

TO SEVERAL PERSONS OF QUALITY BY THE AUTHOR.

*To the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hatton,
Lord High Chancellor of England, &c.*

Those prudent heads that with their counsels
wife
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustain,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet lady Muses for to play :
So Ennius, the elder Africane,
So Maro oft did Caesar's cares allay :
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policy ;
And to these ydle rymes lend little space,
Which for their titles fake may find more grace.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord
High Threasurer of England.*

To you, right noble Lord, who carefull brest
To menage of most grave affaires is bent,
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdomes gouernment
As the wide compasse of the firmament
On Atlas' mighty shoulders is vpstayd ;

Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd :
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from commune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,
And wipe their faults out of your censure graue.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxenford, Lord
High Chamberlayne of England, &c.*

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, in gentle gree
The vnripe fruit of an vnready wit,
Which by thy countenance doth craue to bee
Defended from foule enuie's poisonous bit ;
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry
Vnder a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility ;
And also for the loue which thou doest beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee ;
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare ;
Deare as thou art vnto thyselfe ; so loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

THE sacred Muses haue made alwaies clame
To be the nourfes of nobility,
And registres of euerlasting fame,
To all that arms professe and cheualry;
Then by like right the noble progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the seruice of sweete Poetry,
By whose endeaours they are glorified;
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the author of their praise, [dide,
Which gives them life, that els would soone haue
And crowne their ashes with immortal baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my pains, it to defend.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

REDOUBTED Lord, in whose corageous mind
The flowre of cheualry, now bloosming faire,
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praises haue left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of martiall praise,
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As godlie well ye shew'd in late affaies,
Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor yee may fashions see,
To like desire of honour may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receiue it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,
For honour of your name and high descent.

E. S.

*To the Most Honourable and Excellent Lord, the
Earle of Essex, Great Maister of the Horse to her
Highnesse, and Knight of the Noble Order of the
Garter, &c.*

MAGNIFICKE Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous poet's wit;
To be thy liuing praises instrument,
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
In this base Poem, for thee far vnfit;
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby:
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to fly
To the last praises of the Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene:
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance
To these first labours needed furtherance.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Ormonde and
Offory.*

RECEIUE, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruite which saluage soyl hath bred
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd,
And in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy brave mansione;
There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receiue, dear Lord, in worth the fruit of barren
field.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Ch. Howard, Lord
High-Admiral of England, Knight of the Noble
Order of the Garter, and one of her Maiestie's Pri-
uie Counsell, &c.*

AND ye, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age
Of th' old heroes, whose famous offspring
The antique poets wont so much to sing,
In this same pageaunt haue a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,
That vainly threatned kindomes to displace,
Like flying doves, ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, did first deface.
Thy praise's euerlasting monument
Is in this verse engrauen semblably.
That it may liue to all posterity

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, High
Chamberlaine to her Maiesty.*

RENOWNED Lord, that for your worthinesse
And noble deeds haue your deserued place
High in the fauour of that Emperesse,
The world's sole glory and her sexes grace;
Here eke of right haue you a worthie place,
Both for your neernes to that Faerie Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like cace;
Of which apparaunt prooffe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
Of northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloiall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue, Lord, for euer in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honour may reherse.

E. S.

*To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the Lord
Grey of Wilton, Knight of the Noble Order of the
Garter, &c.*

MOST noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muse's pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe live, bound your's by vassalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account;
Rude rymes, the which a rustic Muse did weaue
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned loome:
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable
doome.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of
her Maiestie's Priuie Counsell.*

IN vain I think, right honourable Lord,
By this rude ryme to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)
Thy gracious souerain praises to compile,
And her imperiall maiestie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
But sith thou mayst not so, giue leaue a while
To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And vnaduised ouersights amend:
But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham Knight,
principall Secretary to her Maiesty, and of her Ho-
nourable Priuy Counsell.*

THAT Mantuane poet's incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,
It first aduauit to great Augustus grace,
Might long perhaps haue lien in silence bace,
Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide unto your patronage,
That are the great Mecenas of this age,
As wel to al that ciuel artes professe
As those that are inspir'd with martial rage,
And craues protection of her feeblenesse;
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
In bigger tunes to sound your liuing praise.

E. S.

*To the Right Noble Lord, and most valiant Captain,
Sir John Norris Knight, Lord President of Moun-
ster.*

WHO euer gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse then did the martiall crew,
That their braue deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you,
Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And precedent of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and aduizement sage,
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile,
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage,
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile?
Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
Loue him that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

*To the right noble and valorous Knight, Sir Walter
Raleigh, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Lief-
tenaunt of Cornewaile.*

TO thee, that art the summer's nightingale,
Thy soueraine goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rusticke madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
Thou onely fit this argument to write, [bowre,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her
And daintie Love learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unfauory and sowre,
To taste the streames, that like a golden showre
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loue's praise,
Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall stowre,
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthia's praises be thus rudely
showne.

E. S.

*To the Right Honourable and most vertuous Lady, the
Countesse of Pembroke.*

REMEMBRAUNCE of that most heroicke spirit,
The heauens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting baies,
Of heuenlie blifs and euerlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies,
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, liuing euermore
In the diuine resemblance of your face,
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And natiue beauty deck with heuenlie grace:
For his, and for your own especial sake, [take.
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to

E. S.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

B O O K I.

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED-CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

I.

Lo I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske
As time her taught, in lowly shepherds weeds,
Am now enforst a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds,
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me all too meane the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade amongst her learned throng :
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my
song.

II.

Help then, O holy Virgin ! chiefe of Nyne,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will ;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and sayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong :
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull
tong.

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III.

And thou most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus' sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde ;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jolities arraid, [layd.
After his murderous spoyle and bloody rage al-

IV.

And with them eke, O goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne, [shine,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To think of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile ;
The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest dread !
a while.

I

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeat;
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I.
A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdainning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters
fitt.

II.
And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III.
Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queene of Faery Lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave.
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battel brave;
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

IV.
A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veile, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw,

As one that inly mourned; so was she sad,
And havie fate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in hearte some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

V.
So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
their scepters stretcht from east to western shore
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld; [peld.
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far com-

VI.
Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was saddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his leman's lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain; [faine.
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were

VII.
Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand,
Whose loffie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
Did spred so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr;
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faie harbour that them seems, so in they entred arre.

VIII.
And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,

Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-propp elme, the poplar never dry,
 The builder oake, sole king of forests all
 The aspine, good for staves, the cypresse funerall.

ix.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
 And poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramours,
 The eugh, obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shaftes, the fallow for the mill,
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
 The carver holme, the mapple, seeldom inward
 found.

x.

Led with delight they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
 When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne
 Furthest from end then, when they neereft weene,
 That make them doubt their wits be not their owne:
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene, [beene.
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they

xi.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they find, or in or out,
 That path they take that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
 Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the dwarfe awhile his needles spere he gave.

xii.

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
 "Lest sudden mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
 "The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 "Breedes dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without
 "smoke,
 "And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
 "Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
 "Ah, Ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
 "The forward footing for an hidden shade:
 "Virtue gives herself light through darknesse for
 "to wade.

xiii.

"Yea but," quoth she, "the peril of this place
 "I better wot then you, though nowe too late
 "To wish you backe returne with foul disgrace;
 "Yet wisdom warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
 "To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
 "This is the Wandring Wood, the Errour's den,
 "A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
 "Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
 The fearefull dwarfe; "this is no place for living
 "men."

xiv.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthful knight could not for ought be staide,

But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
 And looked in: his glistring armor made
 A little glooming light, much like a shade,
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th' other halfe did woman's shape retaine,
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdain.

xv.

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortal sting: of her there bred
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one
 Of fundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

xvi.

There dam upstart out of her den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her curfed head, whose folds displaid,
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile
 She lookt about, and seing one in mayle,
 Armed to point, fought backe to turne againe;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,
 Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine, (plaine.
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see any

xvii.

Which when the valiant elfe perceiv'd, he leapt
 As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
 Threatening her angry sting him to dismay;
 Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst;
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder
 glaunst.

xviii.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage, herselfe she gathered round,
 And all at once her beastlie bodie raizd
 With doubled forces high above the ground:
 Tho wrapping up her wreathed sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
 Il suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Errour's endlesse
 traine.

xix.

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint, [ye bee;
 Cride out, "Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what
 "Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
 "Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain,
 And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
 Wherewith he gript her gorge with so great paine,
 That soon to loose her wicked bands did her con-
 straine.

xx.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
 A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunct so vildly, that it forst him slacke

B ij

His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of booke and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI.

As when old Father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale;
But when his later spring gins to avale, [breed
Huge heaps of mudd he leaves, wherein there
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man
reed.

XXII.

The same so fore annoyed has the knight,
That wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, he can no longer fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII.

A gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous knattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearfull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
(Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin)
And stroke at her with more than manly force;
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatetull heade without remorse:
A streame of cole-black blood forth from her corse.

XXV.

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselves about her body round.
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but being there withstood;
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mother's blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt
their good.

XXVI.

That detestable fight him much amazzd,
To see th' unkindly impes of heaven accurst
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst.

Now needeth him no longer labour spend,
His foes have flaine themselves, with whom he
should contend.

XXVII.

His lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And faide, "Faire Knight, borne under happie starre,
"Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
"Well worthie be you of that armory,
"Wherein you have great glory wonne this day,
"And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
"Your first adventure: many such I pray,
"And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it
"may."

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend:
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend;
But still did follow one into the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought:
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
Long way he traveled before he heard of ought.

XXIX.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged fire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures which abroad did pas?
"Ah! my dear Sonne," quoth he, "how should,
"alas!
"Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
"Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
"Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
"With holy father fits not with such thinges to
"mell.

XXXI.

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
"And home-bredd evil, ye desire to heare,
"Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
"That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
"Of such," said he, "I chiefly doe inquere;
"And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place
"In which that wicked wight his dayes doth
"weare;
"For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace
"That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

XXXII.

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesse
"His dwelling is, by which no living wight
"May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
"Now," faide the ladie, "draweth toward night;
"And well I wote, that of your later fight
"Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
"But wanting rest will also want of might?"

"The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
"At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves
"among.

xxxiii.

"Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest
"And with new day new worke at once begin:
"Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
"Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win
"Is wisely to advise. Now day is spent,
"Therefore with me ye may take up your in [tent;
"For this same night." The Knight was well con-
So with that godly father to his home they went.

xxxiv.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In traveill to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly went to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde;
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

xxxv.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave Mary after and before.

xxxvi.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them
biddes:

Unto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes;
Where when all drown'd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there, amidde
His magick bookes, and artes of fundrie kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy
mindes.

xxxvii.

Then choosung out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoe's grisly dame;
And cursed Heaven, and spake reproachful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

xxxviii.

And forth he cald, out of deepe darknes dredd,
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flyes,
Fluttering about his ever damned hedd,
Awaite, whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enemies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himself staide other worke to doo.

xxxix.

He making speedy way through sperfed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full sleepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth sleepe,
In silver deaw, his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black
doth spred.

xl.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowfie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

xli.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the lost,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careles Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enemyes.

xlii.

The messenger approaching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retourn'd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to streth; but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled fighs and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

xliii.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatened unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate; whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Half angrie, asked him, for what he came?
"Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
"He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
"He bids thee to him send for his intent
"A fit false Dreame, that can delude the sleepers
"sent"

xliv.

The god obeyde; and calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heave head, de void of careful carke,
Whose fences all were straight benumbd and
starke.

He backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull larke,
And on his little winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lorde, where he him left afore:

B iiij

XLV.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravish't quight:
The makers selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily;
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the maker's guyle, with usage fly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carie under feigned hew.

XLVII.

Thus well instructed to their worke they haste;
And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy:
Then seemed him his lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dame
Pleasure's toy.

XLVIII.

And she herselfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen, iō Hymen, dauncing all around;
Whylist freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amiss,
He started up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his;
Lo there before his face his ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as half blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that virgin true which for her knight
him tooke.

L.

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have flaine her in his fierce despight;
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,

He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sence, and tempt her feigned truth.
Wringing her hande in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho' can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth,

LI.

And sayd, "Ah! Sir, my liege lord, and my love,
" Shall I accuse the hidden cruel fate,
" And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
" Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
" For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
" Yet this perforce he bids me do or die.
" Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state
" You, whom my hard avenging destinie
" Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII.

" Your owne deare fake forst me at first to leave
" My father's kingdom," there she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave:
And then againe begun, " My weaker yeares,
" Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
" Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde;
" Let me not die in languor and long tears."
" Why, dame," quoth he, " what hath ye thus
" dismayd? [frayd?]"

" What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me af-

LIII.

" Love of yourselfe," she saide, " and deare constraint
" Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
" In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
" Whiles you in carelesse sleepe, are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth; yet since no untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdaine full spight
He would not shend, but said, " Deare dame, I rew,
" That for my sake unknowne such grieve unto
" you grew.

LIV.

" Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground:
" For all so deare as life is to my hart,
" I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
" Ne let vaine fears procure your needlesse smart,
" Where cause is none; but to your rest depart."
Not all content, yet seemed she to appease
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chose but please:
So flyding softly forth she turnd as to her ease.

LV.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to think that gentle dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt asleep his irkesome spright,
That troublous Dreame gan freshly tolle his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he bake returnd againe.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO II.

The guilefull great enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse knight from Truth;
In whose stead faire Falsehood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

I.

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandering arre:
And chearfull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once that Phœbus' fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that Night so long his roome did fill.

II.

When those accursed messenger of hell,
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged
spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
And sad Proserpine's wrath, them to affright:
But when he saw his threatening was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

III.

Estsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those too he tooke, and in a secret bed,
Covered with darkness and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who after troublous fights
And dreams gan now to take more sound repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him calls, "Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
"That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
"Have knit themselves in Venus' shameful chaine:
"Come see where your false lady doth her honor
"staine."

V.

All in amaze he suddenly upstart
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The cie of Reason was with rage yblent,
And would have flaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restrained of that aged fire.

VI.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty fight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie (light;
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily; (do fly.
The dwarfe him brought his steed; so both away

VII.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drouthyhed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful
flowre.

VIII.

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine;
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hill and dale, each wood and plane,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle breast,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

IX.

But subtile Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forests,
(Th' end of his drift) he prais'd his deuelish
arts,
That had such might over true-meaning harts:
Yet rest not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure
take.

X.

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of ma-
gick spell?

XI.

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest.
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly.
Full iolly knight he seemde, and well adrest;
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him
to be.

XII.

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithles Sarazin, all armed to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Saisoyne: full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlet red,
Purpled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses
brave.

XIV.

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertaine her lover all the way;
But when she saw the knight his speare aduance,
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray;
His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with pride,
And hope to winne his ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his courser's side
The red blood trickling staine the way as he did
ride.

XV.

The Knight of the Red-crosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Can fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
Soone mete they both; both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astained with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth
land.

XVI.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that with the terror of the shooke
Astained both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to pierce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe; the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple blood new die the verdant
fields.

XVIII.

"Curse on that crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
"That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;
"Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
"Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt;
"But yet I warne thee now assured fitt,
"And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glaucing downe his shield from blame him
fairly blest.

XIX.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan estsoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the Steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother Earth did kis,
Greeting his grave; his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is
Whether the foules doe fly of men that live amis.

XX.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazin's shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dis-
may.

XXI.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce
Cride, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
"On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
"And to your mighty will." Her humbleffe low,
In so rich weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart,
And said, "Dear dame, your suddein overthrow
"Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
"And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke
"your part."

XXII.

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
"Hath now made thrall to your commande-
"ment,
"Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
"And Fortune false bestraide me to your powre,
"Was (O what now availeth that I was!)
"Borne the sole daughter of an emperour;
"He that the wide West under his rule has,
"And high hath set his throne where Tiberis
doth pas.

XXIII.

"He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
"Betrothed me unto the onely haire
"Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
"Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
"Was never prince so mecke and debonaire;
"But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
"My dearest lord fell from high honor's stare
"Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
"And cruelly was flaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV.

"His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
"Was afterward, I know not how, convaied,
"And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
"When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
"O how great sorrow my sad soule affaid!
"Then forth I went his woeful corse to find;
"And many yeares throughout the world I straid
"A virgin-widow, whose deepe-wounded mind
"With love long time did languish as the stricken
hind.

XXV.

"At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
"To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
"With him away; but yet could never win
"The fort that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
"There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
"Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
"The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
"Of one bad fire, whose youngest is Sansfloy,
"And twixt them both was borne the bloudy
"bold Sansfloy.

XXVI.

"In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
"Now miserable I Fideffa dwell,
"Craving of you in pittie of my state,
"To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies her face to view,
Then his duli eares to heare what she did tell;
And said, "Faire Lady: hart of flint would rew
"The undeserved woes and sorrowes which ye
"shew."

XXVII.

"Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
"Having both found a new friend you to aid,
"And lost an old foe that did you molest:
"Better new friend then an old foe is said."
With chaunge of chear the seeming-simple maid
Let fall her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
So forth they rode, he feining seemly merth,
And she coy looks. So dainty, they say, maketh
derth.

XXVIII.

Long time they thus together traveled;
Til weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew too goodly trees, that faire did spread
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast.
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shundth' unlucky ground.

XXIX.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastily got;
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide,
And his new lady it endured not:
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbe
a tide.

XXX.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes; whereas they sit,
And in his faised fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit;
And thinking of those braunckes greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough, out of whose risfe there came
Small drops of glory bloud, that trickled down
the same.

XXXI.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
 Crying, "O spare with guilty hands to teare
 " My tender sides, in this rough rynd embard;
 " But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
 " Left to you hap that happened to me heare,
 " And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
 " O too deare love, love bought with death too
 " deare!"

Astond he stood, and up his heare hid hove.
 And with that suddein horror could no member
 move.

XXXII.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;
 " What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
 " Or guileful spright wandring in empty aire,
 " (Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake)
 " Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,
 " And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood
 " to spare?"

XXXIII.

Then groning deep, "Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
 "Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake;
 " But once a man Fradubio, now a tree;
 " Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature
 " weake
 " A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
 " Hath thus transformd, and plapt in open plaines,
 " Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
 " And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines;
 " For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat
 " me paines."

XXXIV.

"Say on Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
 Quoth then the knight; "by whose mischievous arts
 " Art thou mishaped thus, as now I see?
 " He oft finds med'cine who his grieve imparts;
 " But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 " As raging flames who striveth to suppress,"
 "The author then," said he, "of all my smarts,
 " Is one Dueffa, a false forcereffe,
 " That many errant knights hath brought to
 " wretchednesse."

XXXV.

"In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
 " The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
 " First kindled in my breast, it was my lott
 " To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
 " Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
 " With whome as once I rode accompanyde,
 " Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
 " That had a like faire lady by his syde;
 " Like a faire lady, but did fowle Dueffa hyde:

XXXVI.

"Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
 " All other dames to have exceded farre;
 " I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
 " Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre;
 " So both to batteil fierce arraunged are;
 " In which his harder fortune was to fall
 " Under my speare: such is the dye of warre.
 " His lady, left as a prise martiall,
 " Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII.

"So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
 " Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 " One day in doubt I cast for to compare
 " Whether in beauties glorie did excede;
 " A rosy girlonde was the victor's meede.
 " Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee;
 " So hard the discord was to be agreede:
 " Frælisfa was as faire as faire mote bee,
 " And ever false Dueffa seemde as faire as shee."

XXXVIII.

"The wicked witch now seeing all this while
 " The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
 " What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
 " And by her helles science raisd straight way
 " A foggy mist that overcast the day,
 " And a dull blast, that, breathing on her face,
 " Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
 " And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
 " Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire
 " in place."

XXXIX.

"Then cride she out, "Fye, fye, deformed wight,
 " Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
 " To have before bewitched all mens sight;
 " O leave her soone, or let her soone be flaine!"
 "Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
 " Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
 " And would have kild her; but with fained
 " paine [hold;
 " The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-
 " So left her, where she now is turnd to tree in
 " mould."

XL.

"Thensforth I tooke Dueffa for my dame,
 " And in the witch unweeting ioyd long time,
 " Ne ever wist but that she was the same;
 " Till on a day (that day is everie prime,
 " When witches wont do penance for their crime)
 " I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 " Bathing herselfe in origane and thyme:
 " A filthie foule old woman I did view,
 " That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew."

XLI.

"Her neather partes mishapen, monstrous,
 " Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
 " But they did seeme more foule and hideous
 " Then woman's shape man would beleve to bee.
 " Thensforth from her most beastly companie
 " I gan refraine, in minde to flipp away,
 " Soone as appeared safe opportunitie;
 " For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
 " I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray."

XLII.

"The divelish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,
 " Perceiv'd my thought, and, drownd in sleepe
 " night,
 " With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
 " My body all, through charmes and magicke
 " might,
 " That all my senses were bereaved quight;
 " Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 " And by my wretched lover's sight me pight;
 " Where now enclod in wooden wals full faste,
 " Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we
 " waste."

XLIII.

"But how long time," said then the Elfin Knight,
 "Are you in this misformed house to dwell?"
 "We may not chaunge," quoth he, "this evill
 plight,
 "Till we be bathed in a living well;
 "That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
 "O how," sayd he, "mote I that well outfind,
 "That may restore you to your wonted well?"
 "Time, and sufficed Fates, to former kynd
 "Shall us restore, none else from hence may us
 "unbynd."

XLIV.

The false Dueffa, now Fideffa hight,
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all was true: but the good knight
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,

When all this speech the living tree had spent,
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 That from the blood he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound;
 Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her
 fownd.

XLV.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
 As all unweeting of that well she knew,
 And paynde himselfe with busie care to reare
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eylids blew
 And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
 At last she up gan lift; with trembling cheare
 Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
 And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth
 did beare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO III.

Forfaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde ;
Marres blind Devotion's mart, and fals
In band of leachour vylde.

I.

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollow-
nesse
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretched-
nesse,
Through Envie's snares, or Fortune's freakes un-
kind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart prest with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

II.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayeles eies these lines with teares do
steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a
king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches
shayre.

III.

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forfaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,

To seeke her knight ; who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision which th' enchaunter
wrought,
Had her abandond ; she of nought afrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought,
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV.

One day nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And the grasse her daintie limbes did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight :
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layde her stole asyde ; her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place :
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

V.

It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood ;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse ;
But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

VI.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weete.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,

And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading eath, when she had marked long,
Her hert gan melt in great compassion,
And arizling tears did shed for pure affection.

VII.

"The lyon, lord of everie beaft in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puiffance doth abate
"And mightie proud, to humble weake does yield,
"Forgetfull of the hungry rage which late
"Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :
"But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
"How does he find in cruell hart to hate
"Her that him lov'd and ever most adord,
"As the God of my life ? why hath he me abhord ?

VIII.

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her
 plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood ;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beaft upon her gazing stood ;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she might at-
 tayne.

IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward ;
And when she wakt he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd :
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X.

Long she thus traueiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandering knight
 shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde.
Till that at length she found the trodden gras
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountain hore ;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damsel spyde slow-foeing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore :

XI.

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
But the rude wench her answered not at all ;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand,
Till seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddain feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away ; for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyon's looke her cast in deadly
 hew.

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne never lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay ;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternal night : nought could she say,

But suddain catching hold, did her dismay
With quacking hands, and other signes of feare ;
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did re-
 quere:

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in ; where of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with feare and faint astonishment
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent ;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent :
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves*, she was not to say.

XIV.

And to augment her painefull penaunce more
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth
 wore,
And thrise-three times did fast from any bitt ;
But now for feare her beads she did forgett.
Whose needleffe dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt ;
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her
 may.

XV.

The day is spent, and cometh drowfie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe ;
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe :
Instead of rest, she does lament and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare-loved knight,
And sighs and grones, and evermore does sleepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night ;
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes
 for light.

XVI.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye,
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare :
He knocked fast, and often curst and fware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call ;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stелths and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

XVII.

He was to weete a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents :
The holy faints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carlesse slept,
And spoild the priests of their habiliments ;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca flow,

Whith whom he he whoredome uſd that few did know;

And fed her fatt with feaſt of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne ſpared he to give her gold and rings; | things.
And now he to her brought part of his ſtolen

XIX.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of thoſe fearefull women none durſt riſe,
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett:
He would no longer ſtay him to adviſe,
But open breakes the dore in furious wiſe,
And entring is; when that diſdainfull beaſt
Encountring fierce, him ſuddein doth ſurpriſe;
And ſeizing cruell clawes on trembling breaſt,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath ſuppreſt.

XX.

Him booteth not reſiſt, nor ſuccour call,
His bleeding hart is in the venger's hand,
Who ſtreight him rent in thouſand peeces ſmall,
And quite diſmembred hath; the thirſty land
Dronke up his life, his corſe left on the ſtrand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night
Ne dare to weepe, nor ſeeme to underſtand
The heaſie hap which on them is alight,
Affraid leaſt to themſelves the like miſhappen
might.

XXI.

Now when broad day the world diſcovered has,
Up Una roſe, up roſe the lyon eke,
And on their former iourney forward paſs,
In waies unknowne, her wandering knight to
ſeeke.

With paines for paſſing that long-wandring Greeke
That for his love reſuſed deitie:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still ſeeking him that from her ſtill did flye:
Then furtheſt from her hope when moſt ſhe weened
nye.

XXII.

Soone as ſhe parted thence, the fearful twayne,
The blind old woman and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there ſlayne,
For anguiſh great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their breaſts, and naked fleſh to teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
Half mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her that was the cauſer of their ill:

XXIII.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houlſing and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accuſing of diſhoneſty,
That was the flowre of faith and chaſtity;
And ſtill amidſt her rayling ſhe did pray
That plagues and miſchiefes, and long miſery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endleſſe error ſhe might ever ſtray.

XXIV.

But when ſhe ſaw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retourned with ſome labour loſt;
And in the way as ſhee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embroſt,

Yet knight was not for all his bragging boſt,
But ſubtill Archimag, that Una ſought
By traynes into new troubles to have toſt:
Of that old woman tidings he beſought,
If that of ſuch a lady ſhee could tellen ought.

XXV.

Therewith ſhe gan her paſſion to renew,
And cry, and curſe, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying that harlott ſhe too lately knew,
That cauſd her ſhed ſo many a bitter teare;
And ſo forth told the ſtory of her feare.
Much ſeemed he to mone her hapleſſe chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquire;
Which being taught, he forwarde gan advaunce
His fair enchanted ſteed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI.

Ere long he came where Una traveild flow,
And that wilde champion wayting her beſyde;
Whom ſeeing ſuch, for dread hee durſt not ſhow
Himſelfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when ſhe him ſpyde,
By his like-ſeeming ſhield her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh ſhe wiſt it was the ſame,
And with faire fearfull humbleſſe towards him ſhe
came:

XXVII.

And weeping ſaid, " Ah! my long-lacked lord,
" Where have ye bene thus long out of my fight?
" Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
" Or ought have done that ye diſpleaſen might,
" That ſhould as death unto my deare heart
" light:
" For ſince mine eie your ioyous fight did miſ,
" My chearefull day is turnd to chearleſſe night,
" And eke my night of death the ſhadow is;
" But welcome now my light, and ſhining lampe
" of bliſ."

XXVIII.

He thereto meeting ſaid, " My deareſt dame,
" Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
" To thinke that knighthood I ſo much ſhould
" ſhame,
" As you to leave, that have me loved ſtil,
" And choſe in Faery Court of meere goodwil,
" Where nobleſt knights were to be found on
" earth
" The earth ſhall ſooner leave her kindly ſkil
" To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
" Then I leave you, my lieſe, yborn of heavenly
" berth.

XXIX.

" And ſooth to ſay, why I leſte you ſo long,
" Was for to ſeeke adventure in ſtraunge place
" Where Archimago ſaid a felon ſtrong
" To many knights did daily worke diſgrace:
" But knight he now ſhall never more deface:
" Good cauſe of mine excuſe; that mote ye
" pleaſe
" Well to accept, and evermore embrace
" My faithfull ſervice, that by land and ſeas
" Have vowd you to defend; now then your
" plaint appeaſe."

xxx.

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
For many years of sorrow can dispence :
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woful stowre
For him she late endurd : she speaks no more
Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe ; his eies he fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toylde
so fore.

xxxii.

Much like as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustering breath of heaven, that none can
bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hoand,
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearful whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups, his mates him
pledged around.

xxxiii.

Such ioy made Una when her knight she found ;
And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant that does vew from
ground
His ship far come from watry wildernesse ;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discourfing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her what the lyon ment ?
Who told her all that fell in iourney as she went.

xxxiiii.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armed, and on a courser free,
That through his fiersnesse formed all with
sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side :
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his shield *Sansfoy* in bloody lines was dyde.

xxxv.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did
beare,
He burnt in fire and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele,
But yet his lady did so well him cheare
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele :
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron
heele.

xxxvi.

But that proud paynim forward came so ferce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head
speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce ;
And had his staggering steede not shronke for
feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare :

Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare ;
He tomling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did
gush.

xxxvii.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him stept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said, " Lo, there the worthie meed
" Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife :
" Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
" In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
" When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
" The black infernall furies doth aslake.
" Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansfoy shall
" from thee take."

xxxviii.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, " O hold that heavie hand,
" Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place :
" Enough is that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
" Now at thy mercy : mercy not withstand,
" For he is one the truest knight alive,
" Though conquered now he lye on lowly land
" And whilest him Fortune favourd, fayre did
" thrive
" In bloody field ; therefore of life him not de-
prive."

xxxix.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage ;
But rudely rending up his helmet, would [age,
Have slayne him streight : but when he sees his
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And, half asham'd, wondered at the sight :
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight :

xl.

And said, " Why, Archimago lucklesse fyre,
" What do I see ? what hard mishap is this,
" That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre ?
" Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
" Instead of foe to wound my friend amis ?"
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit ; which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would ne lenger stay,

xli.

But to the virgin comes ; who all this while
Amazed stands, herselfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee :
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie ;
Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to be-
hold.

xlii.

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same

Have reft away with his sharp-rending clawes;
But he was stout, and luft did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his fwerd
he drawes.

XLII.

O then too weake and feeble was the forſe
Of ſalvage beaſt, his uiſſance to withſtand;
For he was ſtrong, and of ſo mightie corſe,
As ever wielded ſpeare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wiſely underſtand.
Eſtſoones he perced through his chaufed cheſt
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart: with death oppreſt
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forſooke his ſtubborne
breſt.

XLIII.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging ſpoile of lawleſſe victor's will?

Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope diſmaid,
Her ſelfe a yielded pray to ſave or ſpill.
He, now lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With ſoule reproches and diſdaineſul ſpight.
Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courſer light: [might.
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of

XLIV.

And all the way with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, ſhe filleth his dull eares,
That ſtony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way ſhe wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares,
Her ſervile beaſt yet would not leave her ſo,
But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wand'ring woe; [foe,
More mild in beaſtly kind than that her beaſtly

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Dueffa
Guydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brother's death to wreak, Sansloy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

I.

YOUNG knight whatever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice and chaunge of thy deare-loved dame,
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove;
For unto knight there is no greater shame
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Red-crosse knight's ensample plain-
ly prove:

II.

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Dueffa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidefs', and so supposd to be,
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemd to be,
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled

III.

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard
With balefull beggary or foule disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay:
Thether Dueffa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

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IV.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor
thicke,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid
High lifted up were many lostie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightfull bowres,
And on the top a dial told the timely howres.

V.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workman's witt;
But full great pittie that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt;
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked itt;
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right,
For still to all the gates stood open wide;
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight
Cald Malvenù, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight;
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There, waiting long to win the wished fight
Of her that was the lady of that pallace bright.

C

VII.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious view
Their frayle amazed senses did confound.
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nurse of pompous Pride,
Like ever saw; and there a noble crew,
Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre the place much
beautified.

VIII.

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes, and gorgeous array,
A mayden queene, that shone as Tytan's ray.
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

IX.

Exceeding shone, like Phoebus' fayrest childe,
That did presume his father's fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, wrapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

X.

So proud she shynd in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.
Lo underneath her scornful feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne.
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous fayre, as any living wight.

XI.

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell:
And thundring love, that high in heaven doth
dwell,

And wield the world, she claymed for her fyre,
Or if that any else did love excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

XII.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her self a queene, and crownd to be;
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the sceptre which she now did hold;
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but policie,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did
uphold.

XIII.

Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
And false Dueessa, seeming lady fayre,

A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeyfaunce, did the cause declare
Why they were come her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great maiestee

XIV.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thancked them in her disdainfull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe.
Of princeesse worthy; scarce them bad arise.
Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise,
Some praucke their ruffles, and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does
spight.

XV.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
But to Dueess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vain in knightly vew,
And that great princeesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the east the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eies
amaze.

XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great lunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on when she does ride
To loves high hous through heavens bras-paved
way,
Drawne of fayre peacocks, that excell in pride,
And, full of Argus' eyes their tayles dispredden
wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawne of six unequal beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde;
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nurse of Sin;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke and amis thin,
Like to an holy monck the service to begin.

XIX.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care,

Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd :
Scarfe could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else
astray.

xx.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From everie worke he chalenged esloyne,
For contemplation sake : yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually.
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

xxi.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his necke was long and syne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him detest.

xxii.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heate;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweate:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarfe upholden can;
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

xxiii.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

xxiv.

And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies, (the sign of gelosy)
Was like the person selfe whom he did beare,
Who rough and blacke, and filthy, did appeare;
Unseemly man to please fair ladies eye:
Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by.
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

xxv.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthines;
And in his hand a burning harte he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse;
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to love with secret looks,
And well could daunce and sing with ruefulnesse,

And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshy hookes.

xxvi.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake womens hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow and consumes the braine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

xxvii.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himselfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal ballance waide.

xxviii.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarfe good morfell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

xxix.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covertise;
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him
pore;

Who had enough, yet wished ever more.
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

xxx.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he hearde of harme he waxed wondrous
glad.

xxxi.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera and his owne compaignie.

xxxii.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse than any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse.
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backbite, and spitefull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt
Such one vile Envy was, that fiste in row did sitt.

xxxiii.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eyes did hurle forth sparckles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in
him sweld.

xxxiv.

His ruffin raiment all was staine with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvised rashness woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement;
But when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet (wisful man) he never would forecast [hast.
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedlesse

xxxv.

Full many mischiefs follow cruell wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmarly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe, haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces' fire.
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

xxxvi.

And after all upon the waggon beame
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laefy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone
astray.

xxxvii.

So forth they merchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport:
Emongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
The foule Dueffa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine;
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their ioyauce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike
swaine.

xxxviii.

So having solaced themselves a space,
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,

They backe retourned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,
And heathenish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writt *Sansfoy*, they new arrived find:
Enflamd with fury and fiers hardyhed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

xxxix.

Who when the shamed shield of flaine *Sansfoy*
He spide with that same Faery champion's page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage
He to him lept, and that same envious gage
Of victor's glory from him snatch'd away:
Butth' *Elfin Knight*, whichought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce reskewd the noble pray.

xl.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swards on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the trane;
Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commanded them their fury to refraine;
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

xli.

"Ah! dearest dame," quoth then the paynim bold,
"Pardon the error of enraged wight,
"Whome great griefe made forget the rainest to hold
"Of Reason's rule, to see this recreant knight
"(No knight, but treachour full of false despight
"And shameful treason) who through guile hath
slayn
"The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
"Even stout *Sansfoy*, (O who can then refrayn?)
"Whose shield he bears renverst, the more to heap
disdain.

xlii.

"And to augment the glorie of his guile,
"His dearest love, the farie *Fidessa*, loe
"Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
"Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
"Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
"That brother's hand shall dearly well requight,
"So be, O Queene! you equall favour shewe."
Him little answered th' angry *Elfin Knight*;
He never meant with words, but swards, to plead
his right:

xliii.

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledg
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edg
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pass in ioy and iollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall,
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain *Slowth* did to rest
them call.

xliv.

Now whenas darksome Night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,

To muse on means of hoped victory :
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Dueffa from her resting place,
And to the paynim's lodging comes with silent pace :

XLV.

Whom broad awake she findes in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with speeches seeming fitt ;
" Ah ! deare Sansfoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
" Cause of my new grieve, cause of my new ioy ;
" Ioyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
" And greeved to thinke how foe did him destroy,
" That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye ;
" Lo his Fideffa to thy secret faith I flye."

XLVI.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart ;
Then sighing soft, " I learn that litle sweet
" Oft tempred is," quoth she, " with muchell smart ;
" For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
" Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,
" But in eternall woe my weaker hart
" Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
" And for his sake have felt full many an heaue
flowre.

XLVII.

" At last, when perils all I weened past,
" And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
" Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
" By this false saytor, who unworthie ware
" His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
" Entrapped flew, and brought to shamefull grave :
" Me filly maid away with him he bare,
" And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
" For that I would not yield that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII.

" But since faire sunne hath sperst that lowring
cloud,
" And to my loathed life now shews some light,
" Under your beames I will me safely shrowd

" From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight :
" To you th' inheritance belongs by right
" Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love :
" Let not his love, let not his restless spright,
" Be unreveng'd that calles to you above
" From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth
endlesse move."

XLIX.

Thereto said he, " Faire Dame ! be nought dismaid
" For sorrowes past ; their grieve is with them
gone :
" Ne yet of present perill be affraide,
" For needlesse feare did never vantage none ;
" And helpelesse hap it booteth not to mone,
" Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
" Tho' greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone :
" He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
" And guiltie elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

L.

" O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth she,
" Of Fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
" Why, Dame," quoth he, " what oddes can ever
bee
" Where both doe fight alike to win or yield ?"
" Yea, but," quoth she, " he beares a charmed shield,
" And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce ;
" Ne none can wound the man that does them
wield."

" Charmd or enchaunted," answerd he then ferce,
" I no whit reck ; ne you the like need to reherce.

LI.

" But, fair Fideffa ! sithens Fortune's guile,
" Or enemies powre, hath now captived you,
" Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
" Till morrow next that I the else subdew,
" And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."
" Ay me, that is a double death," she said,
" With proud foes fight my sorrow to renew :
" Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
" Shall follow you." So passing forth she him obaid.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdues his faithlesse foe ;
Whom false Dueffa saves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I.

THE noble hart, that harbours virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restless passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie tournament
With greatest honour he atchieven might :
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning
light.

II.

At last the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phæbus fresh, as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy
ayre :
Which when the wakeful elfe perceiv'd, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sun-bright armes and battailous array,
For with that pagan proud he combatt will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where carely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall :
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen many a lord.

IV.

Soone after comes the cruel Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creature's eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily ;
And in the wine a solemn oth they binde,
T' observe the sacred laws of armes that are assynd.

V.

At last forth comes that far renowned queene,
With royall pomp and princely maieste ;
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Dueffa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew ;
Both those the lawrell girlands to the victor dew.

VI.

A shrilling trompett sounded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse ;
Their shining shieldes about their wrestles they tye,
And burning blades about their heads doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heaviness :
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle :
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak
and fraile.

vii.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes like dreaded thunders threat;
For all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat;
That from their shields forth flieth fire light,
And helmets hewen deepe shew marks of either's
might.

viii.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gryson seized of his pray,
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so fore, that they the heavens affray:
The wise southfayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortal fight.

ix.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did
show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

x.

At last the paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brother's shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said, "Ah! wretched sonne of wofull fyre,
"Doeft thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
"Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victor's
hyre?

"And, sluggish german, doest thy forces flake,
"To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

xi.

"Goe, caytive Elfe! him quickly overtake,
"And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:
"Goe, guiltie Ghost! to him my message make,
"That I his shield have quit from dying foe."
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled readie twise to fall:
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call [all."
The false Dueffa, "Thine the shield, and I, and

xii.

Soone as the Faerie heard his ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

xiii.

And to him said, Goe now, proud Miscreant!

"Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
"Alone he wandring thee to long doth want:
"Goe, say his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo a darksome clowd
Upon him fell; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls all alowd,
But answer none receives; the darknes him does
throwd.

xiv.

In haste Dueffa from her piace arose,
And to him running sayd, "O prowest knight
"That ever ladie to her love did chose,
"Let now abate the terror of your night,
"And quench the flame of furious despight,
"And bloodie vengeance: lo th' infernall powres,
"Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
"Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
"The conquest your's, I your's, the shield and
glory your's."

xv.

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thirstie blade
To bath in blood of faithlesse enemy,
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie,
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

xvi.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service scene:
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

xvii.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed,
Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side;
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet music did divide,
Him to beguile of grieve and agony;
And all the while Dueffa wept full bitterly.

xviii.

As when a weary traveller, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which in false grieve hyding his harmeful guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mourneful plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes another's cares.

xix.

So wept Dueffa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in love's high house werelight;
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight

In slombing swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day;
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy
way:

xx.

Where grievedly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' chearefull face durst never view,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for iourney new,
And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were
wood.

xxi.

Who when she saw Dueſſa funny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare,
(For never did such brightness there appeare)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying, "Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
"Abyde till I have told the message which I have."

xxii.

She stayd, and soorth Dueſſa gan proceede,
"O thou most auncient grandmother of all!
"More old than love, whom thou at first didst
"breede,
"Or that great house of gods celestiall,
"Which was begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
"And sawst the secrets of the world unmade;
"Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
"With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrayde?
"Lo where the stout Sansfoy doth sleepe in deadly
"shade.

xxiii.

"And him before I saw with bitter eyes
"The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare;
"And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
"Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
"That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
"O what of gods then boots it to be borne,
"If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
"Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
"When two of three her nephews are so fowle
"forlorne?

xxiv.

"Up then; up, dreary Dame, of darknes queene;
"Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
"Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
"That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
"And can the children of fayre Light deface."
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mother's face:
Yet pittie in her hart was never prov'd
Till then; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

xxv.

And said, "Deare Daughter! rightly may I rewe
"The fall of famous children borne of mee,
"And good successes which their foes ensue;
"But who can turne the streame of Destinee,

"Or breake the chayne of strong Necessitee,
"Which fast is tyde to love's eternall seat?
"The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
"And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
"To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

xxvi.

"Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
"For some shall pay the price of others guilt;
"And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
"Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
"But what art thou that telst of nephews kilt?"
"I, that do seeme not I, Dueſſa ame,
Quoth she, "however now in garments gilt,
"And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came;
"Dueſſa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

xxvii.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying, "In that fayre face
"The false resemblance of Deceipt I wist
"Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
"It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
"Could it discern, though I the mother bee
"Of Falshood, and roote of Dueſſaes race.
"O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,
"And now have scene unwares. Lo now I go
"with thee."

xxviii.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle wel-favourdwitch;
Through mirksome aire her ready way she makes:
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp, [twitch;
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely
ramp.

xxix.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the paynim lay
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy blood congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald,

xxx.

And all the while she stood upon the ground
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound
With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
And her darke grievedly looke them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

xxxi.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
By that same hole an entraunce dark and bace
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;

But dreadful furies, which their chains have braist
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men
aghaist.

xxxii.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes hous are come bilive;
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
Of seends infernal flockt on every side, [ride.
To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durst

xxxiii.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doth bootlesse
cry,

Curfing high love, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

xxxiv.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, until Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly;
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

xxxv.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the queene of heaven to sin;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin,
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhæus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemn'd to endlesse slouth by law;
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

xxxvi.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them do pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part,
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Æsculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedlesse,
For that Hippolytus' rent corse he did redresse.

xxvii.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
That wont in charett chace the foming bore;
He all his peers in beauty did surpas,
But ladies love as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
But when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
Her love she turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd,

xxxviii.

Who all in rage his sea-god syre besought

Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
From furling gulf two monsters streight were
brought,

With dread whereof his chafing steedes aghast,
Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chaft
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no monument.

xxxix.

His cruel step-dame seeing what was donne
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing the innocence of her sonne:
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong, that did offend;
Tho gathering up the reliques of his smart
By Dianas meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Æsculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

xl.

Such wondrous science in mens witt to rain
When love avized, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore;
Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And flake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

xli.

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes
To Æsculapius brought the wounded knight;
Whom having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews
daies.

xlh.

"Ah! Dame," quoth he, "thou temptest me in
"vaine

"To dare the thing which daily yet I rew;
"And the old cause of my continued paine
"With like attempt to like end to renew.
"Is not enough that thrust from heaven dew
"Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay,
"But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
"Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
"The wrath of thundring love that rules both
"night and day?"

xlii.

"Not so," quoth she; "but sith that heaven's
"king

"From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
"Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing?
"And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
"Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
"Go to, then, O thou far-renowned sonne
"Of great Apolo! shew thy famous might
"In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
"Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be
"donne."

xliv.

Her words prevaild; and then the learned leach

His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay
And all things els the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dredd Darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
And bake retourning took her wonted way,
To ronne her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure,
In westernne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV.

The false Dueffa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately palace of dame Pryde,
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence; albee (his woundes wyde
Not thoroughly heald) unready were to ryde.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had spyde
Where in a dungeon deep huge numbers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and
day;

XLVI.

A ruefull sight as could be seen with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How, mortgaging their lives to Covetise;
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with wrath, and Envyes false surmise,
Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretch-
ednesse.

XLVII.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till through celestiall doome, thrown out of dore,
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore:
There also was king Crœsus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advanst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares
daunst:

XLVIII.

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd:
There also was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native fyre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammon's sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he
dide.

XLIX.

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carcases of beastes in butchers stall;
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall;
Great Romulus, the grandfyre of them all;
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball,
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius;
High Cæsar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.

L.

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vain, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke;
Fayre Sthenobœa, that herself did choke
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspes sting her felse did stoutly kill; [fill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon

LI.

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralls,
Which thether were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride, and wasted welthes decay.
But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courtes and ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp or wanton play
Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy
stowres.

LII.

Whose case whenas the carefull dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde;
For doubtlesse death enswe'd if any him descryde.

LIII.

Scarfe could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corfes, like a great lay-stall,
Of mured men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse of decent funerall,
Which al through that great princeesse pride did fall,
And came to shamefull end: and them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carcases he spyde,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VI.

From lawlesse Lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast ;
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wife beheast.

I.

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
An hidden rock escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The mariner yet half amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To ioy at his fool-hapie oversight ;
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escaped to sad ensamples in his fight.

II.

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speed
The fayre Dueff' had forst him leave behind ;
And yet more sad that Una his deare dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind,
Yet crime in her could never creature find :
But for his love, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake :

III.

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde :
Yet first he cast by treatie and by traynes
Her to persuaide that stubborne fort to yelde ;
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it con-
straines.

IV.

With fawning words he courted her a while,
And looking lovely, and oft sighing fore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile ;
But wordes, and lookes, and sighs, she did abhore,
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vale that hong her face before ;
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'enforce her chastitye.

V.

So when he saw his flattring arts to sayle,
And subtile engines bett from batterce,
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah, heavens ! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that paynim
bold ?

VI.

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shrieks and shrieking cryes,
(The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse)
And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
The molten starres do drop like weeping eyes ;
And Phœbus flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight ?

VII.

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make her selfe a way :
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resound :
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber fownd :

VIII.

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far-rebowed noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent ;
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

IX.

The wyld wood-gods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate :
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state ;
All stand astoined at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so woefull plight.

X.

She more amazd in double dread doth dwell,
And every tender part for feare does shake :
As when a greedy wolfe, through hunger fell,
A feely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
Which quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim,
With chaunge of feare to see the lyon looke so grim.

XI.

Such fearfull fitt affaid her trembling hart ;
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had ;
The salvage nation feeble her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horror all asyde doe lay,
And gently grenning shew a semblance glad
To comfort her ; and feare to put away, [obay.
Their backward-bent knees, teach her humbly to

XII.

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truth,
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty truth ensu'th :
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beauty soverayne,
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth,
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with coun-
t'nance fayne.

XIII.

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,
And yeldes her to extremities of time ;

So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime :
They all as glad as birdes of ioyous pryme
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheard's ryme,
And with greene branches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as queene, with olive girlond croud.

XIV.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double eccho ring.
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring ;
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
Who with the noyse awaked commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing,
And aged limbs, on cypresse staddle stout,
And with an yvie twine his waste is girt about.

XV.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad ;
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad :
They drawing nigh unto their god present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent :
The god himselfe viewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent :
His owne fayre Dyrope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth com-
paire.

XVI.

The wood-borne people fall before her fiat,
And worship her as goddesse of the wood,
And old Sylvanus' selfe bethinkes not what
To thynke of wight so sayte, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly broode :
Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see,
But Venus never had so sober mood ;
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be, [knee.
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her

XVII.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love and dearest Cyparisse,
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;
And how he flew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all wordly blisse ;
For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wil'd annoy.

XVIII.

The woody Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thether runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades,
Flocke all about too see her lovely face ;
But when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace ;
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth
they find.

XIX.

Glad of such lucke, the lukelesse lucky mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseryes :

During which time her gentle wit she plyes
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th' image of idolatryes;
But when their bootelesse zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her asse would wor-
ship fayne.

xx.

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight
By iust occasion to that forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his well-deserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame;
And fild far landes with glory of his might;
Plain, faithfull, true, and enemy of shanie,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

xxi.

A Satyres sonne, yborn in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventures as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde,
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde,
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beaste with busie payne,
Then serve his ladies love, and waste his pleasures
vayne.

xxii.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And could not lacke her lover's company;
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find,
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

xxiii.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage fire;
Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
For ransome leaving him the late-born childe,
Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
He noursed up in life and maners wilde,
Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of
men exile.

xxiv.

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare,
And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roaring buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backs, not made to beare;
And the robuckes in flight to overtake,
That everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

xxv.

Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
That his own fyre, and maister of his guise,
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft for dread of hurt would him advise
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,

Nor too much to provoke: for he would learne
The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did
carne.

xxvi.

And for to make his power approved more,
Wyld beastes in yorn yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell,
And them constraine in equall tyme to draw.
Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And stardie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared as a tyran's law.

xxvii.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne,
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne,
When after him a loyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away did wonne;
The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

xxviii.

The fearfull dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away,
Until with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
"Ah, Satyrane! my dearling and my ioy,
"For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
"To dally thus with death is no fitt toy:
"Go find some other play-fellows, mine own
sweet boy."

xxix.

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught,
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To fear his force; and then his courage haught
Desyrd of foreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought,
In which his might was never overthrowne,
But through al Faery Lond his famous worth was
blowne.

xxx.

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woodes for to repaire,
To see his fyre and ofspring auncient;
And now he thether came for like intent,
Where he unawares the fairest Una found,
(Straunge lady, in so straunge habiliment)
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did
redound.

xxxi.

He wondered at her wisedome heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrows rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,

And ioyd to make proöfe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trew ;
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

xxxii.

But she, all vowd unto the Red-crosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight ;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent,
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise
How with that pensive maid he best might thence
arise.

xxxiii.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe :
In vain he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to
the plaine.

xxxiv.

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveld had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,
Or tidings of her Knight of the Red-crosse ;
But he them spying gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse :
More greedy they of newes fast towards him do
crosse.

xxxv.

A filly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And solid with dust of the long dried way ;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveld many a sommer's day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
And in his hand a Iacob's staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon ; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did
bind.

xxxvi.

The knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new ;
But warres nor new adventures none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad, of that her champion trew
That in his armour bare a croflet red.
" Ay me ! deare Dame !" quoth he, " well may I
" rew

" To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red ;
" These eies did see that knight both living and
" eke ded."

xxxvii.

That cruel word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddain cold did runne through every veine,

And stony horroure all her fences fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe ;
Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen
plaine
The further proceffe of her hidden grieve :
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the
chiefe.

xxxviii.

Then gan the pilgrim thus ; " I chaunst this day,
" This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
" To see two knights, in travell on my way,
" (A sorry sight) arraung'd in batteil new,
" Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull
" hew :
" My fearful flesh did tremble at their strife,
" To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
" That dronke with blood, yet thrifed after life :
" What more ? the Red-crosse knight was slain
" with paynim knife."

xxxix.

" Ah ! dearest Lord," quoth she, " how might
" that be,
" And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne ?"
" Ah ! dearest Dame," quoth he, " how might I
" see
" The thing that might not be, and yet was
" donne ?"
" Where is," said Satyrane, " that paynim's sonne,
" That him of life, and us of ioy hath reft ?"
" Not far away," quoth he, " he hence doth wonne,
" Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
" Washing his bloody wounds, that through the
" Steele were cleft."

xl.

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse oppressd,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast ;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that pagan proud himfelfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side :
Even he it was that erst would have suppressd
Faire Una ; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochful words he boldly him deside ;

xli.

And said, " Arise thou cursed miscreant, [train
" That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous
" Faire knighthood sowly shamed, and doest vaunt
" That good knight of the Red-crosse to have slain :
" Arise, and with like treason now maintain
" Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching up in hast his three-square shield,
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the
field ;

xlii.

And drawing nigh him said, " Ah ! misborn elfe,
" In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
" Another's wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe ;
" Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
" My name with guile and traiterous intent :
" That Red-crosse knight, perdie, I never flew ;

" But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,
 " Th' enchaunter vaine his error should not rew;
 " But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven
 " trew."

XLIII.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder blowes, and fierfly to assaile,
 Each other bent his enemy to quell;
 That with their forcethey perft both plate and maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pittie any living eie:
 Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
 But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
 Both hongred after death; both chose to win or die.

XLIV.

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
 That fainting each, themselves to breathe lett,
 And ofte refreshed, battell oft renew.
 As when two bores, with rancling malice mett,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett,
 Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
 Where, foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
 And trample the earth, the whiles they may respire,
 Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and
 entire.

XLV.

So fierfly, when these knights had breathed once,
 They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
 Their puissant force and cruell rage attonce
 With heaped strokes more hugely than before,
 That with their drery wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, scarcely could bee known.
 By this sad Una, fraught with anguish fore,

Led with their noise, which through the aire was
 thrown, [sown.
 Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had

XLVI.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
 Espide, he gan revive the memory
 Of his leud lusts and late attempted fin,
 And leste the doubtfull battel hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
 But Satyrane with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other busines plie,
 Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
 Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speeches said;

XLVII.

" O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad
 " Hath the incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
 " Were it not better I that lady had,
 " Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
 " Most sencelesse man he that himselfe doth hate
 " To love another: lo then for thine ayd
 " Here take thy lover's token on thy pate."
 So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
 Fled farre away, of that proud paynim fore afraid.

XLVIII.

But that false pilgrim which that leasing told,
 Being indeed old Archimage, did stay
 In secret shadow all this to behold,
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray;
 And when he saw the damsell passe away,
 He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.
 But for to tell her lamentable cace,
 And eke this battel's end, will need another place.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VII.

The Red-crosse knight is captive made,
By gyaunt proud opprest :
Prince Arthure meets with Una, great-
ly with those newes distressed.

I.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine
By which Deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours died deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine ?
Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,
The false Dueffa, cloked with Fideles name.

II.

Who when, returning from the dreary Night;
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Red-crosse knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie fate,
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron coted plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III.

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd
Which through the trembling leaves full gentle
playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of fundrie kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
The witch approching gan him sayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkind
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire ; soure gall with
hony sweet.

IV.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade
About the fountaine like a girlond made,
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade ;
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V.

The cause was this : One day when Phoebe fayre,
With all her band, was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyrd, with heat of scorching ayre,
Satt downe to rest in middest of the race ;
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place ;
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and flow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble
grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas ;
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt,
Till crudled cold his courage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt,

VII.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health and of his fame;
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull fownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' else therewith astownd,
Upstart lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his fight,
An hideous geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his talnesse seemd to threat the skye;
The ground eke groned under him for drede:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall feed.

IX.

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blustering Aeolus his boasted fyre,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And filld her hidden caves with stormie yre,
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time
In which the wombes of women do expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,
Pust up with emptie wynd, and filld with sinfull cryme.

X.

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
Out of his mother's bowelles, and it made
His mortal mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde,

XI.

That, when the knight he spyd, he gan advaunce
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towards him with dreadfull fury prauce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarm'd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every ioint and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble made,
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

XII.

The geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And were not heavenly grace that him did blesse
He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly flowre,

And lightly leapt from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villen's powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his senses stound, that still he lay full low.

XIII.

As when that divelish yron engine, wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of dusky stinking smoke,
That th' only breath him daunts who hath escaped the stroke;

XIV.

So daunted when the geaunt saw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
Untill Dueffa loud to him gan crye,
"O great Orgoglio! greatest under skye,
"O hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake;
"Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
"But vanquish thine eternall bondslave make,
"And me thy worthy meed unto thy leman take."

XV.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake;
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his new-found make:
Then up he took the slombred sencelesse corse,
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought, with hastie forse,
And in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI.

From that day forth Dueffa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall maiestye:
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awful terror tye,
A monstrous beast, ybredd in filthy fen,
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den,

XVII.

Such one it was as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Stremora slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heades out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:
But this same monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heades out of his body grew,
An yron breast, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewed in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught,
And with extorted powre and borrow'd strength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it braught,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;

And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy haestes fortaught,
Upon this dreadful beast, with sevenfold head,
He sett the false Duesse, for more aw and dread.

XIX.

The wofull dwarfe, which saw his maister's fall,
(Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed)
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, took up his forlorne weed;
His mightie armour, niissing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed;
(The rueful monuments of heavinesse)
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

XX.

He had not travaill long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una, met
Fast flying from the paynim's greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let;
Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowful regret,
And lively breath her sad breast did forsake;
Yet might her piteous hart be seen to pant and quake.

XXI.

The messenger of so unhappie newes,
Would faine have dyde; dead was his hart within;
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes;
At last, recovering hart, he doe begin
To rub her temples, and to chauf her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turn:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne; [mourne;
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and

XXII.

"Ye dreary instruments of doleful sight,
"That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
"Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
"Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
"Sith cruell Fates the careful threds unfold,
"The which my life and love together tyde?
"Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
"Perce to my hart, and pas through everie fyde,
"And let eternal night so sad sight fro my hyde.

XXIII.

"O lightsome day (the lampe of highest love,
"First made by him mens wandring wayes to guye,
"When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove)
"Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
"And shut up heaven's windowes shyning wyde;
"For earthly light can nought but sorrow breed,
"And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
"Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed, [need.
"But feeded up with death shall have their deadly

XXIV.

Then downe again she fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last, when Life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With soltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
"Tell on," quoth she, "the woful tragedy,
"The which these reliques sad present unto mine
eye.

XXV.

"Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
"And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
"Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy light
"Then that I seele and harbour in mine hart:
"Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech part.
"If death it be, it is not the first wound
"That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
"Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound;
"If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

XXVI.

Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old,
The wanton loves of false Fidesse fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;
The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat which he with Sansloy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII.

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway,
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never lady loved dearer day,
Then she did love the Knight of the Red-crosse,
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII.

At last when fervent sorrow flaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd:
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale, [vale.
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a

XXIX.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus' brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of Steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most

XXX.

[pretious rare:
And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious flights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother-perle, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd;
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd

His golden winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddaine horror to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

xxxii.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly,
With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

xxxiii.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of Steele, nor of enduring bras,
(Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene)
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

xxxiv.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistering ray,
That Phoebus' golden face it did attaine,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke art's con-

xxxv.

[strait.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call,
But all that was not such as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddain fall;
And when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him list the prouder lookes fubdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

xxxvi.

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceeds;
For he that made the same was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes:
If Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell;
Both shield, and sword, and armour, all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell;
But when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie Lond, where yet it may be seen if sought.

xxxvii.

A gentle youth, his dearly loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square;
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborn steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chaust that any on his backe should sitt,
The yron rowels into frothy some he bitt.

xxxviii.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine;
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire-feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humour fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray, [say;
Wherewith enmoud, these bleeding words she gan to

xxxix.

"What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,
"Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
"And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
"The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
"And in my hart his yron arrow steep,
"Soene as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
"Such helpelesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
"Then rip up grieve where it may not availle;
"My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and
"waile."

xl.

"Ah! lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
"Well may I ween your grieve is wondrous great;
"For wondrous great grieve groweth in my spright,
"Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat:
"But, woefull lady! let me you intrete
"For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
"Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
"And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
"Found never help who never would his hurts
"impart."

xli.

"O but," quoth she, "great grieve will not be
"tould,
"And can more easily be thought then said."
"Right so," quoth he; "but he that never would,
"Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."
"But grieve," quoth she, "does greater grow
"displaid,
"If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
"Despaire breeds not," quoth he, "where faith is
"staide."
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does
"paire."
"Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can
"repaire."

xlii.

His goodly reason and well-guided speach
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her persuaded to disclose the breach
Which Love and Fortune in her hart had wrought;
And said, "Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
"You to inquere the secrets of my grieve;
"Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;
"Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe;
"Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you
"briebe."

xliii.

"The forlorne maiden, whom your eies have seene
"The laughing stock of Fortune's mockeries,
"Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
"Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
"Did runne about, and their felicities

D ij

" The favourable heavens did not envy)
 " Did spread their rule through all the territories
 " Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
 " And Gehon's golden waves doe wash continually:

XLIV.

" Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
 " An huge great dragon, horrible in sight;
 " Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
 " With murderous ravine and devouring might
 " Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted
 " quight:

" Themse ves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
 " He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
 " Where last embard in mighty brazen wall,
 " He has them now fowr years besiegd to make
 " them thrall.

XLV.

" Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
 " Have enterprizd that monster to subdew:
 " From every coast, that heaven walks about,
 " Have thither come the noble martial crew,
 " That famous harde atchievements still pursue;
 " Yet never any could that girlond win,
 " But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:
 " All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 " The piteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

XLVI.

" At last, yled with far reported praise,
 " Which flying Fame throughout the world had
 " spread

" Of doughty knights, whom Faery Land did raise,
 " That noble order hight of Maidenhead,
 " Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
 " (Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright!)
 " Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is Red,
 " There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
 " That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver
 " might.

XLVII.

" Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and
 " good)

" There for to find a fresh unproved knight,
 " Whose manly hands imbrawd in guilty blood
 " Had never beene, ne ever by his might
 " Had throwne to ground the unregarded right;
 " Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made
 " (I witnes am) in many a cruell fight:
 " The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
 " Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII.

" And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
 " His biting sword, and his devouring speare,

" Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
 " Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
 " And well could rule; now he hath left you heare
 " To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 " And of my doleful disaventurous deare.
 " O heaveie record of the good Red-crosse,
 " Where have yee left your lord, that could so well
 " you tosse?

XLIX.

" Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 " That he my captive languor should redeeme,
 " Till all unweeting, an enchaunter bad
 " His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
 " My loyalty, not such as it did seeme;
 " That rather death desire then such despight.
 " Be iudge, ye Heavens! that all things right
 " esteeme,
 " How I him lov'd, and love with all my might:
 " So thought I eke of him, and think I thought
 " aright.

L.

" Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
 " To wander where wilde Fortune would me lead,
 " And other bywaies he himsele betooke,
 " Where never foote of living wight did tread,
 " That brought not backe the balefull body dead,
 " In which him chaunced false Dueffa meete,
 " Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
 " Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweete,
 " Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI.

" At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
 " Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall,
 " Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismayed,
 " Unwares surpris'd, and with mighty mall
 " The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
 " Whose fall did never foe before behold;
 " And now in darkefome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 " Remedilesse for aie he doth him hold.
 " This is my cause of grieve, more great then may
 " be told."

LII.

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint;
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake,
 " Certes, madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
 " That stoutest hart, I weene, could cause to quake;
 " But he of cheare, and comfort to you take,
 " For till I have acquit your captive knight,
 " Assure your selfe I will you not forsake."
 His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright;
 So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever
 right.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight;
Who slayes the gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Duesſa quight.

i.

As me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall!
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And ſtedfaſt truth acquite him out of all:
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his own fooliſh pride
Or weaknes, is to linfull bands made thrall:
Els ſhould this Red-croſſe knight in bands have
dyde,
For whoſe deliverance ſhe this prince doth thether
guyde.

ii.

They ſadly traveild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a caſtle builded ſtrong and hye:
Then cryde the dwarfe, "Lo yonder is the ſame,
"In which my lord my liege doth luckleſſe ly,
"Thrall to that gyaunt's hatefull tyranny,
"Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres aſſay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loſtie ſteed, and badd the lady ſtay,
To ſee what end of fight ſhould him befall that
day.

iii.

So with his ſquire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that caſtle wall,
Whoſe gates he ſound ſaſt ſhutt, ne living wight
To warde the ſame, nor anſwere commers call;
Then tooke that ſquire an horne of bugle ſmall,
Which hong adowne his ſide in twiſted gold,
And taſſelles gay: wyde wonders over all
Of that ſame hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uſes manifold.

iv.

Was never wight that heard that ſhrilling ſound;
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be eaſy heard arownd,
And ecchoes three aunſwer'd it ſelfe againe:
No faulſe enchauntment nor deceiptfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blaſt,
But preſently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate ſo ſtrong, no locke ſo firme and faſt,
But with that piercing noiſe flew open quite, or
braſt.

v.

The ſame before the geaunt's gate he blew,
That all the caſtle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The gyaunt ſelfe diſmaied with that ſound,
Where he with his Duesſa dalliaunce ſound,
In haſt came ruſhing forth from inner bowre,
With ſtaring countenance ſterne, as one aſtound,
And ſtaggering ſteps, to weet what ſudden ſtowre
Had wrought that horror ſtrange, and dar'd his
dreaded powre.

vi.

And after him the proud Duesſa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beaſt,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creſt,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feaſt:
That when the knight beheld, his mightie ſhild
Upon his manly arme he ſoone addreſt,
And at him fierſly flew, with corage ſild,
And eger greedineſſe through every member thild.

D iiij

VII.

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornfull wrath and high disdain,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine;
But wise and wary was that noble pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to
beare.

VIII.

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed fight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth, wounded with so fore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an
earthquake shew.

IX.

As when almightie love, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament,
The fiers threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth castes up a mount of
clay.

X.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light.
But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
And whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
Large streames of blood out of the trunked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven
rock.

XI.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling fownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe:
As great a noyse as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow mur-
muring.

XII.

That when his deare Dueffa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungered her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes:
But him the squire made quickly to retrate,

Encountring fiers with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke
stand.

XIII.

The proud Dueffa, full of wrathful spight
And fiers disdain, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorning the let of so unequal foe;
But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe,
But with owtrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them
twaine.

XIV.

Then took the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner partes;
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts;
Which after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes;
Therewith his sturdie corage soone was quayed,
And all his fences were with suddcin dread dismayd.

XV.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest;
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprife;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved squire into such thraldom brought.

XVI.

And high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

XVII.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long
trayne,
(Through great impatience of his grieved hed)
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the gyaunt soone her succoured,
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantie yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers; and forst the knight
retyre.

XVIII.

The force which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong then both
were erst,
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,

That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow :
The stroke upon his shield so heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low.
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous
blow ?

XIX.

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew,
The light whereof, that heuen's light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew :
Which when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to haue slain the man that on the ground did
lye.

XX.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sun-shiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his fences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durty field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield :
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the gyaunt lowdly she gan call,
" O helpe, Orgoglio ! helpe, or els we perish all."

XXI.

At her so pitteous cry was much amov'd
Her champion stout ; and, for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
But all in vaine ; for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine : for since that glauncing sight
He hath no powre to hurt nor to defend ;
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does
light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the fences
quight.

XXII.

Whom when the prince, to batteill new addrest,
And threatning high his dreadful stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tumbled : as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart-strings with keene Steele nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with feare-
full drift.

XXIII.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtil engines and malicious sight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavy make,
And yields it selfe unto the victour's might ;
Such was this gyaunt's fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did
quake.

XXIV.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall ste he smote againe so sore,
That heedlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne foule bloody gore,

Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store
But soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing lefte, but like an emptie blader was.

XXV.

Whose grievous fall when false Dueffa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde ;
Such piercing grieve her stubborn hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound ;
But leaving all behind her, fled away ;
The light-foot squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.

XXVI.

The roiall virgin, which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie,
And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake ;
" Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie !
" That with your worth the world amazed make,
" How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my
" sake ?

XXVII.

" And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
" Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death's dore,
" What hath poore virgin, for such perill past,
" Wherewith you to reward ? accept therefore
" My simple selfe, and service evermore.
" And he that high does sit, and all things see,
" With equall eye, their merites to restore,
" Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
" And what I cannot quite, requite with usure.

XXVIII.

" But sith the heavens and your faire handeling
" Have made you master of the field this day,
" Your fortune maister eke with governing,
" And well begonne, end all so well, I pray,
" Ne let that wicked woman scape away ;
" For she it is that did my lord bethrall,
" My dearest lord ! and deepe in dongeon lay,
" Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
" O heare how pitteous, he to you for ayd does
" call !"

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squire
That scarlet whore to keepe carefully,
Whyles he himselfe, with greedie great desyre,
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye ;
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,
But no man car'd to answer to his crye ;
There raignd a solemne silence over all ;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was scene, in bowre
or hall.

XXX.

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old, old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo ;

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And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow :
Those were the keyes of every inner dore, [store.
But he could not them use, but kept them still in

XXXI.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace ;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinckled face ;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are went to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the gyaunt dead ;
His name, Ignaro, did his nature right ahead.

XXXII.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honor'd, as beseech'd well,
And gently askt where all the people bee
Which in that stately building went to dwell ?
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt where that same knight was layde,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell
Had made his caytive thrall ? Againe he sayde
He could not tell ; ne ever other answer made.

XXXIII.

Then asked he which way he in might pas ?
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was,
And said, " Old Syre, it seemes thou hast not red
" How ill it fits with that same silver hed
" In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vain to bee ;
" But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
" With Nature's pen, in age's grave degree,
" Arcad in graver wise what I demaund of thee."

XXXIV.

His answer likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose sencelesse speech, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance :
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reache
Those keyes, and made him selfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach :
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

XXXV.

There all within full rich arayd he found
With royall arras and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
The greatest princes presence might behold ;
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guilelesse babes and innocents trew,
Which there were flaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny ;
Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great grieve were often heard to grone ;
That hardest hart would bleede to heare their pite-
ous mone.

XXXVII.

Through everie rowme he fought, and everie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall :
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall ;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce,
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound ;
" O ! who is that which brings me happy choyce
" Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
" Yet live perforce in baleful darknesse bound ?
" For now three moones have changed thrice their
" hew,
" And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
" Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
" O ! welcome thou, that dost of death bring
" tydings trew."

XXXIX.

Which when that champion heard, with percing
Of pity deare his hart was thrilled sore, [point
And trembling horror ran through every ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore ;
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell ;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deep descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy banefull smell.

XL.

But neither darknesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare,
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare ;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

XLI.

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view ;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew ;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive Steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decay'd, and al his flesh shrunk up like withered
flowres.

XLII.

Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty ioy : to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who carst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, " Ah ! dearest Lord ! what evil starre
" On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence
" That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre, [bad,
" And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth
" marre ?

XLIII.

"But welcome now, my lord, in wele or woe,
 "Whose presence I have lackt too long a day;
 "And fye on fortune, mine avowed foe,
 "Whose wrathful wreakes themselves doe now
 "alay.
 "And for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay
 "Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."
 The chearlesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieve;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV.

"Faire Lady!" then said that victorious knight,
 "The things that grievous were to doe or beare,
 "Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
 "Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
 "But th' only good that growes of passed feare,
 "Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
 "This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
 "Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
 "That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV.

"Henceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wonted
 "strength,
 "And maister these mishaps with patient might:
 "Loe where your foelies stretcht in monstrous
 "length;
 "And loe that wicked woman in your fight,
 "The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
 "Now in your powre, to let her live or die."
 "To doe her die," quoth Una, "were despight,
 "And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;
 "But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

XLVI.

So as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
 And rob'd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all:
 Then, when they had despoild her tire and call,
 Such as she was their eies might her behold,
 That her mishaped parts did them appall,
 A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill favoured, old,
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be
 told.

XLVII.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
 And, as in hate of honourable eld,
 Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
 Her teeth out of her rotten gummies were feld,
 And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
 Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
 Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
 Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
 So scabby was, that would have loath'd all wo-
 mankind.

XLVIII.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
 My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write;
 But at her rompe she growing had behind
 A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight:
 And eke her seete most monstrous were in fight;
 For one of them was like an eagles claw,
 With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight;
 The other like a beares uneven paw.
 More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

XLIX.

Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 "Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,
 "Such is the face of Falshood, such the fight
 "Of fowle Dueffa, when her borrowed light
 "Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne."
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne,
 They let her goe at will, and wander waies un-
 knowne.

L.

She flying fast from heaven's hated face,
 And from the world that her discovered wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
 From living eies her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.
 But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire,
 Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and
 rare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells;
The knights knitt friendly bands:
Sir Trevian flies from Despeyre,
Whom Red-crosse knight withstands.

I.

O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The virtues linked are in lovely wize,
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave pursuit of chevalrous emprise,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemd the Red-crosse knight
from bands.

II.

Who when their powres, empayrd through labours
long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now waxed strong,
Them list no longer there at leisure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell;
But ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell,
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles
thought.

III.

"Fair Virgin!" said the prince, "yee me require
"A thing without the compas of my witt;
"For both the lignage and the certain fire
"From which I sprong from mee are hidden yitt;
"For all so soone as life did me admitt
"Into this world, and shewed heaven's light,
"From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
"And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
"To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall
"might.

2

IV.

"Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
"Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
"In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
"And is the wisest now on earth I weene:
"His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
"Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
"From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
"His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
"There all my daies he trained me up in vertuous
"lore.

V.

"Thether the great magicien Merlin came,
"As was his use, oft-times to visit mee;
"For he had charge my discipline to frame,
"And tutor's nouriture to oversee.
"Him oft and oft I askt in privy,
"Of what loines and what lignage I did spring?
"Whose aunswere bad be still assured bee,
"That I was sonne and heir unto a king,
"As Time in her iust term the truth to light
"should bring."

VI.

"Well worthy Impe," said then the lady gent,
"And pupil fit for such a tutor's hand;
"But what adventure, or what high intent,
"Hath brought you hether into Fary Land,
"Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of martiall
"band."
"Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
"The course of heavenly cause, or understand
"The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
"That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of
"living wight:

VII.

" For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
 " Me hether sent, for cause to me unghest,
 " Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and
 " night
 " Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,
 " With forced fury following his behest,
 " Me hether brought by wayes yet never found,
 " You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest."
 " Ah! courteous Knight," quoth she, " what
 " secret wound
 " Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on
 " ground?"

VIII.

" Dear Dame," quoth he, " you sleeping sparkes
 " awake,
 " Which, troubled once, into huge flames will
 " grow;
 " Ne ever will their fervent fury flake,
 " Till living moisture into smoke do flow,
 " And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
 " Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
 " But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
 " I will revele what you so much desire.
 " Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I
 " may respyre.

IX.

" It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
 " When corage first does creepe in manly chest;
 " Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares
 " To kindle love in every living brest;
 " But me had warned old Timon's wife behest,
 " Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
 " Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
 " As miserable lovers use to rew,
 " Which still wax old in woe, whiles woe still
 " waxeth new.

X.

" That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
 " As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
 " I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
 " In middest of their mournful tragedy;
 " Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 " And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
 " Their God himselve, grieved at my libertie,
 " Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
 " But I them warded all with wary government.

XI.

" But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,
 " Ne fleshly brest can armed be so fownd,
 " But will at last be wonne with batttrie long,
 " Or unawares at disadvantage fownd:
 " Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.
 " And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
 " And boasts in beauties chain not to be bownd,
 " Doth soonest fall in disadventurous fight,
 " And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most
 " despight.

XII.

" Ensamble make of him your haplesse ioy,
 " And of my selfe now mated, as ye see,
 " Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging
 " Boy
 " Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my li-

" For on a day prickt forth with iollitee
 " Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
 " Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 " The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one
 " consent

[tent.

" Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine in-

XIII.

" Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
 " From lofty steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
 " The verdant grafs my couch did goodly dight,
 " And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd:
 " Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
 " and slombring soft my hart did steale away,
 " Me seemed by my side a royall mayd.
 " Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay;
 " So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV.

" Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
 " She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
 " For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
 " As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
 " But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
 " Was never hart so ravisht with delight;
 " Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
 " As she to me delivered all that night [hight.
 " And at her parting said, she Queene of Faeries

XV.

" When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
 " And nought but pressed gras where she had
 " lyen,
 " I sorrowed all so much as erst I ioy'd,
 " And washed all her place with watry eyen.
 " From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
 " From that day forth I cast in careful mynd,
 " To seeke her out with labor and long tyme,
 " And never vow to rest till her I fynd:
 " Nyne monthes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow
 " unbynd."

XVI.

Thus as he spoke, his visage waxed pale,
 And change of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
 Till gentle Una thus to him did say:
 " O happy Queen of Faeries, that hast fownd,
 " Mongst many, one that this great prowesse may
 " Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
 " True lovers are often fownd, but seldom grow
 " on ground."

XVII.

[knight,

" Thine, O!" then said the gentle Red-crosse
 " Next to that ladies love shal be the place,
 " O fayrest Virgin! full of heavenly light,
 " Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 " Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
 " And you, my Lord, the patrone of my life,
 " Of that greate queene may well gaine worthie
 " grace;
 " For onely worthie you, through prowes priefe,
 " (Yf living man mote worthie be) to be her
 " liefe."

XVIII.

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
 The golden sunne his glistering head gan shew,

And sad remembraunce now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to purfew;
Als Una earnd her travaill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together
ioynd.

XIX.

Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond sure,
Embowed with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent.
Which to requitte, the Red-crosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saviour's testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to
save

XX.

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe that all her realme did pray.
But she now weighing the decayed plight,
And shrunk synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course purfew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew;
For him to be yet weak and wearie well she
knew.

XXI.

So as they travailld, lo they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had braist,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had been a fole of Pagafus his kind.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmd, and curld uncombed hares
Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
(In fowle reproach of knighthood's fayre degree)
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

XXIII.

The Red-crosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismay'd;
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of himselfe he seemd to be afayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
"Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
"And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
"For never knight I saw in such misseeming
plight."

XXIV.

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his first amazement, staring wide

With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett again bespake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde;
But trembling every ioynt did inly quake,
And soltring tongue at last these words seemed
forth to shake:

XXV.

"For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not stay,
"For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee."
Est looking backe would faine have runne away,
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie;
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
Yett forst at last, he made through silence suddain
breach.

XXVI.

"And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,
"From him that would have forced me to dye?"
"And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
"That I may tell this haplesse history?"
"Feare nought," quoth he, "no daunger now
"is nye."
"Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"
Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
"I late beheld, and, had not greater grace
"Me rest from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII.

"I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
"With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
"Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
"In all affayres, and was both bold and free,
"But not so happy as mote happy bee:
"He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
"That him again lov'd in the least degree;
"For she was proud, and of too high intent,
"And ioyd to see her lover languish and la-
"ment:

XXVIII.

"From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
"As on the way together we did fare,
"We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
"That cursed wight, from whom I scapt why
"leare;
"A man of hell, that calls himselfe Despayre;
"Who first us greets, and after fayre arcedes
"Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare;
"So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
"Inquireth of our states and of our knightly
"deedes:

XXIX.

"Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
"Emboist with bale and bitter byting grieve,
"Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
"With wounding words, and termes of foule re-
"prieve,
"He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
"That earst us held in love of lingring life;
"Then hopleffe, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
"Perfwades us dye, to stint all further strife:
"To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

"With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 "That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 "A wyde way made to let forth living breath;
 "But I, more fearfull, or more lucky wight,
 "Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
 "Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
 "Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
 "Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare;
 "But God you never let his charmed speeches
 "heare!"

XXXI.

"How many a man," said he, "with idle speach
 "Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health?
 "I wote," quoth he, "whom tryall late did teach
 "That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
 "His subtil tong like dropping honny mealt'h
 "Into the hart, and seareth every vaine,
 "That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 "His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
 "O never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine!"

XXXII.

"Certes," said he, "hence shall I never rest,
 "Till I that treachour's art have heard and tryde:
 "And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
 "Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."
 "I that hight Trevisan," quoth he, "will ryde
 "Against my liking backe, to doe you grace;
 "But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
 "By you, when ye arrive in that same place,
 "For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

XXXIII.

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
 Far underneath a craggy cliff ypyght,
 Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave;
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
 Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
 Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
 And all about it wandering ghostes did wayle and
 howle:

XXXIV.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,
 Whose carcasses were scattered on the greene,
 And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
 That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull
 teene,
 Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
 But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in
 feare.

XXXV.

That darke some cave they enter, where they find
 That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his sullein mind;
 His grisly lockes long growen and unbound,
 Difordred hong about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face, through which his hollow cyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
 His raw bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
 Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine

XXXVI.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
 And him beside there lay upon the gras
 A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
 All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII.

Which piteous spectacle approving trew
 The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
 Whenas the gentle Red-crosse knight did vew,
 With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
 And to the villen sayd, "Thou damned wight,
 "The author of this fact we here behold,
 "What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
 "With thine owne blood to price his blood here
 "shed in fight?"

XXXVIII.

"What franticke fitt," quoth he, "hath thus dis-
 "traught
 "Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
 "What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
 "But he should die who merits not to live?
 "None els to death this man despayring drive,
 "But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
 "Is then uniuert to each his dew to give?
 "Or let him die that loatheth living breath?
 "Or let him die at ease that liveth here unceath?"

XXXIX.

"Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
 "To come unto his wished home in haste,
 "And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
 "Is not great grace to help him over past,
 "Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?
 "Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours
 "good,
 "And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
 "Why wilt not let him passe that long hath stood
 "Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the
 "flood?"

XL.

"He there does now enioy eternall rest
 "And happy ease, which thou doest want and
 "crave,
 "And further from it daily wanderest:
 "What if some little payne the passage have,
 "That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave?
 "Is not short payne well borne that bringes long
 "ease,
 "And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
 "Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 "Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
 "please."

XLI.

The knight much wondred at his suddein wit,
 And sayd, "The terme of life is limited,
 "Ne may a man prolong or shorten it:
 "The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
 "Nor leave his stand, untill his captaine bed."

"Who life did limit by almightie doome,
 Quoth he, "knowes best the termes established;
 "And he that points the centonell his roome,
 "Doth license him depart at found of morning
 "droome.

XLII.

"Is not his deed what ever thing is donne
 "In heaven and earth? did not he all create
 "To die againe? all ends that was begonne:
 "Their times in his eternall booke of Fate
 "Are written sure, and have their certein date:
 "Who then can strive with strong Necessitie,
 "That holds the world in his still-changing state?
 "Or shunne the death ordaynd by Destinie?
 "When houre of Death is come, let none aske
 "whence, nor why.

XLIII.

"The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
 "The greater sin, the greater punishment:
 "All those great battels which thou boasts to win,
 "Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
 "Now prayst, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
 "For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
 "Is not enough they evill life forespent?
 "For he that once hath missed the right way,
 "The further he doth goe, the further he doth
 "stray.

XLIV.

"Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
 "But here ly downe, and to thy rest berake,
 "Th' ill to prevent, that life enswen may:
 "For what hath life that may it loved make,
 "And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
 "Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 "Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to
 "quake,
 "And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rise:
 "All which, and thousands mo, do make a loath-
 "some life.

XLV.

"Thou, wretched man! of death hast greatest
 "need,
 "If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
 "For never knight that dared warlike deed,
 "More luckles disaventures did amate;
 "Witnes the dungeon deepe wherein of late
 "Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
 "And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
 "Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 "Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

XLVI.

"Why then dost thou, O man of sin! desire
 "To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 "Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 "High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
 "Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 "Is not enough that to this lady mild
 "Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
 "And sold thy selfe to serve Dueffa vild,
 "With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

XLVII.

"Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
 "From highest heaven, and beares an equall eie?

"Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 "And guiltie be of thine impietie?
 "Is not his law, Let every sinner die,
 "Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be
 "donne,
 "Is it not better to die willinglie,
 "Then linger till the glas be all out-ronne?
 "Death is the end of woes: die soone, O Faries
 "sonne!"

XLVIII.

The knight was much enmowed with this speach,
 That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX.

In which amazement when the miscreant
 Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
 (Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile)
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
 Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
 The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall
 remaine.

L.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismaid,
 That nought but death before his eies he saw,
 And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law,
 Then gan the villain him to over-crow,
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw,
 And bad him choose what death he would desire,
 For death was dew to him that had provokt God's
 ire.

LI.

But whenas none of them he saw him take,
 He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
 And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
 And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
 And troubled blood through his pale face was
 seene

To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
 As it a ronning messenger had beene.
 At last resolv'd to work his finall smart,
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

LII.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
 The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swowne; but soone reliv'd againe,
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rise,
 And to him said, "Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
 "What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
 "Is this the battaile which thou vaunst to fight
 "With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and
 "bright?"

LIII.

"Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshy wight,
 "Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 "Ne diuclish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
 "In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 "Why shouldst thou then despire that chosen art?
 "Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater
 "grace,
 "The which doth quench the brond of hellish
 "smart,
 "And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
 "Arise, Sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed
 "place."

LIV.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
 Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
 He chose an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby,
 For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
 Yet nathlesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO X

Her faithful knight fayre Una brings
To house of Holinesse ;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to heavenly blesse.

I.
WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assuraunce of mortality,
Which all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly ?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory :
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both powre and eke
will.

II.
By that which lately hapned, Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint,
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight ;
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III.
There was an auncient house not far away,
Renownd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life : so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore,
Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse
pore :
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV.
Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thether to arise ;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise :
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were,
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlock's solemnize ;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

V.
Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt ;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes ; but when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged fyre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full flow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humilta. They passe in, stouping low,
For streight and narrow was the way which he did
show.

VI.
Each goodly thing is hardest to begin ;
But entred in, a spacious court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee ;
His name was Zele, that him right well became,
For in his speaches and behaviour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they
came.

vii.

There fayrely them receives a gentle squire,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre,
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence : he them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat ; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squire so great persons to
greet.

viii.

And afterwarde them to his dame he leades,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades ;
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace ;
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld :

ix.

And her embracing said, " O happy earth,
" Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread !
" Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
" That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
" From tyrant rage, and ever-dying dread,
" Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
" Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead :
" What grace hath thee now hether brought this
" way ?
" Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray ?

x.

" Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
" Here in this place, or any other wight
" That hether turnes his steps ; so few there bee
" That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right :
" All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
" With many rather for to goe astray,
" And be partakers of their evil plight,
" Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
" O foolish Men ! why hast ye to your own decay ?"

xi.

" Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
" O Matrone sage !" quoth she, " I hether came ;
" And this good night his way with me addrest,
" Ledd with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
" That up to heaven is blowne." The auncient
dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'ies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

xii.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise ;
With countenance demure and modest grace
They numbred even steps and equall pace ;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face,
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heaven's
light.

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xiii.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horroure made to all that did behold ;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood ;
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be un-
derstood.

xiv.

Her younger sifter, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well ;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sifter ; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish, in her hart, is hard to tell :
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell :
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

xv.

They seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee ;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see :
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unas meeke request,
And him salute with well-beseeming glee,
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

xvi.

Then Una thus, " But she your sifter deare,
" The deare Charissa, where is she become ?
" Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere ?"
" Ah ! no," said they, " but forth she may not
" For she of late is lightned of her wombe, [come ;
" And hath encreast the world with one sonne
" more,
" That her to see should be but troublesome."
" Indeed," quoth she, " that should her trouble sore ;
" But thankt be God, and her encrease so ever-
" more."

xvii.

Then said the aged Cælia, " Deare Dame,
" And you, good Sir, I wote that of your toyle
" And labors long, through which ye hether came,
" Ye both forwearied be ; therefore a while
" I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."
Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd ;
His name was Meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.

xviii.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoole-hous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestial discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them
shine.

E

XIX.

And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach
(That weaker wit of man could never reach)
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free-will,
That wonder was to hear her goodly speach;
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did
thrill.

XX.

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hasty sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heven's hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
Dry-shod to passe she parts the fouds in tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almighty God her gave such powre and puissaunce
great.

XXI.

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so fore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes;
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII.

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els has his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold,
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity;

XXIII.

And came to Cælia to declare her smart,
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same; his name was Pa-
tience:

XXIV.

Who comming to that fowle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief;
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
Well searht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might,
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more
light.

XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring fore did ranckle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin;
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late;
And ever as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie-whott,
That soone in him was leste no one corrupted iott.

XXVII.

And bitter Penance, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day;
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And sad Repentaunce used to embay
His body in salt water smarting fore,
The filthy blotches of sin to wash away:
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but crst lay at deathea
dore.

XXVIII.

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his own synewes eat.
His owne deare Una hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience,
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and sayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare,
As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will;
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill:
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold

Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,

But thrust them forth still as they waxed old :
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told;
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

xxxii.

The knight and Una entring, fayre her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood ;
Who them requites with court'ies seeming meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought to be so good,
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

xxxiii.

She was right ioyous of her iust request ;
And taking by the hand that Faeries soune,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest
Of love, and righteousnes, and well to donne,
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men God's hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne :
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready
path.

xxxiv.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An aunient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdome well descryde ;
Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all
To be both gracious and eke liberall ;
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave,
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might
save.

xxxv.

The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay ;
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare,
As careful nurse her child from falling oft does
reare.

xxxvi.

Elstoones unto an holy hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring,
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heaven's King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing :
Their gates to all were open evermore
That by the wearie way were travailing,
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

xxxvii.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,

As guardian and steward of the rest :
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and went ;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent,
But such as want of harbour did constraine ;
Those for God's sake his dewty was to entertaine.

xxxviii.

The second was as almner of the place :
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thrifty give to drinke, a worke of grace :
He feared not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede :
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede ;
He had enough, what need him care for more ?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the
pore.

xxxix.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres nor garments gay,
(The plumes of Pride and winges of Vanity)
But clothes meet to keep keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray,
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay ;
And if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

xl.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd ;
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were
layd ;
And he that harrowd hell with heaveie stowre,
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heaven-
ly bowre.

xli.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay ;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O Man ! have mind of that last bitter throw ;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

xlii.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corfes to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall
save.

The wondrous workmanship of God's owne mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God ! me graunt I dead be not defould !

xliii.

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead,

B ij

And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone :
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread,
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas,
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare,
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare ;
For of their order she was patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest foundereesse.

XLV.

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
That to the rest more hable he might bee ;
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
Shee him instructed with great industree :
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteounesse, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy,
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did ly,
That day and night said his devotion,
No other worldly busines did apply ;
His name was heavenly Contemplation ;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had,
For God he often saw from heaven's hight ;
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and perfaunt was his spright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the sunne.
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan saile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII.

There they do find that godly aged fire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every finew seene, through his long fast ;
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pynd his flesh to keep his body low and chaste.

XLIX.

Who when these two approaching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved fore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.

They him saluted standing far afore,
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious
hight ?

L.

"What end," quoth she. "should cause us take
"such paine,
"But that same end, which every living wight
"Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?
"Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
"To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
"With burning starres and ever-living fire,
"Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
"By wise Fidelia? shee doth thee require
"To shew it to this knight, according his desire."

LI.

"Thrice happy man!" said then the father grave,
"Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth
"lead,
"And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save,
"Who better can the way to heaven aread
"Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
"In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
"Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
"Present before the Maiesty divine,
"And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

"Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
"Then come, thou Man of Earth! and see the way
"That never yet was seene of Faries sonne,
"That never leads the traveiler astray;
"But after labors long, and sad delay,
"Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
"But first thou must a season fast and pray,
"Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
"And have her strength recur'd from fraile in-
"firmities."

LIII.

That done, he leads them to the highest mount,
Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him
shone;

LIV.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely
lay.

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A litle path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his vew, [strong
Whose wals and towres were builded high and

Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The Citty of the Greate King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth
dwell.

LVI.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven in glad some companee,
And with great ioy into that citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend;
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere.
And what unknownen nation there empeopled
were.

LVII.

"Fairst Knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,
"The new Hierusalem, that God has built
"For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
"His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
"With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
"On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam
"That for the finnes of all the world was kilt;
"Now are they saints all in that citty sam,
"More dear unto their God then younglings to
"their dam."

LVIII.

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well
"That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
"In which that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell,
"The fairest citty was that might be seene;
"And that bright towre, all built of christall
"dene,
"Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was;
"But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;
"For this great citty that does far surpas,
"And this bright angels towre quite dims that
"towre of glas"

LIX.

"Most trew," then said the holy aged man;
"Yet is Cleopolis for earthly frame
"The fairest peece that eie beholden can;
"And well befeemes all knights of noble name,
"That covett in th' immortall booke of Fame
"To be eternized, that same to haunt,
"And does their service to that soveraigne dame,
"That glory does to them for guerdon graunt;
"For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may iustly
"vaunt."

LX.

"And thou, faire Ymp, sprong out from English
"race,
"How ever now accompted Elfin's sonne,
"Well worthy dost thy service for her grace,
"To aide a virgin desolate fordonne:
"But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
"And high amongst all knights hast hong thy
"shield,
"Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
"And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field,
"For blood can nought but sin, and wars but for-
"rows yield."

LXI.

"Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
"Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
"Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
"To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
"Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end;
"For thou amongst those saints, whom thou dost
"see,
"Shalt be a saint, and thine owne nation's frend
"And patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,
"Saint George of mery England, the signe of vic-
"toree."

LXII.

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great
"grace,
"How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?"
"These that have it attaynd were in like case,"
Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
"And ladies love, to leave, so dearly bought?"
"What need of armes where peace doth ay re-
"maine,"
Said he, "and battailes none are to be fought?
"As for loose loves they are vaine, and vanish into
nought."

LXIII.

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe
"Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are,
"But let me here for aie in peace remain,
"Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
"That nothing may my present hope empare."
"That may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yitt
"Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
"Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
"Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely
"quitt."

LXIV.

"Then shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me
"grace,
"Abett that virgin's cause disconsolate,
"And shortly back returne unto this place,
"To walke this way in pi'grim's poore estate.
"But now aread, old Father, why of late
"Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
"Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"
"That word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,
"Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy
"brood."

LXV.

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
"Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
"And many bloody battles fought in place,
"High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
"And vanquishd them, unable to withstand:
"From thence a Faery thee unweeting rest,
"There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
"And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
"Such men do chaungelings call, so chaungd by
"Faeries theft."

LXVI.

"Thence she thee brought into this Faery Lond,
"And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
"Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
"As he his toylefome teme that way did guyde,

E iij

" And brought thee up in ploughman's state to
 " byde,
 " Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name ;
 " Till prickt with courage and thy forces pryde,
 " To Fary Court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
 " And prove thy pusliant armes, as seems thee best
 " became."

LXVII.

" O holy Sire !" quoth he, " how shall I quight
 " The many favours I with thee have fownd,
 " That hast my name and nation redd aright,
 " And taught the way that does to heaven bownd?"
 This faide, adowne he looked to the grownd,
 To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
 Through passing brightnes, which did quite con-
 found

His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne :
 So darke are earthly thinges compard to things
 divine.

LXVIII.

At last, whenas himfelfe he gan to fynd,
 To Una back he cast him to retyre,
 Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
 Great thanks and goodly meede to that good
 fyre
 He thens departing gave, for his paynes hyre ;
 So came to Una, who him ioyd to see,
 And after litle rest gan him desyre
 Of her adventure myndfull for to bee :
 So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters
 three.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights,
Two dayes incessantly;
The third him overthrowes, and gaynes
Most glorious victory.

i.

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre,
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwaisted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approached neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
"Dear Knight! as deare as ever knight was
deare,
"That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
"High heaven behold the tedious toil ye for me
"take!

ii.

"Now are we come unto my native soyle,
"And to the place where all our perrilles dwell;
"Here hauntes that feend, and does his daily
spoyle;
"Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
"And ever ready for your foeman fell:
"The sparke of noble corage now awake,
"And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
"That shall ye evermore renowned make
"Above all knights on earth that batteill under-
take."

iii.

And pointing forth, "Lo yonder is," said she,
"The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
"For dread of that huge feend emprisond be,
"Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
"Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare,
"And on the top of all I do espye
"The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
"That, O my Parents! might I happily
"Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

iv.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where strecht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill;
But all so soone as he from far descryde [fill,
Those glistring armes, that heaven with light did
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them
untill.

v.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde,
From whence she might behold that battailles
proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned dame,
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The nurse of Time and everlasting Fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall
name;

vi.

O gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The God of Warre, with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
And scared nations doest with horror sterne a-
stownd.

VII.

Fayre Goddesse ! lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and paynim king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long and endlesse prayse :
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
That I this man of God his godly armes may
blaze.

VIII.

By this the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste,
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath, and poyson, and with
bloody gore :

IX.

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of Steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse bee
harmd
With dint of sward, nor push of pointed speare;
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horror was to heare ;
For, as the clashing of an armour bright,
Such noyse his roused scales did send unto the
knight.

X.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way ;
And eke the pennes that did his pinions bynd,
Were like mayne-yerds with flying canvas lynd ;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still, amazed with his
threat.

XI.

His huge long tayle, wovnd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes whenever he unfolds,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke ;
And at the point two stinges infixd arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest Steele exceeden
farre.

XII.

But stinges and sharpest Steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel-rending clawes :
Dedd was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
Whatever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble ; for his deepe devouring iawes

Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyffe all ravin fell.

XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That fight thereof bredd cold congealed feare ;
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphure seare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench
did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre :
As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to ever shyre,
And warning give that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade,
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre ;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dread-
ful shade.

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great ioyance of his new-come guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare,
And shoke his scales, to battaile ready drest,
That made the Red-crosse knight nigh quake for
feare,
As bidding bold desyance to his foeman neare.

XVI.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiercelly ran at him with rigorous might ;
The pointed Steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But glauncing by, foorth passed forward right :
Yet fore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground
did rush.

XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him address ;
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight ;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight,
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant
knight.

XVIII.

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which night too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so greates a weight : he cutting way

With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them
quite away.

XIX.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagarde hauke presuming to contend
With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the prey too heavy for his flight,
Which coming down to ground, does free it selfe
by fight.

XX.

He so disseized of his griping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength into the stroake he layd,
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd,
The percing steele there wrought a wound full
wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly
cryde.

XXI.

He cryde as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does
threat,
The roaring billows beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge;
Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to a-
venge.

XXII.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snacht the wood,
And quite asunder broke; forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe-rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large
nose-thrill.

XXIII.

His hideous taylor then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyed,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies;
That to the ground he is perforce constraind
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd:

XXIV.

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:

Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still
forsake.

XXV.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had been pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to flye above the ground,
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI.

Then full of grief and anguish vehement
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made ascard:
The scorching flame fore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to un-
lace.

XXVII.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
With Centaures blood, and bloody verses charmd,
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd,
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him
harmd.

XXVIII.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
With heat, toile, wounds, armes, smart, and in-
ward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment,
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require;
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground
him feld.

XXIX.

It fortun'd, (as fayre it them befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

XXX.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;

Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the Germa Spau,
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well;
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to sleepe
His fierie face in billows of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest;
Whan that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high aduance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII.

Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII.

To-morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titan's dewy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace;
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV.

At last she saw where he upstartd brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath leste his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pinions to assay
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies;
So new this new-borne knight to batteill new
did rise.

XXXV.

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new-supplied knight:
He, now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made;
The deadly dint his dulled fences all dismaid.

XXXVI.

I wote not whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,

Or other secret vertue did ensue;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
No molten metall in his blood embrew
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor flight, nor might, nor mighty
charme.

XXXVII.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraîne:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so fore,
That to his force to yelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrow, and rocks in peeces
tore:

XXXVIII.

The same aduancing high above his head,
With sharpe indented sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeas'd.

XXXIX.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he gan him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting;
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite asonder cleft;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump
him leste.

XL.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall [withall.
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast

XLI.

Much was the man encumbred with his hold,
In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Ceberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away;
Thrice he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted neught to thinke to robbe him of his
pray.

XLII.

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fierfly did his foe assaile,

And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparckles from the anvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constrain.

To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:

Upon the ioint the lucky Steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine:
The paw yet missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV.

For griefe thereof, and devilish despight,
From his infernall founace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in dusky smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Enwrapt in cole-blacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heven with horror choke.

XLV.

The heat whereof, and harmful pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from Hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were redd;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall;
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his almighty hand, and did it call [fall.
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first father's

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoſo did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!
That tree through one man's fault hath doen us all to dy.

XLVIII.

From that first tree forth flowd as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine

And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine;
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The fencelesse corse appointed for the grave;
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her fable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and ways of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through losse of blood, mov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose virtuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay,
Again she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

LI.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And fayr Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devoured, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathelesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare:

LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought at once him to have swallowed quight,
And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde;
Who him recounting fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life blood forth withal did draw.

LVI.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine
lay.

LV.

The knight himself even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a mass it seemd,
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeemd;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end;
Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull
knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Red-crosse knight
Betrouthed is with ioy;
Though false Dueſſa it to barre
Her false fleighes doe imploy.

I.

BEHOLD I ſee the haven nigh at hand
To which I meane my wearie courſe to bend;
Vere the maine ſhete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And ſeemeth ſafe from ſtorms, that may offend:
There this fayre virgin, wearie of her way,
Muſt landed bee, now at her iourneyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may ſtay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

II.

Scarſely had Phœbus in the glooming Eaſt
Yet harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creſt,
When the laſt deadly ſmoke aloft did ſteeme
That ſigne of laſt-out-breathed life did ſeeme
Unto the watchman on the caſtle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beaſt did deeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call
To tell how he had ſeene the dragon's fatall fall.

III.

Uproſe with haſty ioy and feeble ſpeed
That aged ſyre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Thoſe tydings were, as he did underſtand;
Which whenas trew by tryall he out-fond,
He badd to open wyde his braſen gate,
Which long time had beene ſhut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his ſtate,
For dead now was their foe, which them ſorrayed
late.

2

IV.

Then gan triumphant trumpets ſound on hyc;
That ſent to heven the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainſt him that had them long oppreſt with tort,
And faſt imprifoned in ſieged fort.
Then all the people, as in ſolemne feaſt,
To him aſſembled with one full confort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beaſt,
From whoſe eternall bondage now they were
releaſt.

V.

Forth came that auncient lord and aged queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
And ſad habilements right well beſeene:
A noble crew about them waited rownd,
Of ſage and ſober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to ſound,
But now they laurel braunches bore in hand;
Glad ſigne of victory and peace in all their land.

VI.

Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
And him before themſelves proſtrating low,
Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As freſh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light,
And in their hands ſweet timbrells all upheld on
hight.

VII.

And them before the fry of children yong
 Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
 And to the maydens sownding tymbrels song
 In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
 And made delightfull musick all the way,
 Untill they came where that fayre virgin stood;
 As fayre Diana in fresh sommer's day
 Beholdes her nymphes, enraung'd in shady wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall
 flood:

VIII.

So she beheld those maydens meriment
 With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humbleffe
 bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to heven her everlasting fame;
 Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
 Who in herself-resemblance well beseene,
 Did seeme such as she was, a goodly maiden
 queene.

IX.

And after all the raskall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement
 To see the face of that victorious man,
 Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,
 And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment;
 But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once
 assay.

X.

Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well it
 faynd;
 One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull feede:
 Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparkling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI.

One mother, wheneas her foole-hardy chyld
 Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
 Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyl'd,
 And to her gossibs gan in counsell say,
 "How can I tell but that his talants may
 "Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?"
 So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
 Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand
 To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

XII.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about;
 The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
 Being arrived where that champion stout
 After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
 Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
 With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine;
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII.

And after to his pallace he them bringes,
 With shaumes and trompets, and with clarions
 sweet,
 And all the way the ioyous people singes,
 And with their garments strowes the paved street;
 Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce
 meet
 Of all that royall princes court became;
 And all the floore was underneath their feet
 Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
 On which they lowly sitt, and sitting purpose
 frame.

XIV.

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
 What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
 Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
 My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
 The large discourse of roiall princes state;
 Yet was their manner then but bare and playne,
 For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate:
 Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

XV.

Then when with meates and drinckes of every kinde
 Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde
 Of straunge adventures and of perils sad,
 Which in his travell him befallen had,
 For to demand of his renowned guest;
 Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance
 sad,
 From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
 Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI.

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
 That godly king and queene did passionate,
 Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard,
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
 And often blame the too importune fate,
 That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreakes;
 For never gentle knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in Fortune's cruel freakes;
 And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers
 checks.

XVII.

Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise,
 "Deare Sonne! great beene the evils which ye
 "bore
 "From first to last in your late enterprise,
 "That I note whether praise or pittie more;
 "For never living man, I weene, so sore
 "In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
 "But since now safe ye seized have the shore,
 "And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
 "Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

XVIII.

"Ah! dearest Lord," said then that doughty
 knight,
 "Of ease or rest I may not yet devize,
 "For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
 "I bownden am, streight after this emprize,
 "(As that your daughter can ye well advize)
 "Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
 "And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize

"Gainst that proud paynim king that works her
"teene:
"Therefore I ought crave pardon till I there have
"beene."

XIX.

"Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
Quoth he, "the troubler of my happy peace,
"And vowed foe of my felicity,
"Ne I against the same can justly preace:
"But since that band ye cannot now release,
"Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)
"Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
"Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,
"The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you
"twayne:

XX.

"Which for my part I covet to performe,
"In fort as through the world I did proclame,
"That who so kild that monster most deforme,
"And him in hardy battayle overcame,
"Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,
"And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee;
"Therefore since now to thee perteynes the
"fame,
"By dew desert of noble chevalree,
"Both daughter and eke kingdome lo I yield to
"thee."

XXI.

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his onely hayre:
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light;
So faire and fresh that lady shewd herselfe in
fight:

XXII.

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withouten spot or pride,
That seemd like filke and silver woven neare,
But neither filke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sun-shyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame;
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare-loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire
dight.

XXIV.

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her fyre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence;

Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—but eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed stood
Att suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood;
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humbleesse he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake;

XXVI.

'To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
'Her greeting sends in thee sad lines addrest
'The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
'Of that great emperour of all the West,
'And bids thee be avized for the best,
'Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
'Of wedlocke to that new unknowne guest;
'For he already plighted his right hand
'Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

'To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
'He was affyaunced long time before,
'And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
'(False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore)
'Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
'And guilty heavens of his bold periury,
'Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
'Yet I to them for iudgment iust doe fly,
'And them coniure t'avenge this shamefull
'iniury.

XXVIII.

'Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
'Or false or trew, or living, or else dead,
'Withhold, O soverayne Prince! your hasty hond
'From knitting league with him, I you aread;
'Ne weene my right with strength adowne to
'tread,
'Thro' weaknesse of my widowhed or woe,
'For Truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
'And shall finde friends, if need requireth foe,
'So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor
'foe.

'FADessa.'

XXIX.

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he fate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
"Redoubted knight! that for myne only sake
"Thy life and honour late aventurest,
"Let nought be hid from me that ought to be
"express.

XXX.

"What meane these bloody vowes and idle
"threats;
"Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?

" What heavens, what altars, what enraged heates,
 " (Here heaped up with termes of love un-
 " kynd)
 " My conscience cleare with guilty bands would
 " bind?
 " High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame :
 " But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
 " Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
 " With cryme does not it cover, but disclose the
 " fame."

xxxI.

To whom the Red-crosse knight this answere
 sent ;

" My lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
 " Till well ye wote, by grave intendiment,
 " What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
 " With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
 " It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 " I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
 " Out of my way, through perils straunge and
 " hard ;
 " That day should faile me ere I had them all
 " declard.

xxxII.

" There did I find, or rather I was fownd,
 " Of this false woman, that Fideffa hight,
 " Fideffa hight, the falsest dame on grownd,
 " Most false Dueffa, royall richly dight,
 " That easy was t'enveigle weaker sight ;
 " Who by her wicked arts and wicly skill,
 " Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 " Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
 " And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared
 " ill."

xxxIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
 And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him sayd ;
 " O pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to show
 " The secret treasons which of late I know
 " To have bene wrought by that false forcereffe ;
 " She, onely she, it is that earst did throw
 " This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 " That death him did awaite in daily wretched-
 " nesse.

xxxIV.

" And now it seemes that she suborned hath
 " This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
 " To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
 " By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;
 " Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
 " Of this false footman, clockt with simpleness,
 " Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
 " Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
 " The falsest man alive ; who tries shall find no
 " lesse."

xxxV.

The king was greatly moved at her speech,
 And all with suddein indignation fraight,
 Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
 Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
 Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait ;
 Who seemingly sorely chauffed at his band,
 As chained beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,

With ydle force did faine them to withstand ;
 And often semblaunce made to scape out of their
 hand.

xxxVI.

But they him lay'd full low in dungeon deepe,
 And bound him hand and foote with iron chains,
 And with continual watch did warily keepe :
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtile
 trains

He could escape fowle death or deadly pains ?
 Thus, when that prince's wrath was pacified,
 He gan renew the late-forbidden baine,
 And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
 With sacred rites and vowes forever to abyde.

xxxVII.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
 That none but death for ever can divide ;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
 The housling fire did kindle and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide ;
 At which the bushy teade a groome did light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

xxxVIII.

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day ;
 They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray ;
 And all the while sweet Musicke did apply
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull melancholy,
 The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

xxxIX.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
 Heard fownd through all the pallas pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an angels voice
 Singing before th' eternal Maiesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye ;
 Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reffe of his fences meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feaste proclaymd throughout the
 land.

That their exceeding mirth may not be told :
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usual ioyes at knitting of love's band :
 Thrife happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his ladies hart and hand ;
 And ever, when his eie did her behold
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures mani-
 fold.

xLI.

Her ioyous presence and sweet company
 In full content he there did long enioy ;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealofy,
 His deare delights were hable to annoy :
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisful ioy,
 He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he coude that monstrous beast destroy,

Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne ;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to
mourne.

XLII.

Now strike your failes, yee iolly Mariners !
For wee be come into a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode :

Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And want supplide : and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent :
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her in-
tent.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

I.

Right well I wote, most mighty Soveraine!
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' abundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breadeth living aire doth know
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I so much dee vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessel measured
The Amazons huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever vew?

III.

Yet all these were when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
And later times thinges more unknowne shall
show.

Why then should witleffe man so much misweene,

That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
What if within the moones fayre shining spheare,
What if in every other starre unseene,
Of other worldes he happily should heare? [peare.
He wonder would much more; yet such to some ap-

IV.

Of Faery Lond yet if he more inquyre,
By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
That note without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayrest Princeesse under sky!
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in Lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

V.

The which O pardon me thus to unfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which els could not endure those beames bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
The brave adventures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir Guyon, gratioosly to heare,
In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth
appeare.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Red-crosse knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia flaine
With Pleasures poisoned baytes. *baited*

I.

THAT conning architect of cancred guyle,
Whom princes late displeasure left in bands
For falsed letters and suborned wyle,
Soone as the Red-crosse knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serve again his soveraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene,
His shackles emptie leste, himselfe escaped cleene.

II.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd
To worken mischief, and avenging woe,
Wherever he that godly knight may fynd,
His only hart-fore and his only foe;
Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe,
Where she enioyes sure peace for evermore,
As wether-beaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

III.

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly seude he makes; him to offend
By forged treason or by open fight
He seekes of all his drifte the aymed end;
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre-fyled tonge,
With thousand other sleighthes; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunee hong;
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

IV.

Still as he went he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy spyals plait in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how he fares,

To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares:
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descryde and shonned still his flight:
The fish that once was caught new bayt wil hard-
ly byte.

V.

Nath'lesse th' enchaunter would not spare his
In hope to win occasion to his will; [payne,
Which, when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mind from one to other ill;
For to all good he enemy was still.
Upon the way him fortun'd to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armed in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feetes.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huon's hand,
When with King Oberon he came to Pary Land.

VII.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of ripest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire;
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a sage and sober syre,

F ij

And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps
to tread.

VIII.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle;
Eftsoones untwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
And with faire countenance and flattring style
To them approaching, thus the knight bespake;
"Fayre sonne of Mars! that seeke with warlike
"spoyle

"And great atchievements, great yourselfe to make,
"Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers
"fake."

IX.

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt;
Who faigning then in every limb to quake
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,
With piteous mone his piercing speech gan paint;
"Dear Lady! how shall I declare thy cace,
"Whome late I left in languorous constreynt?
"Would god thyselfe now present were in place,
"To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win
"thee grace;

X.

"Or rather would, (O would it so had chaunst!)
"That you, most noble Sir! had present beene
"When that lewd rybauld, with vile lust advaunst,
"Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
"To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,
"As on the earth, great mother of us all,
"With living eye more fayre was never seene
"Of chastity and honour virginall:
"Witnes ye Heav'ns! whom she in vaine to help
"did call,"

XI.

"How may it be," sayd then the knight halfe
"wroth, [shent?]
"That knight should knighthood ever so have
"None but that faw," quoth he, "would weene
"for troth,
"How shamefully that mayd he did torment:
"Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
"And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe
"sword
"Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
"And threatned death with many a bloodie word;
"Tonge hates to tell the rest that eye to see ab-
"hord."

XII.

Therewith amoved from his sober mood,
"And lives he yet," said he, "that wrought
"this act,
"And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and boasteth of the fact,
"Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt."
"Where may that treachour, then," said he, "be
"found,
"Or by what means may I his footing tract?"
"That shall I shew," sayd he, "as sure as hound
"The stricken deare, doth chaleng by the bleed-
"ing wound."

XIII.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squire
Supposd to be. They do arrive anone,
Where sate a gentle lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone:
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blub-
bered.

XIV.

The knight approaching nigh, thus to her said,
"Faire Lady! through fowle sorrow ill bedight
"Greate pitty is to see you thus dismayd,
"And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
"Forthe appease your grieve and heavy plight,
"And tell the cause of your conceived payne;
"For if he live, that hath you doen despight,
"He shall you doe dew recompense agayne,
"Or els his wrong with greater puissance main-
[taine."

XV.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment:
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seen,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grevous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixt beene:

XVI.

Till her that squire bespake; "Madam, my liege,
"For God's deare love be not so wilfull bent,
"But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
"The which good Fortune doth to you present:
"For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment?
"When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
"And the weake minde with double woe tor-
"ment." [pease

When she her squire heard speake, she gan ap-
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

XVII.

Eftsoone she said, "Ah! gentle trustie Squire,
"What comfort can I wofull wretch conceive?
"Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
"To see faire heaven's face, and life not leave,
"Sith that false traytour did my honour reave?"
"False traytor, certes," saide the Faerie knight,
"I read the man, that ever would deceave
"A gentle lady, or her wrong through might;
"Death were too litle paine for such a fowle de-
"spight."

XVIII.

"But now, fayre Lady! comfort to you make,
"And reade who hath ye wrought this shame-
"full plight,
"That short revenge the man may overtake,
"Wherefo he be, and soone upon him light."
"Certes," saide she, "I wote not how he hight,
"But under him a gray steede he did wield,
"Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
"Upright he rode, and in his silver shield [field."
"He bore a bloodie crosse, that quarter'd all the

XIX.

"Now by my head," saide Guyon, "much I
"muse,
"How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
"Or ever gentle damzell so abuse;
"For may I boldly say, he surely is
"A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
"I present was, and can it witnesse well,
"When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
"Th' adventure of the errant damozell,
"In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare
"tell.

XX.

"Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
"And fairely quit him of the imputed blame;
"Els be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
"Or make you good amendment for the same:
"All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of
"shame.
"Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
"And see the salving of your blotted name."
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was seene;
But under simple shew and semblant plaine
Lurkt false Dueffa secretly unseene,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene:
So had false Archimago her disguisd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene,
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her squire, and to do her service well aguisd.

XXII.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
Where she did wander in waste wildernesse,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld: her nathelesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus reveest, and deckt with due habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowned shame.
And now exceeding grieve him overcame,
To see the Red-crosse thus advanced hye,
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him all ye,

XXIV.

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way,
Through woods and mountaines, till they came
at last
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overplast
The valley did with coole shade overcast;
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there fate a knight with helme unlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold.

XXV.

"Lo yonder he," cryde Archimago alowd,
"That wrought the shamefull fact which I did
"shew,
"And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
"To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew:
"But vaine; for he shall dearely do him rew;
"So God ye speed, and send you good successe,
"Which we far off will here abide to vew."
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That streight against that knight his speare he did
addresse.

XXVI.

Who seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
His warlike arms about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke;
Tho whenas still he saw him towards pace,
He gan rencounter him in equal race.
They bene ymett, both ready to asrap,
When suddainly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

XXVII.

And cryde, "Mercie, Sir Knight! and mercie,
"Lord!
"For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
"That had almost committed crime abhord,
"And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent
"Whiles cursed Steele against that badge I bent,
"The sacred badge of my Redeemer's death,
"Which on your shield is set for ornament."
But his fierce foe his steed could stay uneath,
Who prickt with courage kene did cruell battell
breath.

XXVIII.

But when he heard him speake, streightway he
knew
His errour; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd,
"Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becometh you,
"But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
"Whose hasty hand so far from reason strayd,
"That almost it did haynous violence
"On that fayre ymage of that heavenly mayd
"That decks and armes your shield with faire
"defence
"Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew of
"fence."

XXIX.

So beene they both atone, and doen upreare
Their bevers bright each other for to greet,
Goodly comportsunce each to other beare,
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
Then saide the Red-crosse knight, "Now mote I
"weet,
"Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,
"And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
"For sith I know your goodly gouvernaunce,
"Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some un-
"couth chaunce."

XXX.

"Certes," said he, "well mote I shame to tell
"The fond encheafon that me hether led:
"A false infamous faitour late befell
"Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,

LIII.

"Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
 "Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
 "And thrise three tymes had filld her crooked
 "horne,
 "Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
 "And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
 "Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought;
 "The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my mid-
 "wives I weare,
 "Hard help at need. So deare thee, Babe! I
 "bought;
 "Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare
 "I fought.

LIV.

"Him so I fought, and so at last I fownd,
 "Where him that witch had thralld to her will,
 "In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
 "And so transformed from his former skill,
 "That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
 "Tillthrough wise handling and fairegovernance,
 "I him recured to a better will,
 "Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce;
 "Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

LV.

"Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceivd
 "How that my lord from her I would reprove,
 "With cup thus charmd him parting she deceiv'd;
 "Sad verie, give death to him that death dees give,
 "And losse of love to her that loves to live,
 "So soone as Bacchus with the nymphe does lincke.
 "So parted we, and on our iourney drive,
 "Till coming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
 "The charme fulfild, dead suddenly he downe did
 "fincke.

LVI.

"Which when I wretch"—Not one word more
 she sayd;
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,
 And flyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.
 That seeing, good Sir Guyon could uneath
 From teares abstayne; for grieve his hart did grate,
 And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
 Accusing Fortune and too cruell Fate,
 Which plunged had faire lady in so wretched state.

LVII.

Then turning to his palmer said, "Old Syre,
 "Behold the ymage of mortallitie,
 "And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
 "When raging passion, with fierce tyranny,

"Robs Reason of her dew regaletie,
 "And makes it servaunt to her basest part:
 "The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
 "And with bold furie armes the weake hart:
 "The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the
 "weake through smart."

LVIII.

"But Temperaunce," said he, "with golden squire,
 "Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
 "Neither to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
 "Nor frye in hartlesse grieve and dolefull tene:
 "Thrise happy man! who fares them both atweene.
 "But sith this wretched woman, overcome
 "Of anguish, rather than of crime hath bene,
 "Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
 "And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable
 "toombe."

LIX.

"Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equall doome
 "To good and bad, the common inne of rest;
 "But after death the tryall is to come,
 "When best shall bee to them that lived best:
 "But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
 "Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
 "Which whoso wants wants so much of his rest;
 "For all so great shame after death I weene,
 "As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene."

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad cypresse seemly it embrace;
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corpes tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace:
 But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir Guyon, more affection to increase,
 Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay
 release.

LXI.

The dead knight's sword, out of his sheath he
 drew,
 With which he cut a lock of all their heare,
 Which medling with their blood and earth, he
 threw.
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare,
 "Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
 "And worse and worse, young Orphane! be thy
 "payne,
 "If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
 "Till guiltie blood her guerdon do obtayne,"
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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clense.

The face of golden Meane;

Her sisters, two Extremities,

Strive her to banish cleane.

I.

THUS when Sir Guyon, with his faithful guyde,
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad tragedie uptyde,
The little babe up in his armes he hent,
Who with sweet pleasaunce and bold blandishment
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that truth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares
did steepe;

II.

" Ah! lucklesse Babe! borne under cruell starre,
" And in dead parents balefull ashes bredd,
" Full little weeneest thou what sorrowes are
" Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed.
" Poor Orphane! in the wide world scattered,
" As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
" And throwne forth till it be withered;
" Such is the state of men; thus enter we
" Into this life with woe, and end with miseree."

III.

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainfull nicitee)
His guilty handes from bloody gore to cleene:
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they
beene

For all his washing cleaner: still he strove,
Yet still the litle hands were bloody scene:
The which him into great amazement drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder
clove.

IV.

He wist not whether blot of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore blood-guiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and veneme which they
dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senceless tronck,
That through the great contagion direful deadly
stonck.

V.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
" Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
" And of your ignorance great marveill make,
" Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistak:
" But know that secret vertues are infused
" In every fountaine and in everie lake,
" Which who hath skill them rightly to have
" chusd,
" To proove of passing wonders hath full often
" usd:

VI.

" Of those some were so from the fource indew
" By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfu
" pap [deaw,
" Their wel-heads spring, and are with moiste
" Which feeds each living plant with liquid s,
" And filles with flowres fayre Floraes paited
" But other some by guifte of later grace, ap:
" Or by good prayers, or by other hap,

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 " Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
 " And thrise three tymes had filld her crooked
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 " The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the
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 " Nor frye in hartlesse grieve and dolefull tene :
 " Thrise happy man ! who fares them both atweene.
 " But sith this wretched woman, overcome
 " Of anguish, rather than of crime hath bene,
 " Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
 " And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable
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" Palmer," quoth he, " death is an equall doome
 " To good and bad, the common inne of rest ;
 " But after death the tryall is to come,
 " When best shall bee to them that lived best :
 " But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
 " Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
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 " As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to becne."

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So both agree their bodies to engrave :
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad cypresse seemly it emgrave ;
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corpes tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace :
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 Sir Guyon, more affection to increase,
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The dead knight's sword, out of his sheath he
 drew,
 With which he cut a lock of all their heare,
 Which medling with their blood and earth, he
 threw.
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare,
 " Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
 " And worse and worse, young Orphane ! be thy
 " payne,
 " If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
 " Till guiltie blood her guerdon do obtayne,"
 So shedding many tears they closd the earth agayne.

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BOOK II. CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clenſe.

The face of golden Meane;

Her ſiſters, two Extremities,

Strive her to baniſh cleane.

I.

THUS when Sir Guyon, with his faithful guyde,
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their ſad tragedie uptyde,
The little babe up in his armes he hent,
Who with ſweet pleaſaunce and bold blandiſhment
Can ſmyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As careleſſe of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that truth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares
did ſteepe;

II.

“ Ah! luckleſſe Babe! borne under cruell ſtarre,
“ And in dead parents balefull aſhes bredd,
“ Full little weeneſt thou what ſorrowes are
“ Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed.
“ Poor Orphane! in the wide world ſcattered,
“ As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
“ And throwne forth till it be withered;
“ Such is the ſtate of men; thus enter we
“ Into this life with woe, and end with miſerree.”

III.

Then ſoft himſelfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath diſdainfull nicitee)
His guilty handes from bloody gore to cleene:
He waſht them oft and oft, yet nought they
beene
For all his waſhing cleaner: ſtill he ſtrove,
Yet ſtill the litle hands were bloody ſcene:
The which him into great amazement drove,
And into diuerſe doubt his wavering wonder
clove.

IV.

He wiſt not whether blot of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To ſhew how ſore blood-guiltineſſe he hat'th;
Or that the charme and veneme which they
dronck,
Their blood with ſecret filth infected hath,
Being diffuſed through the ſenceleſſe tronck,
That through the great contagion direful deadly
ſtonck.

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Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
With goodly reaſon, and thus fayre beſpake;
“ Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
“ And of your ignorance great marveill mak;
“ Whiles cauſe not well conceived ye miſtake:
“ But know that ſecret vertues are infuſed
“ In every fountaine and in everie lake,
“ Which who hath ſkill them rightly to have
“ chuſd,
“ To prooſe of paſſing wonders hath full often
“ uſd:

VI.

“ Of thoſe ſome were ſo from the ſourſe indewd
“ By great Dame Nature, from whoſe fruitfull
“ pap [deawd,
“ Their wel-heads ſpring, and are with moiſture
“ Which feeds each living plant with liquid ſap,
“ And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted
“ But other ſome by guiſte of later grace, [lap:
“ Or by good prayers, or by other hap,

" Had vertue poud into their waters bace,
 " And thenceforth were renowmd, and fought
 " from place to place.

VII.

" Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
 " Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
 " As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did
 " raunge.

" The hartlesse hynd and roebuck to dismay,
 " Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
 " And kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
 " Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
 " And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
 " As hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy.

VIII.

" At last when fayling breath began to faint,
 " And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
 " She set her downe to weepe for fore constraint,
 " And to Diana calling loud for ayde,
 " Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
 " The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she
 " fate, [mayd
 " Welling out streames of teares, and quite dis-
 " With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
 " Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgin's
 " state.

IX.

" Low now she is that stone; from whose two
 " heads, [flow,
 " As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do
 " Yet calde through feare and old conceived
 " dreads:

" And yet the stone her semblance seemes to
 " show, [know;
 " Shapt like a maide, that such you may her
 " And yet her vertues in her water byde,
 " For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
 " Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde, [tryde.
 " But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath been

X.

" From thence it comes, that this babe's bloody
 " hand
 " May not be clenst with water of this well:
 " Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
 " But let them still be bloody, as befell,
 " That they his mother's innocence may tell,
 " As she bequeathd in her last testament;
 " That as a sacred symbole it may dwell
 " In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
 " And be for all chaste dames an endlesse moni-
 " ment."

XI.

He hearkned to his reason; and the childe
 Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare;
 But his sad father's armes with bloode defylde
 (An heaue load) himselfe did lightly reare;
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare
 He left his loftie steed with golden sell,
 Ad goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there:
 By other accident, that earst befell, [tell.
 Hes conuaide; but how or where, here fits not

XII.

Whil when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
 Yet agates mote he soft himselfe appease,

And fairly fair on foot, however loth;
 His double burden did him fore diseafe.
 So long they traueiled with little ease,
 Till that at last they to a castle came,
 Built on a rocke adioining to the seas;
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
 And wondrous strong by nature and by skilful
 frame.

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one fyre by mothers three,
 Who dying whylome, did divide this fort
 To them by equall shares in equall fee;
 But stryfull mind and divers qualitee
 Drew them in partes, and each made others foe;
 Still did they strive and daily disagree;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to worken
 woe.

XIV.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
 Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
 Of second sister, who did far excell
 The other two; Medina was her name,
 A sober sad and comely courteous dame;
 Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments, that her well became,
 Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
 Him at the threshold mett, and well did enter-
 prize.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
 And comley courted with meet modestie,
 Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood and gravitie
 Above the reason of her youthly yeares;
 Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
 In braided tramels, that no looser heares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie cares.

XVI.

Whilest she herselfe thus busily did frame
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
 Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accounting each her frend with lavish fest;
 They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these ladies love did countenance;
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to ad-
 vance.

XVII.

He that made love unto the eldest dame
 Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
 Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,
 Since errant armes to sew he first began:
 More huge in strength than wise in workes he
 And reason with foole-hardize over-ran; [was,
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas, [bras.
 And was, for terroure more, all armd in shyning

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sanfloy,
 He that faire Una late fowle outraged,

The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged,
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might;
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
He now this ladies champion chose for love to
fight.

XIX.

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne: but when they heard
How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely unto batteill sterne themselves pre-
par'd.

XX.

But ere they could proceede unto the place
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle space:
With horrible assault and fury fell
They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her settled seat
The house was rayfd and all that in did dwell;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the rattling skies with flames of fould-
ring heat.

XXI.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger
knight,

To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sun-broad shield about his wrist he bond,
And shyning blade unsheath'd, with which he ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understond;
And at his first arrivall them began
With goodly means to pacifie well as he can.

XXII.

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
Att once upon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall Steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet.
As when a bear and tygre, being met
In cruell fighte, on Lybicke ocean wide,
Espye a traile with feet furbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
They stint their strife, and him assayle on everie
side.

XXIII.

But he, not like a wearie travellere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put;
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and
cut;

But still when Guyon came to part their fight,
With heavie load on him they freshly gan to
smight.

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas, [pray
Whom raging windes, threatning to make the
Of the rough rockes, do diversly disease,
Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
That her on either side doe fore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She scorning both their spights does make wide
way,
And with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself
doth save:

XXV.

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Between them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriors he dismade:
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and paies;
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him laies;
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

XXVI.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to
see

Three combats ioine in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmittee,
All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continual iarre.
O miserable men, that to him subiect arre!

XXVII.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The fair Medina, with her tresses torne,
And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
Emongst them ran, and, falling them before,
Besought them by the womb which them had
born,
And by the loves which were to them most deare,
And by the knighthood which they sure had
sworn,

Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

XXVIII.

But her two other sisters standing by
Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champions bad
Pursue the end of their strong enmity,
As ever of their loves they would be glad;
Yet she with pittie words and counsell sad
Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke;
That at the last suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speeches which she
spoke.

XXIX.

" Ah! puissant Lords, what cursed evil spright,
" Or fell Erinnyes, in your noble harts,
" Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
" And stir'd you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
" Is this the ioy of armes? be these the partes
" Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
" And not regard dew right and iust desarts?

" Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
 " That more to mighty hands than rightful cause
 " doth trust.

xxx.

" And were there rightful cause of difference,
 " Yet were not better sayre it to accord.
 " Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
 " And mortal vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?
 " O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest lord!
 " Sad be the fights, and bitter fruites of warre,
 " And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword:
 " Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth
 " marre,
 " Then foule revenging rage and base contentious
 " iarre.

xxxI.

" But lovely concord and most sacred peace
 " Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breeds;
 " Weake she makes strong, and strong thing
 " does increace,
 " Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
 " Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 " By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
 " And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.
 " Be therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,
 " And this misseeming discord meekly lay aside."

xxxII.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
 That downe they lette their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their lofty crests
 To her faire presence and discrete behests.
 Then she began a treaty to procure,
 And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,
 That as a law for ever should endure;
 Which to observe in word of knights they did
 assure,

xxxIII.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
 After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,
 Into her lodging to repair a while,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soone consent; so forth with her they fare,
 Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
 Themselves of soiled arms, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to
 dainty fare.

xxxIV.

And those two froward sisters (their faire loves)
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoves, [loth,
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,
 But that their natures bad appeared in both;
 For both did at their second sister grutch
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 Their inner garment frett, not th' utter touch;
 Onethought her cheare too little, th' other thought
 too mutch.

xxxv.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of mirth or meat;

No solace could her paramour intreat
 Her once to shew, ne court, nor dalliaunce,
 But with bent lowring brows, as she would threat,
 Shesould, and frownd with froward countenance
 Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

xxxvi.

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sister's kynd;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight;
 In wine and meats she flow'd above the banck,
 And in excesse exceeded her own might;
 In sumptuous tire she ioyd herself to pranck;
 But of her love too lavish, little have she thanck.

xxxvII.

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
 Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy;
 Might not be found a francker franion,
 Of her leawd parts to make companion.
 But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment;
 Yett still he satt, and inly did himselfe torment.

xxxvIII.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina fate,
 With sober grace and goodly carriage;
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage;
 That forward paire she ever would asswage,
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
 But that same froward twaine would accorage,
 And of her plenty adde unto their need;
 So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

xxxix.

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meete satiety:
 At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
 She Guyon deare besought of curtesie,
 To tell from whence he came through ieopardy,
 And whether now on new adventure bownd.
 Who with bold grace and comely gravity,
 Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
 From lofty siege began lofty words aloud to
 sownd.

xl.

" This thy demand, O Lady! doth revive
 " Fresh memory in me of that great queene
 " (Great and most glorious virgin queene alive)
 " That with her soveraine power and scepter
 " shene
 " All Faery Lond does peaceably sustene.
 " In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
 " That over all the earth it may be seene;
 " As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
 " And in her face faire peace and mercy doth ap-
 " peare.

xli.

" In her the riches of all heavenly grace
 " In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye;
 " And all that else this world's enclosure lacke
 " Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 " Adornes the person of her maiesty;

" That men beholding so great excellence,
 " And rare perfection in mortalitye,
 " Do her adore with sacred reverence,
 " As th' idole of her Maker's great magnificence.

XLII.

" To her I homage and my service owe,
 " In number of the noblest knightes on ground;
 " Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 " Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd
 " That may this day in all the world be found.
 " An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make,
 " The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
 " To which all knightes of worth and courage
 " bold [told.

" Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be
 XLIII.

" There this old palmer shewd himselfe that day,
 " And to that mighty princeesse did complaine
 " Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
 " Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly
 " paine,

" Whereof he crav'd redresse. My soveraine,
 " Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
 " Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 " Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes;
 " Me all unfitt for so great purpose she employes.

XLIV.

" Now hath faire Phœbe with her silver face
 " Thrife seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 " Sith last I left that honorable place,
 " In which her roiall presence is enrold;

" Ne never shall I rest in house nor hold,
 " Till I that false Acrasia have wonne,
 " Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told,
 " I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 " Whose woefull parents she hath wickedly fore-
 " donne."

XLV.

" Tell on, sayre Sir!" said she, " that doleful
 " tale,

" From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
 " That we may pittie such unhappy bale,
 " And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:
 " Ill, by ensample, good doth often gayne."

Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
 And told the story of the mortall payne
 Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
 As with lamenting eyes himselfe did lately vew.

XLVI.

Night was far spent, and now in ocean deep
 Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his pitteous tale he end did make;
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
 Those guesstes beguyled did beguyle their eyes
 Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake:
 At last, when they had markt the chaunged
 skyes,
 They wist their houre was spent, then each to rest
 him hyes.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadochio getting Guyon's
Horse, is made the scorner
Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre
Belphoebe fowle forlorne.

I.

SOONE as the morrow fayre, with purple beames,
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowlie couch, and him addrest
Unto the iourney which he had behight;
His puissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his
wrest.

II.

Then taking congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her coniure
In vertuous lore to trayne his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth
Be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught
T'avenge his parents death on them that had it
wrought.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helpelesse what may it boot
To frett for anger, or for grieve to mone?
His palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So Fortune wrought, as under greene woodes fyde
He lately heard that dying lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

2

IV.

The whyles a lossell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing tounge and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd,
He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full
light.

V.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
For such as he him thought, or faine would bee;
But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd,
And gallaunt show to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t'advauce his first
degree.

VI.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting ydle on a funny banck,
To whom avaunting in great bravery,
As peacocke, that his painted plumes doth pranck,
He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare;
The feely man seeing him ride so ranck,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying, "Mercy" loud, his pitious handes
gan reare,

vi.

Thereat the scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd;
"Vile caytive, vassall of Dread and Despayre,
"Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
"Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
"And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
"Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay:
"Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus
"to stay."

viii.

"Hold, O deare lord, hold your dead-doing
"hand,"
Then loud he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."
"Ah! wretch," quoth he, "thy destinies with-
"stand
"My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
"I give thee life; therefore prostrated fall,
"And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee."
The miser threw himselfe as an offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

ix.

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his lord,
In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold;
For he was wylie-witted, and growne old
In cunning sleighes and practick knavery.
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity.

x.

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vain-glorious man, when fluttering wind does
blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
The scorn of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth to be advaunced hye;
Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertue's meed,
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable feed.

xi.

So forth they pas, a well comforted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet;
Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument;
For since the Red-crosse knight he erst did weete
To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
The ill, which carst to him, he now to Guyon
ment;

xii.

And coming close to Trompart, gan inquer-
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden cell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee?
"He is a great adventurer," said he,
"That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
"And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee

"Of that despight, never to wearen none;
"That speare is him enough to doen a thousand
"grone."

xiii.

Th' enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt;
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Red-crosse knight;
Which two, through treason and deceitful gin
Had slayne Sir Mordant and his lady bright,
That mote him honour win to wreake so foule
despight.

xiv.

Therewith all suddainly he seemd enrag'd,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
As if their lives had in his hand been gag'd;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weete his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said, "Old man, great sure shall be thy
"meed,
"If, where those knights for feare of dew ven-
"geance
"Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed,
"That I may wreake on them their hainous
"hateful deed."

xv.

"Certes, my lord," said he, "that shall I soone,
"And give you eke good helpe to their decay;
"But mote I wisely you advise to doon,
"Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
"Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day;
"For they be two the prowrest knights on grownd,
"And oft approv'd in many hard assay;
"And eke of surest Steele, that may be sownd,
"Doe arme yourselfe against that day, them to
"confownd."

xvi.

"Dartard!" said he, "let be thy deepe advise;
"Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee
"faile,
"And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
"Els never should thy iudgement be so frayle,
"To measure manhood by the sword or mayle,
"Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
"Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
"Thou litle wotest that this right-hand can:
"Speake they, which have beheld the batailes
"which it wan."

xvii.

The man was much abashed at his boast:
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those knightes on even coast,
Should neede of all his armes him to defend,
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend;
When Braggadochio said, "Once I did sweare,
"When with one sword seven knightes I brought
"to end,
"Thenceforth in bataile never sword to beare,
"But it were that which noblest knight on earth
"doth weare."

xviii.

"Perdy, Sir knight," saide then th' enchaunter
"blive,

" That shall I shortly purchase to your hond ;
 " For now the best and noblest knight alive
 " Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie Lond ;
 " He hath a sword that flames like burning
 " brond ;
 " The same by my device I undertake
 " Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his minde what mote that monster
 make.

XIX.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddeine vanished out of his sight :
 The northerne winde his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him up light,
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
 They lookt about, but no where could espye
 Tract of his foot ; then dead through great
 affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flye ;
 Both fledd attonce, ne ever backe returned eye ;

XX.

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,
 In which they shrowd themselves from causelesse
 feare ;
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene :
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they
 heare,
 As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare ;
 Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse to faine.
 At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
 And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in
 twaine.

XXI.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush,
 With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying dreed ;
 But Trompart stoutly staid to taken heed
 Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped
 foorth
 A goodly ladie clad in hunter's weed,
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance borne of heavenly
 birth.

XXII.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
 Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew ;
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers fence with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

XXIII.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight :
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might ;

For with dred maiestie and awfull yre,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace
 defyre.

XXIV.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the batailes of his great godhead :
 All good and honour might therein be red,
 For there their dwelling was ; and when she spake,
 Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did shed,
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to
 make.

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes and amorous retrate,
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes :
 So glorious mirrhour of celestially grace,
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare through want of skill her beautie to
 disgrace ?

XXVI.

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
 She seemd, when she presented was to fight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken camus lilly whight,
 Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
 Which all above besprinckled was throughout
 With golden aygulets that glistered bright,
 Like twinckling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe,

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
 All bard with golden bendes which were entayld
 With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld ;
 Before they fastned were under her knee
 In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped
 bee :

XXVIII.

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlonds greene,
 And honour in their festivall resort ;
 Those same with stately grace and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would
 grace ;

But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
 Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
 She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
 Stufft with steel-headed dartes, wherewith she
 queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden baldricke, which forclay

Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only signified.

xxx.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wide dispred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered;
And whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flourishing forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did
lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did
enwrap.

xxxi.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
Where all the nymphes have her unwares forlore,
Wand'reth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game; or as that famous queene
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of Priame she was seene,
Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

xxxii.

Such whenas hartlesse Trompart did her vew,
He was dismayed in his coward minde,
And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde:
When she at last him spying thus bespake:
"Hayle, Groome! didst not thou see a bleeding
hynde,
"Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow
strake?
"If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake."

xxxiii.

Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth he threw;
"O Goddesse! (for such I thee take to bee)
"For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
"Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee
"Such wounded beast as that I did not see,
"Sith earst into this forrest wild I came;
"But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
"To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
"That unto thee dew worship I may rightly
frame."

xxxiv.

To whom she thus—but ere her words ensawd,
Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
In which vaine Braggadochio was mewd,
And saw it stirre: she leste her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
In mind to marke the beast: at which sad stowre
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying, "O! whatever heavenly powre,
"Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly
howre.

xxxv.

"O stay thy hand; for yonder is no game
"For thy fiers arrowes them to exercise;
Vol. II.

"But loe my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
"Is far renown'd through many bold emprise,
"And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."
She staid: with that he crawld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies,
And standing stoutly up, his lofty crest
Did fiercely shake and rowze, as coming late from
rest.

xxxvi.

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret cave
For dread of foring hauke herselfe hath hid,
Nor caring how her silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renews her native pride,
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Prowdly to prune, and set on every side;
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did
her hide:

xxxvii.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt; but when he vewd
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
Till she to him her gracious speech renewd;
"All haile, Sir knight! and well may thee befall,
"As all the like which honor have persw'd
"Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall:
"All vertue merits praise, but such the most
of all."

xxxviii.

To whom he thus, "O fairest under skie!
"Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
"That warlike feats doest highest glorifie:
"Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
"And many battailes fought, and many fraies,
"Throughout the world, whereso they might be
found,
"Endevoring my dreaded name to raise
"Above the moone, that Fame it may resound
"In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond
croud.

xxxix.

"But what art thou, O lady! which doest raunge
"In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
"And doest not it for ioyous court exchange,
"Amongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
"And all delight does raigne, much more then
this?
"There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
"And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest
mis;
"There maist thou best be seene, and best maist
see:
"The wood is fitt for beasts, the court is fitt for
thee."

xl.

"Whoso in pompe of proud estate," quoth she,
"Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
"Does waste his daies in darke obscuritce,
"And in oblivion ever buried is:
"Where ease abownds, yt's eath to doe amis;
"But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
G

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops Occasion;
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
By Strife is rayld uppon.

i.

In brave pursuit of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble feed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence,
As feates of armes, and love to entertain;
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in
vaine.

ii.

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdow his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who suffred not his wandring fecte to slide;
But when strong passion or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him
wide,
He would through temperaunce and stedfastnesse
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong
suppresse.

iii.

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
A handsom stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood,
did all abownd.

iv.

And him behind a wicked hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold;
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles old.

v.

And ever as she went, her tounge did walke
In fowle reproch and termes of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight:
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to
smite;
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe upright;
Ne any evil meanes she did forbear
That might him move to wrath, and indignation
reare.

vi.

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the hag did thrust away,
And after adding more impetuous forse,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who all on fire, streight
way
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and
rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengement.

VII.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governaunce it well to guide;
But when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde,
Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought
deseryde;
But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he
hurts nought cares.

VIII.

His rude assault and rugged handeling
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
But more enfierced through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe unwares, and lower lay:

IX.

And being downe, the villen fore did beate
And bruze with clownish fists his manly face;
And eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place:
With whose reproch and odious menace
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
Knirt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold; so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his
part.

X.

Which when the palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
"Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so
"That monster can be maistred or destroyd:
"He is not, ah! he is not such a foe
"As Steele can wound, or strength can overthrow.
"That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
"That unto knighthood workes much shame and
"woe;
"And that same hag, his aged mother, hight
"Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight;

XI.

"With her, whofo will raging Furor tame,
"Must first begin, and well her amenge;
"First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
"And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
"Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
"Then when she is withdrawne, or strong with-
"flood,
"It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
"And calme the tempest of his passion wood:
"The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the
"flood."

XII.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and fowle revilement,
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
But nathelesse he did her still torment,

And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

XIII.

Then whenas use of speach was from her rest,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckned him; the last help she had left:
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she no'te stir. Then gan her soone to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gain-striving nought at all prevaild;
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quail:
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack:
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his handes fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

XV.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him fore constraine;
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did
straine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;
And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks, colourd like copper-wyre,
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

XVI.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captiv'd,
Turning about he saw that wretched squyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre;
Whom whenas he perceivd to reipyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse:
Being at last recured, he gan inquire
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caytive's thrall, the thrall of wretch-
ednesse?

XVII.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
"Fayre Sir!" quoth he, "what man can shun the
"hap
"That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?
"Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
"The man most wary in her whelming lap.
"So me weake wretch, of many weake one,
"Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,
"She brought to mischief through Occasion,
"Where this same wicked villen did me light
"upon.

XVIII.

"It was a faithlesse squyre, that was the source
"Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
"With whom from tender dug of commune nourse
"Attonce I was upbrought; and este when yeares,
"More ripe us reason lent to chose our peares,
"Ourselves in league of vowed love we knitt;
"In which we long time without gealous feares

" Or faultie thoughts contynewd, as was fitt,
 " And for my part, I vow, dissembled not a whitt.

XIX.

" It was my fortune (commune to that age)
 " To love a lady fayre of great degree,
 " The which was borne of noble parentage,
 " And set in highest seat of dignitee,
 " Yet seemed no lesse to love then lov'd to bee :
 " Long I her serv'd, and found her faithful still,
 " Ne ever thing could cause us disagree :
 " Love that two harts makes one, makes eke one
 " will :
 " Each strove to please, and others pleasure to
 " fulfill.

XX.

" My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
 " Of all my love and all my privitie,
 " Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,
 " And gracious to that lady, as to mee ;
 " Ne ever wight that mote so welcome bee
 " As he to her, withouten blott or blame ;
 " Ne ever thing that she could think or see,
 " But unto him she would impart the same :
 " O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle
 " dame !

XXI.

" At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
 " That I that lady to my spouse had wonne ;
 " Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,
 " Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
 " There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
 " Which mariage make ; that day too farre did
 " seeme :
 " Most ioyous man, on whom the shining sunne
 " Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
 " And that my falser friend did no less ioyous
 " deeme.

XXII.

" But ere that wished day his beame disclofd,
 " He either envying my toward good,
 " Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
 " One day unto me came in friendly mood,
 " And told for secret how he understood
 " That lady, whom I had to me assynd,
 " Had both distaind her honourable blood,
 " And eke the faith which she to me did bynd,
 " And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth
 " should fynd.

XXIII.

" The gnawing anguish and sharp gelosy,
 " Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
 " Rankled so sore, and festred inwardly,
 " That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
 " Till that the truth thereof I did out-wrest,
 " And him besought, by that same sacred band
 " Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best :
 " He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
 " Assurd ere long the truth to let me understand.

XXIV.

" Ere long with like againe he boarded mee,
 " Saying he now had boulded all the floure,
 " And that it was a groome of base degree,
 " Which of my love was partner paramoure,
 " Who used in a darke some inner bowre

" Her oft to meete ; which better to approve,
 " He promised to bring me at that howre,
 " When I should see that would me nearer move,
 " And drive me to withdraw my blind abused
 " love.

XXV.

" This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
 " Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
 " Who, glad t'embosome his affection vile,
 " Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
 " One day to worke her to his will more neare,
 " He woo'd her thus ; ' Pryne (so she hight)
 " What great despight doth Fortune to thee beare,
 " Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
 " That it should not deface all others lesser light ?

XXVI.

" But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
 " T' adorne thy forme according thy desert,
 " Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have
 " blent,
 " And staynd their prayses with thy least good
 " part ;
 " Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
 " Tho she thy lady be, approach thee neare ;
 " For prooffe thereof this evening, as thou art,
 " Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
 " That I may more delight in thy embracement
 " deare.

XXVII.

" The mayden, proud through praise, and mad
 " through love,
 " Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd ;
 " The whiles to me the treachour did remove
 " His craftie engin, and, as he had sayd,
 " Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
 " The sad spectatour of my tragedie :
 " Where left, he went, and his owne false part
 " playd,
 " Disguised like that groome of base degree,
 " Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to
 " bee.

XXVIII.

" Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
 " And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd
 " In Claribellaes clothes : her proper face
 " I not discerned in that darke some shade,
 " But weend it was my love with whom he playd,
 " Ah God ! what horror and tormenting grieve
 " My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assay'd !
 " Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
 " Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of
 " such repriefe.

XXIX.

" I home retourning, fraught with fowle de-
 " spight,
 " And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
 " Soone as my loathed love appeared in sight,
 " With wrathfull hand I flew her innocent ;
 " That after soone I dearly did lament :
 " For when the cause of that outrageous deede
 " Demanded, I made plaine and evident,
 " Her faultie handmayd, with that bale did breede,
 " Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge
 " her weede.

xxx.

" Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 " And hellish fury all enrag'd, I sought
 " Upon my selfe that vengeable despight
 " To punish; yet it better first I thought
 " To wreake my wrath on him, that first it
 " wrought:
 " To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
 " I cast to pay that I so dearely bought:
 " Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
 " And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

xxxi.

" Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on
 " griefe,
 " To losse of love adioyning losse of frend,
 " I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
 " And in my woes beginner it to end:
 " That was Pryene; she did first offend,
 " She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
 " When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
 " She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 " And I pursewing my fell purpose, after went.

xxxii.

" Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my
 " flight:
 " Through woods and plaines so long I did her
 " chace,
 " Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
 " Hath now fast bound) me met in middle space:
 " As I her, so he me pursewd apace,
 " And shortly overtooke: I breathing yre,
 " Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
 " And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre,
 " Which kindled once, his mother did more rage
 " inspyre.

xxxiii.

" Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
 " Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne
 " handeling,
 " That death were better then such agony,
 " As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
 " Of which in me yet sticke the mortall sting,
 " That during life will never be appeas'd."
 " When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
 " Said Guyon, " Squire, fore have ye been diseas'd,
 " But all your hurts may soone through temper-
 " ance be eas'd."

xxxiv.

Then gan the palmer thus, " Most wretched man,
 " That to affections does the bridle lend;
 " In their beginning they are weake and wan,
 " But soone through suffrance growe to fearfull
 " end: [tend;
 " Whiles they are weake, betimes with them con-
 " For when they once to perfect strength doe
 " grow,
 " Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
 " Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrow:
 " Wrath, gealosy, griefe, love, this squire have
 " laid thus low.

xxxv.

" Wrath, gealosie, griefe, love, do thus expell;
 " Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede;
 " Griefe is a flood, and love a monster fell;

" The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
 " The flood of drops, the monster Filth did
 " breede:
 " But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay:
 " The sparks soon quench, the springing seed out-
 " weed,
 " The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away;
 " So shall wrath, gealosy, griefe, love, die, and de-
 " cay."

xxxvi.

" Unlucky Squire," saide Guyon, " sith thou hast
 " Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
 " Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast
 " past,
 " And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,
 " Least worst betide thee by some later chaunce.
 " But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
 " Phaon I hight," quoth he, " and do advaunce
 " Mine auncestry from famous Coradin, [gin."
 " Who first to rayse our house to honour did be-

xxxvii.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
 A varlet ranning towardes hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweate did dim his eye.
 He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
 And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
 His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
 For Guyon's lookes, but scornfull ey-glaunce at
 him shot.

xxxviii.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
 On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well beseemed it
 To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
 And in his hand two dartes exceeding slit
 And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight
 In poyson and in blood of Malice and Despight.

xxxix.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
 He boldly spake; " Sir Knight, if knight thou bee,
 " Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
 " For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
 " Or bide the chaunce at thine own iopardee."
 The knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
 And though he scorn'd his ydle vanitee,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered,
 For not to grow of nought he it coniectured.

xl.

" Varlet! this place most dew to me I deeme,
 " Yielded by him that held it forcibly;
 " But whence shold come that harme, which thou
 " dost seeme
 " To threat to him that mindes his chaunce
 " t'abye?"
 " Perdy," say'd he, " here comes, and is hard by
 " A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
 " That never yet encountred enemy
 " But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
 " Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence
 " stay."

xli.

"How hight he," then said Guyon, "and from
"whence?"

"Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre
"For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
"Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre,
"The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
"The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
"Acrates sonne of Phlegeton and Iarre;
"But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
"But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

xlii.

"So from immortall race he does proceede,
"That mortall hands may not withstand his
"might,
"Dread for his derring doe and bloody deed;
"For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
"His am I, Atin, his in wrong and right,
"That matter make for him to worke upon,
"And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight,
"Fly, therefore, fly this fearfull stead anon,
"Least thy fool-hardize worke thy sad confu-
"sion."

xliii.

"His be thy care, whom most it doth concerne,"
Said he: "but whether with such hasty flight
"Art thou now bownd? for well mote I dis-
"cerne
"Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light."
"My lord," quoth he, "me sent, and streight
"behight
"To seeke Occasion, wherefo she bee;
"For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
"And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee:
"Hard is his hap that first falls in his iopar-
"dec."

xliv.

"Madman," said then the palmer, "that does
"seeke

"Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
"Shee comes unfought, and shonned followes eke.
"Happy, who can abstaine, when rancor rife
"Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife:
"Woe never wants where every cause is caught,
"And rash Occasion makes unquiet life."
"Then loe wher bound she sits, whom thou hast
"fought,"

Said Guyon, "let that message to thy lord be
"brought."

xlv.

That when the varlett heard and saw, streightway
He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, "Vile
"Knight,
"That knights and knighthood doest with shame
"upbray, [might,
"And shewst th' ensample of thy childishe
"With silly weake old women thus to fight:
"Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
"And stoutly prov'd thy puissance here in fight;
"That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
"And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

xlvi.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable despight;
The quivering Steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his brest itselfe intended right;
But he was wary, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atween;
On which it seizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forckhead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be
seene.

G iij

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furor's chayne untyes;
Who him fore wounds, whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flies.

I.
Whoever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy
Than stubborne perturbation to the same,
To which right well the wise doe give that
name;
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclaim;
His owne woes author, whofo bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

II.
After that varlet's flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side;
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maintring spur he did him roughly
fire.

III.
Approching nigh, he never staied to greete,
Ne chaffar words, proud corage to provoke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete,
The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fayrly couching his Steele-headed speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought Sir Guyon comming neare,
To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to
beare.

IV.
But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe Steele arriving forcibly
On his broad shield bitt not, but glauncing fell,
On his horse necke before the quilted fell,
And from the head the body fundred quight:
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The truncked beast fast bleeding did him fowly
dight.

V.
Sore bruized with the fall, he slow uprofe,
And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
"Disseall knight! whose coward corage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the mark at which it should be ment,
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood
frayl;
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
But litle may such guile thee now avayl,
If wonted force and fortune doe me not much
fayl."

VI.
With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his seven-folded shield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary sowe from thence it would discharge;
Nathesse so fore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his bever
bent.

VII.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much asham'd that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and made him stoup so low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho' hurling high his yron-braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder-plate,
That all his lefte side it did quite disarm; ;
Yet there the Steele stayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red flood-
gate.

VIII.

Deadly dismay with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saugard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.

IX.

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thondred
blowes,
And every way did seeke into his life;
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife:
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strooke him
strayt,
And falsed oft his blowes t'illude him with such
bayt.

X.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious unicorn defyes,
T'avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enemyes
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
And kindling new his corage, seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great con-
straint

He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
And doe unwilling worship to the saint
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

XII.

Whom Guyon seeing stoup, pursfewed fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
That streight on grownd made him full low to lye.
Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust;
With that he cryde, "Mercy! doe me not dye,

" Ne deeme thy force, by Fortune's doome uniuert,
" That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me
" laid in dust."

XIII.

Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement flow,
And maistring might on enemy dismayd,
For th' equall die of warre he well did know;
Then to him said, "Live, and allegeaunce owe
" To him that gives thee life and liberty,
" And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
" That hasty wroth and heedlesse hazardry
" Doe breede repentaunce late and lasting infamy."

XIV.

So up he let him rise; who with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knetted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he
wondered.

XV.

Which Guyon marking, said, "Be nought agriev'd,
" Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewd arre;
" Was never man who most conquestes atchiev'd,
" But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
" Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre:
" Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe;
" But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
" Both loofers lott and victours prayse alsoe:
" Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth over-
" throw.

XVI.

"Fly, O Pyrochles! fly the dreadful warre
" That in thyselfe thy lesser partes doe move;
" Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
" Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love:
" Those, those thy foes, those warriours far re-
" move,
" Which thee to endlessse bale captived leed:
" But fith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
" Of courtesie to mee the cause aread
" That thee against me drew with so impetuous
" dread."

XVII.

"Dreadlesse," said he, "that shall I soone declare.
" It was complaind that thou hadst done great
" tort
" Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
" And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,
" Voide of all succour and needful comfort:
" That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
" To worke such shame: therefore I thee exhort
" To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free.
" And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee."

XVIII.

Thereat Sir Guyon smylde. "And is that all,"
Said he, "that thee so fore displeased hath?
" Great mercy, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
" Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest
" scath.

"Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling
"wrath

"Loe there they bee; to thee I yield them free."
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leap, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

XIX.

Soone as Occasion felt herselfe untyd,
Before her sonne could well affoyled bee,
She to her use returnd, and streight desyde
Both Guyon and Pyrochles: th' one (said shee)
Because he wonne; the other because hee
Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought
To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:
But soone as Furor was enlargd, she fought
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes
wrought.

XX.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well maintaind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might;
So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife
does see.

XXI.

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
And him disabled quyte: but he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more urgent did devise;
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

XXII.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furor's might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded fore,
And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyer-brond,
Which she in Strygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled; that she gave into his hand,
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him
withstand.

XXIII.

The gan that villen wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious forse;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeign'd so loathly fight.
At last he was compell'd to cry perorse,
"Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble knight,
"To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish
"wight."

XXIV.

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the palmer, by his grave restraynt,

Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
And said, "Deare sonne! thy causelesse ruth
"represse,

"Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie vayne:
"He that his sorrow fought through wilfullnesse,
"And his foe fettred would release agayne,
"Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented
"payne."

XXV.

Guyon obeyd; so him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to poursew:
But rash Pyrochles' varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his lord in heaveie plight
Under Sir Guyon's puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in fight,
Fledd fast away, to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Chymochles men did
call.

XXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoyle, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes, for more defame
On gallow-trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

XXVII.

His dearest dame is that enchauntresse,
The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delights
And ydle pleasures, in her Bowre of Blisse,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprightes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes;
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous
hewes,
And horribly mishapes with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes,
And darksom dens, where Titan his face never
shewes.

XXVIII.

There Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,
To serve his leman's love; for he by kynd
Was given all to lust and loose living,
Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices and lavish ioyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loose ladies and lascivious
boyes.

XXIX.

And over him Art stryving to compayre
With Nature did an arber greene disprede,
Framed of wanton yvie, flouing fayre,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did sprede
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw;
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smells, and painted colors
shew.

xxx.

And fast beside their trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did
play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a fowne,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay :
The wearie traveler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirly heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slombre made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom
sweat.

xxxI.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t'Olympick love,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree :
Therein the merry birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearfull harmonie,
And made emongst themselves a sweete confort,
That quickned the dull spright with muscally
comfort.

xxxII.

There he him found all carelessly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriment ;
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many orna-
ments.

xxxIII.

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew :
Some fraid faire lookes, glancing like evening
lights,
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew ;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft imbrow
The sugred licour through his melting lips ;
One boastes her beutie, and does yield to vew
Her daintie limbes above her tender hips ;
Another her out-boastes, and all for tryall strips.

xxxIV.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does sleepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beutie feedes ;
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,

Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe :
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceit,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous
receipt.

xxxV.

Atin arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approaching to him, lowdly cryde,
“ Cymochles! oh no! but Cymochles' shade,
“ In which that manly person late did fade :
“ What is become of great Acrates sonne?
“ Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
“ That hath so many haughty conquestes wonne?
“ Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

xxxVI.

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
He said, “ Up, up, thou womanish weake knight!
“ That here in ladies lap entombed art,
“ Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
“ And weetelesse eke of lately-wrought despight ;
“ Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,
“ And groneth out his utmost grudging spright
“ Thro' many a stroke and many a streaming
“ wound,
“ Calling thy help in vaine that here ioyes art
“ dround.”

xxxVII.

Suddeinly out of his delightful dreame,
The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged fore
With percing wordes and pittifull implore
Him hasty to arise : as one affright
With hellish feends, or furies mad uprore,
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armes, for he would algates
fight.

xxxVIII.

They bene ybrought, he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted passeth on his way :
Ne ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might
Appease his heat, or hasty passage stay ;
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
On him that did Pyrochles deare dismay.
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and
wrong.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth,
Led into loose defyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother
burns in furious fyre.

I.

A HARDER lesson to learn continence
In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine;
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine;
But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can refraine:
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles travelling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him,
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A little gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little Forrest seemed outwardly;

III.

And therein fate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone;
Sometimes she song as loud as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was
gone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of merriment;
Matter of merth enough, though there were
none,
She could devise, and thousand waies invent
To feele her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

IV.

Which when far off, Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
The little barke, unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford:
The merry mariner unto his word [way
Soone hearkned, and her painted boate straight-
Turned to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did
pray.

V.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift than swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave;
Ne cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely
save.

VI.

And all the way the wanton damsel found
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine,
Yet seemed nothing well they her became;
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

VII.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devise
As her fantasticke wit did most delight :
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight :
Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her litle frigot, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no foveaunce
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might :
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensual delight ;
So easie is t' appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt woman-kind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent ;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized ?
" Vaine man ! " said she, " that wouldst be
" reckoned

" A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
" Of Phœdria (for so my name is red)
" Of Phœdria, thine own fellow-servant :
" For thou to serve Acrasia thyselfe doest vaunt.

X.

" In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
" The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
" That knowes her port, and thether sayles by
" ayme,
" Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
" Or whether swift I wend or whether flow :
" Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne :
" Ne swelling Neptune, ne loud-thundering love,
" Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever
" mourne ;
" My litle boat can safely passe this perilous
" bourne.

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she
toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake ;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre issewing on the shore
Disburdned her : their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull
great store.

XII.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves set like a little nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best :
No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,

Nor arborett with painted blossoms drest,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throw her sweete smells al
arownd.

XIII.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring ;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt ;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing ;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songes, were fram-
ed fitt

For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soon woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please :
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire ap-
pease.

XIV.

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fil'd with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn ;
And her sweete selfe, without dread or disdayn,
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slombred, fearing not be harmd ;
The whiles with a love-lay she thus him sweetly
charm'd :

XV.

" Behold, O man ! that toilesome paines doest
" take,
" The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasaunt
" grows,
" How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
" Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth
" throwes
" Out of her fruitful lap : how no man knowes
" They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and
" faire, [shows ;
" And decke the world with their rich pompous
" Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
" Yet no man to them can his carefull paines
" compare.

XVI.

" The lilly, lady of the flowering field,
" The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
" Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
" And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure,
" Loe, loe ! how brave she decks her bounteous
" boure,
" With filken curtens and gold coverletts,
" Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure ;
" Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor
" fretts,

" But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

XVII.

" Why then doest thou, O Man, that of them a l
" Art lord, and eke of Nature soveraine,
" Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
" And waste thy ioyous howres in needlesse
" paine,
" Seeking for daunger and adventure vaine ?
" What bootes it al to have and nothing use ?
" Who shall him rew that, swimming in the
" maine,

"Will die for thrift, and water doth refuse?
 "Refuse such fruitlesse toile and present plea-
 "sures chuse."

XVIII.

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take;
 Then she with liquors strong his eies did sleepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake:
 So she him leste, and did herselfe betake
 Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
 The slouthful wave of that great grievly lake;
 Soone shee that island far behind her leste,
 And now is come to that same place where first
 she wecte.

XIX.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
 Unto the other side of that wide strond
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
 Him needed not long call; she soone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
 With his sad guide: himselfe she tooke aboard,
 But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price or prayers once afford
 To ferry that old man over the perious foord.

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
 For the flitt barke obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes, thicke as troubled
 mire,
 Whom nether wind out of their seatt could forse,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish
 course.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
 Her merry fitt shee freshly gan to reare,
 And did of ioy and iollity devize,
 Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest mirth and pleasaunce to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliaunce he despis'd, and follies did for-
 sake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former style,
 And said, and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,
 Where sleeping late she leste her other knight:
 But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
 He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said,
 "Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
 "Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
 "Me little needed from my right way to have
 "straide."

XXIII.

"Faire Sir!" quoth she, "be not displas'd at all;
 "Who fares on sea may not command his way,
 "Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 "The sea is wide, and easy for to stray,
 "The wind unstable, and doth never stay:

2

"But here a while ye may in safety rest,
 "Till season serve new passage to assay:
 "Better safe port, then be in seas distrest."
 Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end
 in iest.

XXIV.

But he halfe discontent mote nathelesse,
 Himselfe appease, and islewd forth on shore;
 The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulnessse,
 Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasaunt, yet she made much
 more.

The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told the gardin's pleasures in their caroling.

XXV.

And she, more sweete than any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their native musicke by her skilful art:
 So did she all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noise of armes, or view of martiall guize
 Might not revive desire of nightly exercise.

XXVI.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon his hart;
 Yet would not seeme so rude and thewed ill;
 As to despise so courteous seeming part,
 That gentle lady did to him impart;
 But fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
 And ever her desired to depart;
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles' howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
 And shaking off his drowfy dreriment,
 Gan him avize howe ill did him beseme
 In slouthful slepe his moulten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceived yre;
 Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staied for his damsell to inquire,
 But merched to the strond, there passage to re-
 quire.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
 Accompanyde with Phædria the faire;
 Eftsoones he gan to rage and inly frett,
 Crying, "Let be that lady debonaire,
 "Thou recreaunt knight, and soon thyselfe pre-
 "paire
 "To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
 "Loe, loe, already how the fowles in aire
 "Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
 "Thy carcass for their pray, the guerdon of thy
 "payn."

XXIX.

And there-withall he fierfly at him flew,
 And with importune outrage him assayled;
 Who soone prepar'd, to field his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall vawlew countervayld,

Their mightie strokes their habericons dismayld,
And naked made each other's manly spalles;
The mortall Steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple streame adown their giam-
beux fallles.

xxx.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So puissaunt foe, with envious despight
His proud more presumed force encreased,
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might,
As those unknighly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled every
stroke.

xxxI.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did
fway :

Cymochles' sword on Guyon's shield yglauust,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away :
But Guyon's angry blade so fiers did play
On th' other's helmet, which, as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head into the bone,
Wherewith astonish'd still he stood as fencelesse
stone.

xxxII.

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria (that beheld
That deadly daunger) soone atweene them ran,
And at their feete herselfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce and count'nance wan,
" Ah! well away! most noble Lords, how can
" Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight
" To shed your lives on ground? wo worth the
" man
" That first did teach the cursed Steele to bight
" In his own flesh, and make way to the living
" spright.

xxxIII.

" If ever love of lady did empierce
" Your yron brestes, or pettie could find place,
" Withhold your bloody handes from battaill
" fierce;
" And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
" Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe aspace."
They stayd a while, and forth thee gan proceede;
" Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
" That am the authour of this hainous deed,
" And cause of death between two doughtie
" knights do breed.

xxxIV.

" But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
" Not this rude kind of battaill, nor these armes
" Arc meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
" And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
" Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes,
" Another warre and other weapons I
" Doe love, where love does give his sweets
" alarmes
" Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
" Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

xxxv.

" Debatefull strife and cruell enmity
" The famous name of Knighthood foully shend;
" But lovely peace and gentle amity,
" And in amours the passing howres to spend,
" The mightie martiall handes doe most com-
" mend;
" Of love they ever greater glory bore
" Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes frend
" And is for Venus' loves renowned more
" Then all his wars and spoiles the which he did
" of yore."

xxxvi.

Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full
bent,
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
Such powre have pleasing wordes: such is the
might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faery Knight
Besought that damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

xxxvII.

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him
farre.

xxxvIII.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand,
That which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon sailed forth to land,
And to that damsell thanks gave for reward:
Upon that shore he espied Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phædria's flitt barck over that perlous shard.

xxxix.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As shepherdes curre, that in darke eveninges
shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade:
" Vile Miscreant!" said he, " whether dost thou
" flye [invade?
" The shame and death, which will thee soone
" What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
" That art thus slowly fledd from famous enemy?"

xl.

With that he stiffly shooke his steel-head dart;
But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fayrely forth: he turning taile
Backe to the strand retyrd, and there still stayd.

Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

XLI.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight that towards him fast ran;
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne freed from him the victour wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint and wan;
And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,
And soyled with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof: he never stood,
But bent his hastie course towardes the Ydle flood.

XLII.

The varlet saw when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiersly leapt,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt;
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
Whom should he but his own deare lord there
see?

His owne deare lord Pyrochles, in sad plight,
Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight;
"Harrow now out, and well away!" he cryde,
"What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
"To see my Lord so deedly damnifyde?
"Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is thee betyde?"

XLIV.

"I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowde he cryde,
"O how I burne with implacable fyre!
"Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde,
"Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
"Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."
"Ah! be it," said he, "from Pyrochles farre,
"After pursewing death once to requyre,
"Or think that ought those puissant hands may
"marre:
"Deathe is for wretches borne under unhappy
"starre."

XLV.

"Perdye, then is it fitt for me," said he,
"That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
"Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
"And dying dayly, dayly yet revive.
"O Atin! helpe to me last death to give."
The varlet at his plaint was grievd so fore,
That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive,
And his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI.

Into the lake he leapt his lord to ayd,
(So love the dread or daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
From drowning: but more happy he then wife,
Of that sea's nature did him not avise;
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engroft with mud which did them fowle agrise,

That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom
there.

XLVII.

Whyles thus they strugled in that Ydle wave,
And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to save,
Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne,
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging
lord.

XLVIII.

Him Atin spying, knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald, "Help, helpe, O Archimage!
"To save my lord, in wretched plight forlore;
"Helpe with thy hand or with thy counsell sage:
"Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in
"age."

Him, when the old man saw, he woundred fore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage;
Yet sithens helpe he saw he needed more
Then pittie, he in haste approached to the shore;

XLIX.

And cald, "Pyrochles! what is this I see?
"What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
"Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
"Yet never in this straunge astonishment."
"These flames, these flames," he cryde, "doe
"me torment."
"What flames," quoth he, "when I thee pre-
"sent see

"In daunger rather to be drent then brent?"
"Harrow! the flames which me consume," said
he, [bee.
"Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles

L.

"That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
"Furor, oh! Furor has me thus bedight;
"His deadly woundes within my livers swell,
"And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles
"bright,
"Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
"Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boaste;
"That now I weene love's dreaded thunderlight
"Does scorch not halfe so fore, nor damned
"ghoste
"In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste."

LI.

Which when as Archimage heard, his grieve
He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd;
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a
prieſe
Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd:
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto ap-
plyde,
And evermore with mightie spels then charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restord to helth, that would have al-
gates dyde.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve,
Sunning his threasure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrete store.

I.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithful light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye
(The masters of his long experiment)
And to them does the steddye helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessel fairely forward fly :

II.

So Guyon, having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanye,
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own virtues and praise-worthie deedes.
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes;
For still he traveld through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wilderness shewd all a-
round.

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade, [light,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of grievly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were
bleard,
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke handes did seeme to have ben
feard [clawes appeard :
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like
Vol. II,

IV.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury :

V.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent,
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven and distent
Into great ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and Kefars straung
and rare.

VI.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full
wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide;
But Guyon lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himself were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull
sayd;

H

VII.

"What art thou, man! (if man at all thou art)
 "That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 "And these rich heapes of welth doest hide apart
 "From the worldes eye, and from her right us-
 "aunce?"

Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce
 In great disdaine he answerd, "Hardy Elfe,
 "That darest view my direful countenaunce,
 "I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe,
 "To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious
 "pelfe.

VIII.

"God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 "Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
 "That of my plenty poure out unto all,
 "And unto none my graces do envye:
 "Riches, renowme, and principality,
 "Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 "For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
 "Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 "And in the hollow earth have their eternall
 "brood.

IX.

"Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
 "At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;
 "Or if to thy great mind or greedy vew
 "All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
 "Ten times so much be nombred francke and
 "free."

"Mammon," said he, "thy godhead's vaunt is
 "vaine,
 "And idle offers of thy golden fee;
 "To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
 "Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts enter-
 "taine.

X.

"Me ill befits, that in derdoing armes
 "And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
 "Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charms,
 "With which weake men thou witchest, to at-
 "tend;
 "Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend
 "And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 "That loyes for crownes and kingdoms to con-
 "tend; [delight;
 "Faire shields, gay feedes, bright armes, be my
 "Those be the riches fit for an adventures
 "knight."

XI.

"Vaine glorious Elfe," saide he, "doest not thou
 "weet

"That money can thy wantes at will supply?
 "Shields, feedes, and armes, and all things for
 "thee meet,

"It can purvey in twinkling of an eye,
 "And crownes and kingdoms to thee multiply.
 "Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
 "Sometime to him that low in dust doth ly,
 "And him that raignd into his rowme thrust
 "downe,

"And whom I lust do heape with glory and re-
 "nowne?"

XII.

"All otherwise," saide he, "I riches read,
 "And deeme them root of all disquietnesse,
 "First got with guile, and then preserv'd with
 "dread,

"And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
 "Leaving behind them grieve and heavinesse;
 "Infinite mischieses of them do arise,
 "Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
 "Outrageous wrong and hellish covetize,
 "That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth de-
 "spize.

XIII.

"Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the scepters thine,
 "But realmes and rulers thou doest both con-
 "found,
 "And loyall truth to treason doest incline;
 "Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on
 "ground,
 "The crowned often flaine, the slayer cround,
 "The sacred diademe in peeces rent,
 "And purple robe gored with many a wound,
 "Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent;
 "So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull
 "government.

XIV.

"Long were to tell the troublous stormes that
 "tosse

"The private state, and make the life unsweet:
 "Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
 "And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
 "Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."

Then Mammon waxing wroth, "And why then,
 "sayd,

"Are mortall men so fond and undiscreef
 "So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
 "And having not complaine, and having it up-
 "brayd?"

XV.

"Indeed," quoth he, "through fowle intemper-
 "aunce

"Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
 "But would they thinke with how small allow-
 "aunce

"Untroubled Nature doth herselfe suffice,
 "Such superfluities they would despise,
 "Which with sad carcs empeach our native
 "ioyes.

"At the well-head the purest streames arise;
 "But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
 "And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave
 "accloyes.

XVI.

"The antique World in his first flowring youth
 "Fownd no defect in his Creator's grace,
 "But with glad thankes and unreprieved truth,
 "The gifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:
 "Like angels life was then mens happy cace;
 "But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 "Abusd her plenty and fat-swolne encrease
 "To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 "The measure of her mean and naturall first
 "need.

XVII.

"Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
 "Of his great grandmother with Steele to wound,
 "And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
 "With sacrilege to dig; therein he fownd
 "Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
 "Of which the matter of his huge desire
 "And pompons pride eftsoones he did compownd;
 "Then Avarice gan through his veins inspire
 "His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring
 "fire."

XVIII.

"Sonne," said he then, "lett be thy bitter scorne,
 "And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
 "To them that liv'd therein in state forlorne:
 "Thou that doest live in later times must wage
 "Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold en-
 "gage;

"If then thee list my offred grace to use,
 "Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
 "If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse;
 "But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."

XIX.

"Me list not," said the Elfin knight, "receave
 "Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
 "Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
 "From rightful owner by unrighteous lott,
 "Or that blood-guiltinesse, or guile them blott."
 "Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eie did vew,
 "Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
 "But safe I have them kept in secret mew,
 "From Heven's sight, and powre of al which them
 "poursfew."

XX.

"What secret place," quoth he, "can safely
 "hold

"So huge a mas, and hide from Heven's cie?
 "Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much
 "gold

"Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
 "Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by
 and by

Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
 A darksome way, which no man could desery,
 That deep descended through the hollow ground,
 And was with dread and horror compassed
 around.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht it selfe into an ample playne,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne:
 By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
 The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did
 threaten life.

XXII.

On th' other side in one consort there sate
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
 But gnawing Gealofy, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;

And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place wher safe he shroud him
 might;
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
 And shame his ugly face did hide from living
 eye:

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
 Did alwaies fore, beating his yron wings,
 And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
 Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint asonder could have rifte,
 Which having ended, after him she flyeth swifte.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
 By whom they passing spake unto them nought;
 But th' Elfin Knight, with wonder all the way,
 Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought;
 Betwixt them both but was a little stride,
 That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth
 divide.

XXV.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
 Breake in, and spoil the treasure there in gard;
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
 Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
 For next to Death is Sleepe to be compar'd,
 Therefore his house is unto his annex;
 Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and hel-gate them both
 betwext.

XXVI.

So soon as Mammon there arriv'd, the dore
 To him did open, and afforded way;
 Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
 Ne darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway
 Did shutt, and from behind it forth there leapt
 An ugly feend more fowle then dismal Day,
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him
 slept,

And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept:

XXVII.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on things that likt him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
 Should be his pray; and therefore still on hye
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye,
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
 If ever he transgress the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breeches hong
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,

H ii

And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
That heavy ruine they did seem to threat;
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spread her subtile nett,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black
then iett.

XXIX.

Both rooffe and floore, and walls, were all of
gold

But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darknes, that none could behold
The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertein light,
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
Or as the moone, cloathd with clowdey night,
Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad
affright.

XXX.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none would
weene

Them to inforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were along:
But all the grownd with sculs was scattered
And dead men's bones, which round about were
flong,
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcafes now left unburied.

XXXI.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of riches such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth which is or was of yore
Could gatherd be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

XXXII.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend:
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said,
"Loe here the worldes blifs, loe here the end
"To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:
"Such grace now to be happy is before thee
"laid."

XXXIII.

"Certes," sayd he, "I n'ill thine offred grace,
"Ne to be made so happy doe intend;
"Another blis before mine eyes I place,
"Another happines, another end;
"To them that list these base regards I lend:
"But I in armes and in atchievements brave
"Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
"And to be lord of those that riches have,
"Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile
"slave"

3

XXXIV.

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then culver in the faulcon's fist;
(Eternal God thee save from such decay)
But whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

XXXV.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
An hundred founaces all burning bright;
By every founace many feends did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

XXXVI.

One with great bellows gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who maystring them renewd his former heat:
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall
came;
Some stir'd the molten owre with ladles great;
And every one did swinke, and every one did
sweat.

XXXVII.

But when an earthly wight they present saw,
Gliftring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot work they did themselves with-
draw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day
They never creature saw that cam that way:
Their staring eyes, sparckling with fervent fyre,
And ugly shapcs, did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retyre,
Till that him thus bespake their soveraine lord and
fyre;

XXXVIII.

"Behold, thou Faerie's sonne, with mortall eye,
"That living eye before did never see;
"The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly
"(To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by
"mee
"Proceeded), lo now is reveald to thee:
"Here is the fountaine of the worldes good;
"Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
"Avise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
"Least thou perhaps hereafter wist, and be with-
"stood."

XXXIX.

"Suffice it then, thou Money-god," quoth he,
"That all thine ydle offers I refuse:
"All that I need I have; what needeth mee
"To covet more then I have cause to use?
"With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle
"buse,

"But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,
And thence him forward ledd, him further to en-
tise.

XL.

He brought him through a darksom narrow strayt,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold;
The gate was open, but therein did wayt
A sturdie villain, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if that highest God defy he would;
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and fence, and well could weld
That cursed weapon when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and whofo did him call;
Sterne was his looke and full of stomacke vayne,
His portauce terrible, and stature tall,
For passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
Like an huge gyant of the Titans' race,
That made him scorne all creatures great and
small,
And with his pride all others powre deface;
More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have
his place.

XLII.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes
light,

His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery Knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight;
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villain bold,
Ne mortall Steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And the fiers carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in: the rowme was large and
wyde,

As it some gyeld or solemne temple weare;
Many great golden pillours did upbeare
The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth
did rayne.

XLIV.

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of soveraine maiestye:
And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,
That never earthly prince in such aray [play.
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde dis-

XLV.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes
threw

Through the dim shade, that all men might it
see;

Yet was not that fame her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall,
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her
crime withall.

XLVI.

There, as in gliftring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to fly,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base regard;
And all by wrong waies for themselves prepar'd:
Those that were up themselves kept others low,
Those that were low themselves held others hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow downe to
throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered, "That goodly one,
"Whom all that folke with such contention
"Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
"Honour and dignitie from her alone
"Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
"For which ye men doe strive; few gett, but
"many mis.

XLIX.

"And sayre Philotime she rightly hight
"The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
"But that this darksom neather world her light
"Doth dim with horror and deformity,
"Worthy of heaven and hye felicitie,
"From whence the gods have her for envy
"thrust;
"But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
"Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
"That she may thee advance for works and me-
"rits iust."

L.

"Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
"For so great grace and offred high estate;
"But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
"Unworthy match for such immortall mate
"Myselfe well wote, and mine unequali fate
"And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,
"And love avowd to other lady late,
"That to remove the same I have no might:
"To change love causelesse is reproch to war-
"like knight."

LI.

Mammon enmoued was with inward wrath,
Yet forcing it to fayne him forth thence ledd,
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be
redd;

Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well favored,
But direfull deadly black both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery tombe.

LII.

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall, and heben sad,
Deep sleeping poppy, and black hellebore,
Cold coliquintida, and tetra mad,
Mortall samnitis, and cicuta bad,
Which with th' uniuert Athenians made to dy
Wise Soerates, who thereof quaffing glad
Pour'd out his life, and last philosophy,
To the fayre Citias his dearest belamy.

LIII.

The gardin of Proserpina this hight,
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat;
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote
see,

[bee.

And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples glistering bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those which Hercules with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those with which th' Eubœan young man
wan

Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out-
ran.

LV.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse
fruit;

Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which amongst the gods false Are threw,
For which th' Idaean ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus' dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Troians made to
bleed.

LVI.

The warlike esse much wondred at this tree
So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich see,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great gardin, compass with a mound,
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round,

That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and
weepe.

LVII.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
And looking downe saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell sprighes,
That with their piteous cryes and yelling shrighes
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Amongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe under the garden
side.

LVIII.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from
mouth,
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely fwincke;
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with
drouth
He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX.

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?
Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
"Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
"Lo, Tantalus, I here tormented lye,
"Of whom high Iove wont whylome feasted bee;
"Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
"But if that you be such as I thee see,
"Of grace I pray thee give to eate and drinke to
"me."

LX.

"Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
"Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
"And unto all that live in high degree,
"Ensamble be of mind intemperate,
"To teach them how to use their present state."
Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest Iove and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming Heaven bitterly,
As author of iniustice, there to let him dye.

LXI.

He lookt a little further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
Within the river, which the same did hyde;
But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And saynd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

LXII.

The knight him calling, asked who he was?
Who lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
"I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas!
"And most uniuert, that by unrighteous
"And wicked doome, to lewes despiteous,
"Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,

" And did acquite a murder felonous ;
 " The whyles my handes I washt in purity,
 " The whyles my soule was soyled with fowle ini-
 " quity."

LXIII.

Infinit moe tormented in like paine
 He there beheld, too long here to be told ;
 Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold ;
 But roughly him bespake : " Thou fearefull foole,
 " Why takest not of that same fruite of gold ?
 " Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole
 " To rest thy wearie person in the shadow
 " coole ?

LXIV.

All which he did to do him deadly fall
 In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt,
 To which, if he inclyned had at all,
 That dreadfull scend, which did behinde him
 wayte,
 Would him have rent in thousand pieces strait ;
 But he was wary wise in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,

Ne suffered lust his safety to betray ;
 So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

LXV.

And now he was so long remained theare,
 That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
 For want of food and sleepe, which two upheare,
 Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
 That none without the same endure can ;
 For now three dayes of men were full out-wrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprize began ;
 For thy great Mammon fayrely he besought
 Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him ;
 brought.

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was constraynd t' obey
 For lenger time then that no living wight
 Below the earth might suffred be to stay ;
 So backe againe him brought to living light :
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
 Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
 As overcome with too exceeding might.
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his fences were with deadly fit opprest.

H iij

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoild;
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And paynim brethren foyld.

I.

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the cace,
Of men then beasts: but O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

II.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feedes to ayd us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such
regard?

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammon's house, the palmer, whom whyleare,
That wanton mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere,
And being on his way, approached neare
Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddeinly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
"Come hether, hether, O come hastily!"
(That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

IV.

The palmer lent his ear unto the noyce,
To weet who called so importunely;
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste: he by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury;
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senceles dreame, which fight at first him fore
aghast.

V.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire above his equall peares;
His snowy front curled with golden heares,
Like Phœbus' face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

VI.

Like as Cupido on Idaean hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murderous spoiles and bloody pray
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

VII.

Whom when the palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could
say,

Till him the childe bespoke, "Long lackt, alas!
"Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay
"Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
"Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend sire,
"But dread of death and dolor doe away,
"For life ere long shall to her home retire,
"And he that breathlesse seems shall corage bold
"respire.

VIII.

"The charge which God doth unto me arett,
"Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
"Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
"The care thereof myselfe unto the end,
"But evermore him succour and defend
"Against his foe and mine; watch thou, I pray;
"For evill is at hand him to offend."
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble winges, and vanisht quite
away.

IX.

The palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore afraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his tronbled pulse gan try,
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two paynim knights all armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged fire did trace,
And far before a light-foote page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who meeting earst with Archimago flie
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told
That he, which earst them combated was Guyon
bold.

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where-ever that on ground they mote him find;
False Archimage provokt their corage prowde,
And stryfe-ful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeance tind.
Now bene they come whereas the palmer sate,
Keeping that flombring corse to him assind,
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

XII.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That fire he fowl bespake; "Thou dotard vile,
"That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely
"age,
"Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
"Of that same outcast carcas, that crewhile
"Made itselfe famous through false trechery,
"And crownd his coward crest with knightly
"stile;

"Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
"To proove he lived il, that did thus fowly die."

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearelesse answered,
"Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
"Thus for to blott the honour of the dead,
"And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame,
"Whose living handes immortalizd his name.
"Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
"And envy base to barke at sleeping fame:
"Was never wight that treason of him told;
"Yourselfe his prowesse prov'd, and found him
"fiers and bold."

XIV.

Then said Cymochles, "Palmer, thou doest dote,
"Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
"Save as thou seest or hearst; but well I wote,
"That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme;
"Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme;
"Ne al good knights that shake well speare and
"shield:
"The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
"And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield;
"Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead
"on field."

XV.

"Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,
"What do I rekke, sith that he dide entire?
"Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
"The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
"Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne
"desire?
"Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
"I will him reave of armes, the victor's hire,
"And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
"For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour
"bright?"

XVI.

"Fayr Sir!" said then the palmer suppliaunt,
"For knighthood's love doe not so fowle a deed,
"Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
"Of vile revenge: to spoile the dead of weed
"Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
"But leave these relicks of his living might
"To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke
"steede."
"What herce or steed," said he, "should he have
"dight,
"But be entombed in the raven or the kight?"

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace
An armed knight of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
And coverd shield: well kend him so far space
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to
prauunce;

XVIII.

And to those brethren sayd, "Rise, rise bylive,
"And unto batteil doe yourselves addresse;
"For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,

" Prince Arthur! flowre of grace and nobilesse,
 " That hath to paynim knights wrought great
 " distresse,
 " And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye."
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
 That both eftsoones upstarte furiously,
 And gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

xix.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 And Archimage besought him that afford
 Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.
 " So would I," said th' enchaunter, " glad and
 " faine
 " Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
 " Or ought that eles your honour might main-
 " taine,
 " But that this weapon's powre I well have kend
 " To be contrary to the worke which ye intend :

xx.

" For that same knight's owne sword this is of
 " yore,
 " Which Merlin made by his almightie art
 " For that his nourling, when he knighthood
 " swore,
 " Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart :
 " The metall first he mixt with medaewart,
 " That no enchauntment from his dint might save;
 " Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
 " And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
 " Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

xxi.

" The vertue is, that neither Steele nor stone
 " The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend,
 " Ne ever may be used by his fone,
 " Ne forst his rightful owner to offend,
 " Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend ;
 " Wherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight.
 " In vaine, therefore, Pyrochles should I lend
 " The same to thee, against his lord to fight ;
 " For sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy
 " might."

xxii.

" Foolish old man!" said then the pagan wroth,
 " That weeneft words or charms may force with-
 " stond ;
 " Soone shalt thou see, and then beleewe for troth,
 " That I can carve with this enchanted brond
 " His lord's owne flesh." Therewith out of his
 hond

That vertuous Steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And Guyon's shield about his wrest he bond,
 So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

xxiii.

By this, that straunger knight in presence came,
 And goodly salved them ; who nought againe
 Him answered, as courtesie became ;
 But with sterne looks and stomachous disdaine
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine ;
 Then turning to the palmer he gan spy
 Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whole dead face he redd great magnanimity.

xxiv.

Sayd he then to the palmer, " Reverend syre!
 " What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
 " Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
 " Or did he fall by treason or by fight?
 " However, sure I rew his pitteous plight."
 " Not one nor other," said the palmer grave,
 " Hath him befallne, but clouds of deadly night
 " Awhile his heavy eyelids covered have,
 " And all his fences drowned in deepe sencelesse
 " wave :

xxv.

" Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
 " Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
 " Would him disarme and threaten shamefully ;
 " (Unworthie usage of redoubted knight)
 " But you, faire Sir! whose honourable fight
 " Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
 " Mote I beseech you to succour his sad plight,
 " And by your powre protect his feeble case?
 " First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to
 " deface."

xxvi.

" Palmer," said he, " no knight so rude, I weene,
 " As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost ;
 " Ne was there ever noble corage seene,
 " That in advantage would his puissaunce boast :
 " Honour is least where oddes appeareth most.
 " May bee, that better reason will aswage
 " The rash revengers heat. Words well disposd
 " Have secret powre t' apease inflamed rage ;
 " If not, leave unto me thy knight's last pa-
 " tronage."

xxvii.

Tho turning to those brethren thus bespoke ;
 " Ye warlike payre! whose valorous great might,
 " It seemes, iust wronges to vengeaunce doe
 " provoke,
 " To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming
 " knight,
 " Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
 " And settle patience in so furious heat?
 " Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
 " But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
 " Whom Fortune hath already laid in lowest
 " seat."

xxviii.

To whom Cymochles said, " For what art thou,
 " That mak'st thyselfe his dayes-man, to prolong
 " The vengeaunce prest? or who shall let me now
 " On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
 " And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
 " Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
 " The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
 " His life for dew revenge should deare abyce?
 " The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye."

xxix.

" Indeed," then said the prince, " the evill donne
 " Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave ;
 " But from the grandfyre to the nephewes sonne,
 " And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
 " Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave :
 " So streightly God doth iudge. But gentle
 " knight

" That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
 " His honour stains with rancour and despight,
 " And great disparagment makes to his former
 " might.

xxx.

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
 And to him said, " Now, felon, sure I read
 " How that thou art partaker of his cryme;
 " Therefore, by Termagaunt, thou shalt be dead."
 With that his hand, more sad than lomp of lead,
 Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure
 (His owne good sword Morddure) to cleave his
 head.

The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
 But swarving from the marke, his lordes life did
 assure.

xxxI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
 That horse and man it made to reele asyde:
 Nath'lesse the prince would not forsake his fell,
 (For well of yore he learned had to ryde)
 But full of anger fierly to him cryde;
 " False traitour, miscreant! thou broken hast
 " The law of armes, to strike foe undefide;
 " But thou thy treason's fruit, I hope, shalt taste
 " Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou
 " hast defast."

xxxII.

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
 Against the pagan's brest, and therewith thought
 His cursed life out of her lodg have rent;
 But ere the point arrived where it ought,
 That seven-fold shield, which he from Guyon
 brought,

He cast between to ward the bitter stownd:
 Through all those foldes the steele-head passage
 wrought,
 And through his shoulder perft; wherewith to
 ground

He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

xxxIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great
 grieve

And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
 And fowly saide, " By Mahoune, cursed thiefe!
 " That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby."

Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
 Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
 That from his saddle forced him to fly;
 Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
 Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence
 disposselt.

xxxIV.

Now was the prince in daungerous distresse,
 Wanting his sword, when he on foot should
 fight:

His single speare could doe him small redresse
 Against two foes of so exceeding might,
 The least of which was match for any knight;
 And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
 Had reard himselfe againe to cruel fight,
 Three times more furious and more puissaunt,
 Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

xxxv.

So both attonce him charge on either side
 With hideous strokes and importable powre,
 That forced him to his ground to traverse wyde,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre;
 For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
 Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quaille,
 Ne backward shrink; but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with double battery doth assaile,
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them
 nought availe.

xxxvi.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay.
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
 His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
 At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
 That through his thigh the mortall steele did
 gryde:

He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
 Did breake the lance, and let the head abyde:
 Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple
 plesh.

xxxvII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
 Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe;
 Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, " Caytive! curse on thy cruell hond,
 " That twise hath spedd; yet shall it not thee
 " keepe

" From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
 " Lo where the dreadfull death behind thy backe
 " doth stond."

xxxvIII.

With that he strooke, and th' other strooke
 withall,

That nothing seemd mote beare so monstros
 might:

The one upon his covered shield did fall,
 And glancing downe would not his owner byte;
 But th' other did upon his troncheon smyte,
 Which hewing quite asunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 The which dividing with importune sway,
 It seized in his right side, and there the dint did
 stay.

xxxix.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme
 flood,

Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously,
 That when the paynim spyde the streaming blood,
 Gave him great heart and hope of victory.
 On th' other side in huge perplexity
 The prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did ly;
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
 Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot
 revoke.

xl.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught,

And said, "Fayre sonne! great God thy right
 "hand blesse
 "To use that sword so well as he it aught."
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage
 fraught,
 Whenas again he armed felt his hond;
 Then like a lyon, which had long time saught
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood
 and yond;

XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
 On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
 Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
 Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold;
 Then back againe turning his busie hond,
 Them both attonce compeld with courage bold
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
 And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not
 both withstond.

XLII.

As salvage bull, whom two fiers mastives bayt,
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with wary ward them to awayt,
 But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
 That all the forest quakes to hear him rore;
 So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,
 That neither could his mighty puissaunce sustaine.

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
 (Who Guyon's shield cast ever him before,
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraict was writt)
 His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
 Which oft the paynim sav'd from deadly stowre,
 But him henceforth the same can save no more;
 For now arrived is his fatall howre,
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame
 And inward grieve, he fiercely gan approach,
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
 And on the haubergh stroke the prince so fore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,
 Yet made him twise to reel, that never moov'd
 afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowed blade,
 That it empierst the pagan's burganet,
 And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made
 Quite through his breyne: he tombling downe
 on ground,
 Breath'd out his ghost, which to th' infernall shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
 For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did
 abound.

XLVI.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
 Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd;
 Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,
 But as a man, whom hellish feedes have frayd,
 Long trembling still he stode: at last thus sayd,
 "Traytour! What hast thou doen? how ever
 "Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd [may
 "Against that knight? harrow and well away!
 "After so wicked deepe why liv'st thou lenger
 "day?"

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
 And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and utmost might,
 With his owne sword he ferce at him did flye,
 And strooke, and soynd, and lasht outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The prince with patience and sufferaunce fly
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew
 Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil
 gan renew.

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The clowdes, as things afraide, before him flye;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all at once their malice forth do poure;
 So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
 How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
 But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
 He song it from him, and, devoyd of drede,
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred;
 But him in strength and skill the prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did under him
 downcast.

L.

Nought booted it the paynim then to strive;
 For as a bittur in the eagle's clawe,
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
 Still waytes for death with dread and trembling
 So he now subiect to the victour's law [aw;
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
 For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despyd to dye.

LI.

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
 The conqueror nought cared him to slay;
 But casting wronges and all revenge behind,
 More glory thought to give life then decay,
 And said, "Paynim! this is thy dismall day;
 "Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
 "And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,
 "Life will I grant thee for thy valiaunce,
 "And all thy wronges will wipe out of my fo-
 "venaunce."

LII.

" Foole " said the Pagan, " I thy gift desye;
 " But use thy fortune as it doth befall;
 " And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
 " But in despight of life for death doe call."
 Wroth was the prince, and fory yet withall,
 That he so wilfully refused grace;
 Yet fith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

LIII.

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,
 (Life having maystered her senceless foe)
 And looking up, whenas his shield he lackt,
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe;
 But when the palmer, whom he long ygo
 Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
 And said, " Deare Sir! whom wandring to and
 " fro

" I long have lackt, I ioy thy face to vew;
 " Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro
 " me drew.

LIV.

" But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 " Of my good sword and shield?" The palmer,
 glad
 With so fresh hew uprissing him to see,
 Him answered, " Fayre Sonne! be no whit sad

" For want of weapons; they shall soone be had."
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcasses on ground were horribly pro-
 strate.

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the prince bowing with reverence dew,
 As to the patron of his life thus sayd:
 " My Lord, my Liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 " I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
 " What may suffice to be for meede repayd
 " Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
 " But to be ever bound?"

LVI.

To whom the infant thus, " Fayre Sir! what
 " need

" Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
 " To bind their dooers to receive their meed?
 " Are not all knightes by oath bound to with-
 " stand

" Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
 " Suffise that I have done my dew in place."
 So goodly purpose they together fond
 Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace,
 The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO IX.

The house of Temperaunce, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straung-
er knightes to flight compell.

I.

Of all Gods workes, which doe this worlde
adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is man's body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace;
It grows a monster, and incontinent
Doth lose his dignity and native grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

II.

After the paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton prince recov'ring his stoln sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did bord;
"Sir Knight! mote I of you this court'sy read,
"To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
"Beare ye the picture of that ladies head?
"Full lively is the semblaunt, though the sub-
"stance dead."

III.

"Fayre Sir!" sayd he, "if in that picture dead
"Such life you read, and vertue in vaine shew,
"What mote ye weene, if the trew livelyhead
"Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?
"But if the beauty of her mind ye knew,
"(That is her bounty and imperiall powre,
"Thousand times fairer than her mortall hew)
"O how great wonder would your thoughts de-
"voure,
"And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

2

IV.

"She is the mighty Queene of Faery,
"Whose fayre retraits I in my shield do beare;
"She is the flowre of grace and chastity,
"Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
"My life, my liege, my soveraine, my deare,
"Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
"And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
"Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
"As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in
"warre."

V.

"Thrise happy man!" said then the Briton
knight,
"Whom gracious lot and thy great valiaunce
"Have made thee soldier of that princeesse bright,
"Which with her bounty and glad countenance
"Doth blesse her servants, and them high ad-
"vaunce;
"How many straunge knight hope ever to aspire
"By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
"Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
"For losse of thousand lives, to die at her de-
"fire."

VI.

Said Guyon, "Noble Lord, what meed so great,
"Or grace of earthly prince so soveraine,
"But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
"Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
"But were your will her fold to entertaine,
"And numbred be mongst the knights of May-
"denhed,
"Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine

" And in her favor high be reckoned,
" As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

VII.

" Certes," then said the prince, " I God avow,
" That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
" My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
" To serve that Queene with all my powre and
" might.

" Now hath the sunne with his lamp-burning light
" Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
" Sith of that goddesse I have sought the fight,
" Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
" Heaven doth to me envy and Fortune favour-
" lesse."

VIII.

" Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
" Seldom," said Guyon, " yields to vertue aide,
" But in her way throwes mischief and mis-
" chaunce,

" Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.
" But you, fayre Sir! be not herewith dismayd,
" But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
" Which were it not that I am els delaid
" With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
" I labour would to guide you through al Faery
" Land."

IX.

" Gramercy, Sir!" said he, " but mote I weete
" What straunge adventure doe ye now pursue,
" Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
" Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew."
Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge, the palmer forth drew
From Faery Court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measured many
miles.

X.

And now faire Phœbus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the western vale,
Whenas they spyde a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale,
Which choosung for the evening's hospitale,
They thether marcht; but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes de-
spight.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them doen, their entraunce to forestall,
Till that the squire gan nigher to approach,
And wind his horne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:
Esloones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call
To weete what they so rudely did require:
Who gently answered, they entraunce did desire.

XII.

" Fly, fly, good Knights," said he; " fly fast away,
" If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should:
" Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay,
" Here may ye not have entraunce, though we
" would:

" We would and would againe, if that we could;
" But thousand enemies about us rave,
" And with long siege us in this castle hould;
" Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
" And many good knights flaine, that have us
" fought to save."

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, loe with outrageous cry,
A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd
Out of the rockes and caves adioining nye;
Wile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd;
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd:
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,
Staring with holloweies, and stiffe upstanding
heares.

XIV.

Fierfely at first those knights they did assaile,
And drove them to recoile; but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Unhable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those champions broke on them, that forst them
fly
Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepherd's swaine
A lyon and a tigre doth espye,
With greedy pace, forth rushing from the forest
nye.

XV.

A while they fled, but soone retourned againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And evermore their cruell captaine [rownd,
Sought with his raskall routs t' enclose them
And overronne to tread them to the ground;
But soone the knights with their bright-burning
blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,
Hewing and flashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seem, yet substance from
them fades.

XVI.

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts swonden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce northerne winde, with blustering
blast,
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean
cast.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous route dis-
perst,
Unto the castle-gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perlous paine,
And combrous conflict which they did sustayne,
Came to the ladies eare which there did dwell,
Shee forth isswed with a goodly traine
Of squires and ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

xviii.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That fought with her to lincke in marriage;
For shee was faire as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age,
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That even Heven rejoyced her sweete face to see.

xix.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle, most richly
wrought,
And borne of two faire damfels, which were
taught
That service well: her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiers.

xx.

Goodly she entertained those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle-hall,
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought, of favour speciall,
Of that faire castle to afford them vew:
Shee graunted, and them leading forth, the same
did shew.

xxi.

First she them led up to the castle-wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and sensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Aegyptian slime,
Whereof King Nine whilome built Babel Towre:
But O great pittie! that no lenger time
So goodly workmanship should not endure: [sure.
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is

xxii.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in heaven's place,
All which compacted made a godly diapase.

xxiii.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well;
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close;
Still opened to their friendes, and closed to their
foes.

xxiv.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
(Stone more of valew and more smooth and fine
Then iett or marble far from Ireland brought)
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchafed with a wanton yvie twine;
And over it a fayre portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

xxv.

Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight, nor word, mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme;
His larum-bell might lowd and wide be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

xxvi.

And rownd about the porch on every fyde
Twise sixtene warders satt, all armed bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde;
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight:
By them as Alma passed with her guesstes,
They did obeyfaunce, as befeemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The porter eke to her did lout with humble gesses.

xxvii.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festivall,
Against the viaundes should be ministred,
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged;
He steward was, hight Diet, rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

xxviii.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, marshall of the saine,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guesstes and meate, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward badd. They both attone
Did dewty to their lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her guesstes anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse
none.

xxix.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
The smoke forth threw; and in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball;
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

xxx.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre.

There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great payre of bellowes, which did
 styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the caudron many cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whiles the viaundes in the vessel boyld,
They did about their businesse sweat and forely
 toyld.

xxxI.

The maister cooke was cald Concoction,
A carefull man, and full of comely gusse;
The kitchen clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' achates in seemly wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had severall offices assynd;
Some to remove the scum as it did rise,
Others to beare the fame away did mynd,
And others it to use according to his kynd.

xxxII.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great rownd vessel plaste,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close convaied, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

xxxIII.

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill,
For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
And soone into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought,
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be
 thought:

xxxIV.

And in the midst thereof, upon the floure,
A lovely bevy of faire ladies sate,
Courtied of many a iolly paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his lady to aggrate;
And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
His wanton sportes, being retourned late
From his fierce warres, and having from him
 layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath
 dismayd.

xxxv.

Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please;
Some song in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
Some plaid with strawes, some ydly satt at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasure was to them grieve and annoy:
This frownd, that faund, the third for shame did
 blush,
Another seemed envious or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush;
But at these straungers presence every one did
 hush.

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xxxVI.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all atonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace;
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose:
The prince by chaunce did on a lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constrained her gentle
 spright.

xxxVII.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd,
And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold;
To whom the prince in courteous maner sayd,
"Gentle Madame! why beene ye thus dismayd,
"And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?
"Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?
"Or doen your love, or doen you lack your will?
"Whatever bee the cause, it sure becommes you
 "ill."

xxxVIII.

"Fayre Sir!" said she, halfe in disdainefull wise,
"How is it that this word in me ye blame,
"And in yourselfe doe not the same advise?
"Him ill becommes another's fault to name,
"That may unwares be blotted with the same:
"Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
"Through great desire of glory and of fame;
"Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,
"That have twelve months sought one, yet no
 "where can her find."

xxxIX.

The prince was inly moved at her speach,
Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold:
Tho turning soft aside he did inquire
What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold?
It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

XL.

The whiles the Faery Knight did entertaine
Another damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew;
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight;
Upon her fist the bird which shoneth vew,
And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her
 dight.

XLI.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye;
That her became, as polishd yvory,
Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure castory:
Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently said;

I

XLII.

"Fayre damzell! seemeth by your troubled cheare,
 "That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
 "You to molest, or other ill to feare,
 "That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 "From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise:
 "If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
 "But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
 "I will, if please you it discure, assay
 "To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

XLIII.

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
 That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace,
 Till Alma him bespake, "Why wonder yee,
 "Fayre Sir! at that which ye so much embrace?
 "She is the fountaine of your modestee;
 "You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itself is
 "free."

XLIV.

Thereat the else did blush in privitee,
 And turnd his face away; but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and saynd to overseer.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
 Themselves did solace each one with his dame,
 Till that great lady thence away them sought
 To vew her castle's other wondrous frame:
 Up to a stately turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

XLV.

That turret's frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compassed around,
 And lifted high above this earthly masse,
 Which it surveiw, as hills doen lower ground:
 But not on ground mote like to this be found;
 Not that which antique Cadmus whylome built
 In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
 Nor that proud Towre of Troy, though richly
 guilt,
 From which young Hector's blood by cruell Greekes
 was spilt.

XLVI.

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gave light, and flamd continually;
 For they of living fire most subtilly
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance fly,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O who can tell the prayes of that Maker's might!

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This part's great workmanship and wondrous
 powre,
 That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre
 That God hath built for his owne blessed howre.
 Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages,
 But three the chiefeft and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages

XLVIII.

Not he whom Greece (the nurse of all good arts)
 By Phœbus' doome the wisest thought alive,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts;
 Nor that sage Pylion fyre, which did survive
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
 By whose advise old Priam's cittie fell,
 With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
 These three in these three rowmes did sondry
 dwell,
 And counsell'd faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come fore-see:
 The next could of things present best advise;
 The third things past could keep in memoree:
 So that no time nor reason could arise,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 Forthy the first did in the fore-part sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize;
 He had a sharpe foresight and working wit,
 That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L.

His chamber was dispaigned all within
 With sondry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapies of thinges disperfed thin;
 Some such as in the world were never yit,
 Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
 Some daily seene and knowen by their names,
 Such as in idle fantasies do sit;
 Infernall hags, centaurs, feedes, hippodames,
 Apes, lyons, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, children,
 dames.

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
 That they encombred all mens eares and eyes;
 Like many swarmes of bees assembled round,
 After their hives with honny do abound.
 All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
 Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-fayes, and prophesies,
 And ail that fained is, as leafings, tales, and lies.

LII.

Emongst them all fate he which wonned there,
 That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
 A man of yeares, yet fresh as mote appere,
 Of swarth complexion and of crabbed hew,
 That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle brows, sharpe staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd; one by his vew
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique Saturne fate in th' house of Ago-
 nyes:

LIII.

Whom Alma having shewed to her guesstes,
 Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose
 wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gesses
 Of famous wifards, and with picturals
 Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of common wealthes, of states, of policy,
 Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;
 All artes, all science, all philosophy,
 And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

LIV.

Of those that rowme was full; and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and usage
He now was growne right wise and wondrous
fage:

Great pleasure had those straunger knightes to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desyrd to bee;
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme
of three.

LV.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme and strong, though somewhat they
declind;

And therein sat an old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompensd them with a better scorfe:
Weake body well is chang'd for mind's redoubled
forse.

LVI.

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things els the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortal scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembred of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

LVII.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancis:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd

Of native strength, now that he them survivd':
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
And old records from auncient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment
scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker
holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unable them to sett,
A little boy did on him still attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
And oft when things were lost or laid amis,
That boy them sought, and unto him did lend;
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is,
And that old man Eumnestes, by their propertis.

LIX.

The knightes there entring did him reverence
dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise:
Then as they gan his library to vew,
And antique registers for to avise,
There chaunced to the prince's hand to rize
An auncient booke hight Briton Moniments,
That of this land's first conquest did devise,
And old division into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one man's governements.

LX.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight Antiquitee of Faery Lond,
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' offspring of Elves and Faries there he found,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
Their countreys auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of Alma, and that aged fire,
To read those bookes, who gladly graunted their
desire.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings
From Brute to Uther's rayne,
And rolls of Elfin Emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.

I.

Who now shall give unto me words and sonnd
Equall unto this haughty enterprife?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from
ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit then hetherto was wount
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded soveraine I recount,
By which all earthly princes she doth far surmount.

II.

Ne under sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her lineage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be derived right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heaven's hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might.
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceive such soveraine glory and great bounty
hed?

III.

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill,
Or rather worthy of great Phœbus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegræan love he wrote,
That all the gods admired his lofty note.
But if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters wold to me report,
To decke my song withall, I would assay [away.
Thy name, O soveraine Queene! to blazon far

IV.

Thy name, O soveraine Queene! thy realme and
race,
From this renowned prince derived arre,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre,
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great-grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the northern starre
Immortall Fame for ever hath enrold, [told.
As in that old man's booke they were in order

V.

The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
And therein have there mighty empire rayd,
In antique times was salvage wilderness,
Unpeopled, unmanured, unprov'd, unprayd;
Ne was it island then ne was it payd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits therein prayd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land
brought.

VI.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the southerne sea-coast lay,
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-marke made,
And nam'd it Albion; but later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade, [vade.
Gan more the same frequent and further to in-

VII.

But far in land a saivage nation dwelt
Of hideous giaunts and halfe-beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt,
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as roebucke through the fen,
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling lived then,
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That sonnes of men amazd their sternesse to be-
hold.

VIII.

But whence they sprong, or how they were be-
got,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
That monstrous error which doth some affott,
That Dioclesian's fifty daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce have driven bene;
Where companing with feends and filthy sprights,
Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,
They brought forth geaunts and such dreadful
wights,
As far exceeded men in their immeasurd might.

IX.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time,
That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
And gan abhorre her brood's unkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne native flime;
Until that Brutus anciently deriv'd
From roiall stocke of old Assarrac's line,
Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,
And them of their uniuft possession depriv'd.

X.

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great batteills with his salvage sone,
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giaunts left on groning flore,
That well can wimes yet unto this day
The westernne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
Of mighty Goemot, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

XI.

And eke that ample pitt, yet far renownd
For the large leape which Debon did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,
Into the which retourning backe he fell
But those three monstrous stones doe most ex-
cell.

Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,
(Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell)
Great Godmer threw in fierce contention
At bold Canutus, but of him was flaine anon.

XII.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
Corineus had that province utmost west
To him assigned for his worthy lott,
Which of his name and memorable gest;
He called Cornwaile, yet so called best;
And Debon's shayre was that is Devonshyre:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he cald Canutium, for his hyre,
Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inquire.

XIII.

Thus Brute this realme unto his rule subde wd,
And raigned long in great felicity,
Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd:
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy,
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And Locrine left chiefe lord of Britany.
At last ripe age bad him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune unto finall fate.

XIV.

Locrine was left the foveraine lord of all;
But Albanaſt had all the northerne part,
Which of himselfe Albania he did call;
And Camber did possesse the westernne quart,
Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyed,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart
That once their quiet government annoyd,
But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

XV.

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart,
And corage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarmd in every
part,
And overflowd all countries far away,
Like Noyes great flood, with their importune
sway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the North display
Untill that Locrine, for his realmes defence
Did head against them make and strong munifi-
cence.

XVI.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the river that whylome was hight
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearfull flight,
That forst their chieftaine, for his safeties sake,
(Their chiefetain Humber named was aright)
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

XVII.

The king retourned proud of victory,
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the ieopardy
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
He lov'd faire Lady Estrild, leudly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faith-
ful prov'd.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of Corineus
Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
But gathering force and corage valorous,
Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
In which him vanquish she to fly constrained:
But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire leman, flying through a brooke,
She overhent, neught mov'd with her pitcouslooke.

XIX.

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly paramoure,
 The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, far from all succoure,
 The one she slew in that impatient stoure,
 But the sad virgin, innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
 Which of her name now Severne men do call:
 Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

XX.

Then (for her sonne, which she to Locrine bore,
 Madan was young, unmeet to rule the sway)
 In her owne hand the crown she kept in store.
 Till riper years he raught and stronger stay:
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme (the glory of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey:
 But when her sonne to man's estate did wax,
 She it surrendred, ne herself would lenger vex.

XXI.

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race,
 For with all shame that sacred throne he fild:
 Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
 In which being comforted with Manild,
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild;
 But Ebranck salved both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
 In Henault, where yet of his victories
 Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land
 envies.

XXII.

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny;
 For all so many weekes, as the yeare has,
 So many children he did multiply;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did ap-
 ply
 Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre:
 Those germans did sublew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight, but in the end their fyre
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to
 retyre.

XXIII.

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second Brute, (the second both in name,
 And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great)
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame:
 He with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered,
 Since which with fondrie spoiles she hath been
 ranfacked.

XXIV.

Let Scalds tell, and let tell Hania,
 And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
 That not scuth guiridh it mote seeme to bee,
 But rather y scuth gogh, signe of sad crueltee.

XXV.

His sonne King Leill by father's labour long
 Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
 Next Hudibras his realme did not encrease,
 But taught the land from wearie wars to cease;
 Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes
 Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage
 parts, [harts.
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne

XXVI.

Ensampl of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boiling bathes at Cairbadon,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick brimston,
 Nourish the flames which they are warnd upon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to every forreyne nation;
 Yet he at last, contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mis-
 chief fell.

XXVII.

Next him King Leyr in happie peace long raynd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well up-
 traine
 In all that seemed fitt for kingly feed,
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To have divided: tho when feeble age
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
 Inquyr'd, which of them most did love her paren-
 tage?

XXVIII.

The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest
 That she much more than her owne life him lov'd;
 And Regan greater love to him profest
 Then all the world, whenever it were prov'd;
 But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd;
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours fayre
 To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce mov'd,
 That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
 But twixt the other twaine his kingdom whole
 did share.

XXIX.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
 And th' other to the king of Cambria,
 And twixt them shayrd his realm by equal lottes;
 But without dowre the wise Cordelia
 Was sent to Aganip of Celtica.
 Their aged fyre, thus eased of his crowne,
 A private life ledd in Albania
 With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
 That nought him griev'd to beene from rule de-
 posed downe.

XXX.

But true it is that when the oyle is spent
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
 So when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
 And wearie wax of his continual stay:
 Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
 Who him at first well used every way;

But when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

xxxI.

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truely tryde in his extremest state:
At last resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia himselfe addrest,
Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
As for her fyre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd,
To war on those which him had of his realme be-
reav'd.

xxxII.

So to his crowne she him restord againe,
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild it should to her remaine,
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
And all mens harts in dew obedience held;
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
And overcommen, kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

xxxIII.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine;
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdain
To have a pere in part of soverainty;
And kindling coles of cruell enmity,
Raids warre, and him in batteill overthrew:
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him flew;
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equal
knew.

xxxIV.

His sonne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply,
In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne:
Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,
In constant peace their kingdoms did contayne:
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
And Gorgobud, till far in years he grew;
When his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison
threw.

xxxv.

But O! the greedy thirst of royal crowne,
That knowes no kindred, nor regards no right,
Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe:
Who unto him assembling forreigne might,
Made warre on him, and selle himselfe in fight:
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse
(Most mercilesse of women! Wyden hight)
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdered pittie-
lesse,

xxxvi.

Here ended Brutus' sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this scepter borne
With high renowne and great felicity:
The noble branch from th' antique stocke was
torne
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.

Thenceforth this realm was into factions rent,
Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no monument
Of Brutus, nor of Briton's glorie auncient.

xxxvII.

Then uprose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who, stird with pity of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
By such as claymd themselves Brutus rightful
hayres,

Gathered the princes of the people loose
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did
choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or
loose.

xxxvIII.

Then made he head against his enimies,
And Ymner slew, of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes;
This of Albany newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whose countries he reduc'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
Now one, which earst were many made through
variaunce.

xxxix.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men
fay
Were unto him reveald in vision,
By which he freed the travelers highway,
The churches part, and ploughman's portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion;
The gracious Numa of Great Britany:
For till his dayes the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without pollicy;
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dig-
nity.

xl.

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
And left two sonnes of pearelesse prowesse both,
That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
To recompence of their periured oth,
And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they were
wroth;

Besides subiected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

xli.

Next them did Gurgiant, great Belinus' sonne,
In rule succede, and eke in father's praise;
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raile,
The which was due in his dead father's daies:
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne
(Whom he at sea found wandring from their
waies)

A seate in Ireland safely to remayne,
Which they should hold of him as subiect to Bri-
tayne.

I iij

XLII.

After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,
 (The iustest man and trewest in his daies)
 Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortal praise,
 Which for this realme found many goodly layes,
 And wholsome statutes to her husband brought:
 Her many deemed to have been of the Fayes,
 As was Aegerie, that Numa taught:
 Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd
 and thought.

XLIII.

Her sonne Sifillus after her did rayne,
 And then Kimarus, and then Danius;
 Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne,
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
 And cruell rancour, dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deedes, should matched have the best,
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the forreine Morands he exprest;
 Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

XLIV.

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successively by turnes did rayne.
 First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life;
 Next Archigald, who, for his proud disdayne
 Deposed was from principedome soverayne,
 And pitteous Elidure put in his sted,
 Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
 Till by his death he it recovered;
 But Pheridure and Vigent him disthronized:

XLV.

In wretched prision long he did remaine,
 Till they outtraigned had their utmost date,
 And then therein reseized was againe,
 And ruled long with honourable state,
 Till he surrendred realme and life to Fate.
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
 By due successe, and all their nephewes late;
 Even thirfe eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
 Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

XLVI.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
 Left of his life most famous memory,
 And endlesse moniments of his great good:
 The ruin'd walls he did reedifye
 Of Troynovant, gainst force of enemy,
 And built that gate which of his name is hight,
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
 Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

XLVII.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,
 Who on him toke the roiall diadame,
 And goodly well long time it governed,
 Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
 And warlike Caesar, tempted with the name
 Of this sweet island, never conquered,
 And envying the Britons blazed fame,
 (O hideous hunger of dominion!) hether came.

XLVIII.

Yet twise they were repulsd backe againe,
 And twise renforst backe to their ships to fly,

The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,
 And the gray ocean into purple dy;
 Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
 Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,
 And envious of uncle's soveraintie,
 Betrayd his country unto foreine spoyle.
 Nought els but treason from the first this land
 did foyle.

XLIX.

So by him Caesar got the victory,
 Through great bloodshed and many a sad essay,
 In which himselfe was charged heavily
 Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
 But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
 Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
 T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
 Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd;
 Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly
 swayd.

L.

Next him Tenantius raigned; then Kimbeline,
 What time th' Eternall Lord in fleshly slime
 Enwombed was, from wretched Adam's line
 To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
 O ioyous memorie of happy time,
 That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd!
 O too high ditty for my simple rime!
 Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd,
 For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

LI.

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,
 An army brought, and with him battaile fought,
 In which the king was by a treachetour
 Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
 For Arvirage his brother's place supplyde
 Bot hin his armes and crowne, and by that draught
 Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
 That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

LII.

Was never king more highly magnifyde,
 Nor dredid of Romanes, then was Arvirage;
 For which the Emperour to him allide
 His daughter Genuifs' in marriage;
 Yet shortly he renounst the vassalage
 Of Rome againe, who hether hastily sent
 Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
 Forwasted all, till Genuiffa gent
 Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to relent.

LIII.

He dide; and him succeeded Marius,
 Who ioyed his dayes in great tranquillity;
 Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
 That first received Christianity,
 The sacred pledge of Christes evangely.
 Yet, true it is, that long before that day
 Hither came Ioseph of Arimathy,
 Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they
 say,
 And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did
 decay.

LIV.

This good king shortly without isswe dide,
 Whereof great trouble in the kingdom grew,

That did herselfe in sondry parts divide,
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
Whilst Romanes daily did the weak subdew:
Which seeing, stout Banduca up arose,
And, taking armes, the Britons to her drew,
With whom she marched straight against her foes,
And them unwares besides the Severne did en-
close.

LV.

There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,
Not with so good successe as she deserv'd;
By reason that the captaines on her syde,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:
Yet such as were through former flight preserv'd,
Gathering againe, her host she did renew,
And with fresh corage on the victor serv'd;
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, herselfe she flew.

LVI.

O famous moniment of women's prayse!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
Or to Hypsilil', or to Thomiris:
Her host two hundred thousand numbred is,
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enemies:
And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

LVII.

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled,
So made them victors whome he did subdew,
Then gan Carausius tiranize anew
And gainst the Romanes bent their proper powre,
But him Allectus preacherously flew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure;
Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy
howre.

LVIII.

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame;
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne,
But shortly was by Coyll in batteill slaine;
Who after long debate, since Lucius tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd soveraine:
Then gan this realme renew her passed prime;
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and
lime.

LIX.

Which when the Romanes heard, they hether sent
Constantius, a man of meikle might,
With whom King Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skil in musicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunning laies,

LX.

Of whom he did great Constantine begett,
Who afterward was Emperour of Rome;
To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,

Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome;
But he his title iustifide by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight;
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his
right:

LXI.

But wanting yflew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the empire wan,
Till murdered by the friends of Gracian.
Then gan the Hunnes and Piets invade this land,
During the raigne of Maximinian;
Who dying, left none heire them to withstand,
But that they over-ran all parts with easy hand.

LXII.

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miseryes and woefull ruth
Were to those pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay;
Whom Romane warres, [which now fowr hun-
dred yeares,
And more, had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Till by consent of commons and of peares,
They crownd the second Constantine with ioyus
teares.

LXIII.

Who having oft in batteill vanquished
Those spoylefull Piets, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings,
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein scatterlings,
With which the world did in those dayes abound;
Which to out-barre, with painful pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alclud to Panwelt did that border
bownd.

LXIV.

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age;
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage;
Which th' infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into Armorick did beare;
For dread of whom, and for those Piets annoyes,
He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare,
From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety employes.

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight
Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowned might,
Who making vantage of their civil iarre,
And of those forreyners which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realme ere long they stronger arre
Then they which fought at first their helping
hand,
And Vortiger enforst the kingdome to aband:

LXVI.

But by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
He is againe into his rule restord;

And Hengist, seeming fad for what was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his fair daughter's face and flattering
word:

Soone after which three hundred lords he flew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
Th' eternal marks of treason may at Stonheng
vew.

LXVII.

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,
And here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne, which Vortiger did long detain;
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne;
And Hengist eke soone brought to shamefull
death.

Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath:
So now entombd lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

LXVIII.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding—there abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other cefure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' author selfe could not at least attend
To finish it; that so untimely breach
The prince himselfe halfe seemed to offend;
Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.

LXIX.

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare
The royall offspring of his native land,
Cryde out, "Deare Countrey! O how dearely
"deare

"Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
"Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
"Did commun breath and nouriture receive!
"How brutish is it not to understand
"How much to her we owe that all us gave;
"That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

LXX.

But Guyon all this while his book did read,
Ne yet has ended; for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leisure so long leaves here to repeat:
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man of many parts from beasts deryv'd,
And then stole fire from heaven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Iove depriv'd
Of life himselfe, and hart-strings of an aegle
ryv'd.

LXXI.

That man so made, he called Elfe, to weet
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd;
Who, wandrin through the world with wearie
feet,
Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either spright
Or angell, th' author of all woman kynd;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faryes spring, and fetch their lign-
age right.

LXXII.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissaunt kinges, which all the world war-
And to themselves all nations did subdew. [rayd,
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was Elfin; him all India obeyd,
And all that now America men call:
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis' foundation first of all,
But Elfiline enclofd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field;
But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of christall did Panthea build:
Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other three;
Then Elfinor, who was in magicke skild;
He built by art upon the glassy see
A bridge of bras, whose sound heaven's thunder
seem'd to be.

LXXIV.

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
And all their offspring in their dew descents;
Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their sondry governments,
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall;
Yet should they be most famous monuments,
And brave ensample, both of martiall
And civil rule to kings and states imperiall.

LXXV.

After all these Elficleos did rayne,
The wise Elficleos! in great maiestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crowne of Faery.
He left two sonnes, of which sayre Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy,
Whose empty place the mighty Oberon
Doubly supplide in spousall and dominion.

LXXVI.

Great was his power and glorie over all,
Which him before that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remains his wide memoriall.
He dying, left the fairest Tanaquill
Him to succede therein by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre:
Long mayst thou, Glorian! live in glory and great
powre.

LXXVII.

Beguyld thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of cuntryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate;
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long awaite;
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them
brought,
And fayrely feasted, as so noble knightes she
ought.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK II. CANTO XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce
Besiege her dwelling place;
Prince Arthure them repells, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

I.
WHAT warre so cruel, or what siege so fore,
As that which strong affections doe apply
Against the forte of Reason evermore,
To bring the fowle into captivity?
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to finfull vellenage.

II.
But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to Reason's rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment:
There Alma, like a virgin queene most bright,
Doth flourish in all beautie excellent,
And to their guesstes doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

III.
Early before the morne with cremosin ray
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon in bright armour clad,
And to his purpos'd iourney him prepar'd;
With him the palmer eke in habit sad
Himselfe addrest to that adventure hard;
So to the river's syde they both together far'd:

IV.
Where them awaited ready at the ford
The ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-rigged bote: they go aboard,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right
Doe serve their turnes; here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

V.
For all so soon as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde:
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

VI.
Them in twelve troupes their captein did dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiekt most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
Seven of the same against the castle-gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate
They battred day and night, and entraunce did
awate.

VII.

The other five five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great bulwarke of that pyle,
And unto each a bulwarke did arrett,
T' assayle with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedy malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadfull battery.

VIII.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle mishapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like owles, with becke uncomely bent;
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare;
And some had wings, and some had clawes to
teare;

And every one of them had lynces eyes,
And every one did bow and arrowes beare:
All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envyes,
And covetous aspects, all cruel enemyes.

IX.

Those same against the bulwarke of the sight
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;
But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
And soone again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent,
That is each thing by which the eyes may fault;
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money, they that bulwarke sorely
rent.

X.

The second bulwarke was the Hearing fence,
Gainst which the second troupe desaignment
makes;
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
Some like wild bores late roud out of the brakes:
Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
Leasinges, backbytinges, and vaine glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayfes, and false flatteries;
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

XI.

Likewise that same third fort, that is the Smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd,
Whose hideous shapes were like to feedes of hell,
Some like to houndes, some like to apes, dismayd,
Some like to puttockes all in plumes arayd;
All shap't according their conditions;
For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd
Foolish delights and fond abusions,
Which doe that fence besiege with light illusions.

XII.

And that fourth band, which cruell battry bent
Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the Taste,
Was as the rest a gryllie rablement;
Some mouth'd like greedy oystreges, some faste
Like loathly toades, some fashioned in the waste
Like swine; for so deformed is luxury,
Surfeat, misdiet, and unthristie waste,
Vaine feastes, and ydle superfluity;
All those this fence's fort assayle incessantly.

XIII.

But the fift troupe, most horrible of hew,
And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report;
For some like snailles, some did like spyders shew,
And some like ugly urchins, thick and short:
Cruelly they assayled that fift fort,
Armed with dartes of sensuall delight,
With stinges of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued
fight.

XIV.

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissance
Against that castle restlesse siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinaunce
Upon the bulwarke cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay;
And evermore their wicked capitayn
Provoked them the breaches to assay,
Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of
gayn,
Which by the ranfack of that peace they should
attayn.

XV.

On th' other syde, th' assieged castles ward
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse, and many hard
Atchievement, wrought with perill and with payne
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
And those two brethren gyaunts did defend
The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
That never entraunce any durst pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did
send.

XVI.

The noble virgin, ladie of the place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful fight,
(For never was she in so evill cace)
Till that the prince, seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offering his service and his dearest life
For her defence against that carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe, and th' authour of thra
strife:
She him remerci'd as the patrone of her life.

XVII.

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well-proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous conge, he behight
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Fayre mote he thee, the prowrest and most gent
That every brandished bright steele on hye:
Whom soone as that unruly rablement
With his gay squire issewing did espye,
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling
cry:

XVIII.

And therewithall attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow
And round about him flocke impetuously,
Like a great water flood, that rombling low
From the high mountaines threatens to overflow
With suddain fury all the fertile playne,

And the sad husbandman's long hope doth throw
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make
vayne;
Nor bounds, nor banks, his headlong ruine may
sustayne.

XIX.

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
Which fled asonder, and him fell before,
As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,
When the wroth western wind does reave their
looks,

And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trod them downe like docks;
The fierce Spumador! borne of heavenly seed,
Such as Laomedon of Phoebus' race did breed.

XX.

Which fuddeine horror and confused cry
Whenas their capteine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a tyger swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd, whose grave-clothes
were unbound:

XXI.

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide,
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct, and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had
eyde;

Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did
tine.

XXII.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke;
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake:
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake;
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seemd a ghastly
fight.

XXIII.

Maleger was his name; and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,
With hoary lockes all loose and visage grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chaced stags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe all full of little snags
She did support, and Impotence her name;
But th' other was Impatience, arm'd with raging
flame.

XXIV.

Soone as the carle from far the prince espyde,
Glistering in armes and warlike ornament,

3

His beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischievous bow fell readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent;
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell;
Then he another and another did expell:

XXV.

Which to prevent, the prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot whyleare:
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
Whom to pursue, the infant after hide,
So fast as his good courser could him beare;
But labour lost it was to weene approach him neare.

XXVI.

For as the winged wind his tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread;
Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his flight the villeine turn'd his face
(As wonts the Tarter by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chace)
Unto his tygre's taile, and shot at him apace.

XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pursue:
But when his uncouth manner he did vew,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Untill he quite had spent his perlous store,
And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shift for
more.

XXVIII.

But that lame hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought fresh batteill to renew;
Which he espying, cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed swaine,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine
That other hag did far away espye
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;

XXIX.

And catching hold of him as downe he lent,
Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude handes and gryfely graplement;
Till that the villein coming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd:
Full litle wanted but he had him flaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew ere his bitter bane.

XXX.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is man's state, and life unsound,
That in assuraunce it may never stand,
Till it dissolved be from earthly band.

Prooffe be thou, Prince! the prowest man alyve,
And noblest borne of all in Britayne land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearly drive,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not
survive.

XXXI.

The squire arriving, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one and then the other jade,
(His chiefeft letts and authors of his harmes)
And then perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his lord they should behinde invade;
The whiles the prince, prickt with reprochful
shame,
As one awakte out of long slombring shade,
Revivynge thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powrs to purge himselfe from
blame.

XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene under-kept and downe supprest,
With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave
And grudge, in so streight prision to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat,
All that did erst it hinder and molest,
Yt now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror
great.

XXXIII.

So mightely the Briton prince him rouzd
Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands;
And as a beare, whom angry cures have touzd,
Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and overthrowes; now had the
carle

Alighted from his tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To seize upon his foe, flatt lying on the marle.

XXXIV.

Which now him turnd to disadvantage deare;
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight yet wrathfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so fore smott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his
place.

XXXV.

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end;
When suddain up the villein overthrowne
Out of his fwowne arose fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second batteill bend,
As hurt he had not beene; thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
And had not bene removed many a day,
Some land-marke seemed to bee, or signe of sundry
way:

XXXVI.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware

To shonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly leapt areare:
Este fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath failed of her soufe full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth herselfe prepayre.

XXXVII.

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the carle himselfe agayn addrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest,
That halfe the Steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore.

XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wound so wide and wondrous,
That through his carcas one might playnly see.
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him
quight,
That made his spright to grone full piteous;
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly as at first prepard himselfe to fight.

XXXIX.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall,
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same fight,
Ne what to say, ne what to do at all:
He doubted least it were some magicall
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,
Or aery spirite, under false pretence,
Or hellish feend rayfd up through develish science.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reason's reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach.
Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

XLI.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great difmay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
Or th' utmost ysflew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword Morddure, that never sayld
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield, that nought him now awayld,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

XLII.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,
And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
That the disdainfull fowle he thence dispatcht,
And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest:
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest

The lumpish corse unto the fencelesse grownd;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did aloft rebownd,
And gave against his mother Earth a groneful
fownd.

XLIII.

As when love's harnesse-bearing bird from hye
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,
That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,
A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
Then thought the prince all peril sure was past,
And that the victor onely did remayne;
No sooner thought, then that the carle as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down
was cast.

XLIV.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
And thought his labor lost, and travell vayne,
Against this lifeles shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
That whiles he marveild still did still him payne:
Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,
How to take life from that dead-living swayne,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits to
reprize.

XLV.

He then remembred well that had bene sayd,
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke so often as his life decayd,
Did life with usury to him restore,
And reysd him up much stronger then before,
So soone as he unto her wombe did fall;
Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,
Ne him committ to grave terrestrial,
But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

XLVI.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissaunt hands,
And having scruzd out of his carrion corse

The lothfull life, now loofd^d from sinfull bands,
Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
Untill he came into a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake;
So end of that carle's dayes and his owne paynes
did make.

XLVII.

Which when those wicked hags from far did spye,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands;
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
Hedlong herselfe did cast into that lake;
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
One of Meleger's cursed darts did take,
So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did
make.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
Tho cumming to his squire that kept his steed,
Thought to have mounted, but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and served not his need,
Through losse of blood which from his wounds did
bleed,

That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good squire him helping up with speed,
With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
And led him to the castle by the beaten way.

XLIX.

Where many groomes and squyres ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly;
And eke the sayrest Alma mett him there,
With balme and wine, and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity:
Eftsoones she cauld him up to be convayd,
And of his armes despoyled easly;
In sumptuous bed she made him to be layd,
And all the while his wounds were dressing by
him stayd.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK II. CANTO XII.

Guyon, by palmer's governaunce,
Passing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of Blis,
And Acrasy defeat.

I.

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of higheft prayse forth to advaunce,
Formerly grounded and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountyhed;
And this brave knight, that for this vertue fightes,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magick
mights.

II.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas:
Tho when appeared the third morrow bright
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their fences filled with affright,
And streight they saw the raging furies reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made
affeard.

III.

Said then the boteman, "Palmer stere aright,
" And keepe an even course, for yonder way
" We needes must pas; (God doe us well ac-
" quight!)"
" That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
" That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray,
" Which having swallowed up excessively,
" He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
" And belcheth forth his superfluity,
" That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

IV.

" On th' other syde an hideous rock is pight
" Of mightie magnes stone, whose craggie clift
" Depending from on high, dreadfull to fight
" Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
" And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
" On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
" All passengers, that none from it can shift:
" For whiles they fly that gulfe's devouring iawes,
" They on the rock are rent, and sunk in helples
" wawes."

V.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that gulfe arryve,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes;
Then he with all his puissaunce doth stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryve
The hollow vessel through the threatfull wave,
Which gaping wide to swallow them alyve
In th' huge abyffe of his engulging grave,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great ter-
rour rave.

VI.

They passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible than hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often
creepe
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment;
But nought that falles into this direful deepe,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be drent.

VII.

On th' other side they saw that perilous rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke,
And shivered ships, which had beene wrecked late,
Yet stuck with carcases exanimate
Of such as, having all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwarde make shipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame, for ever sowly blent.

VIII.

Forthy this hight the Rock of vile Reproch,
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,
But yelling meawes, with seagulles hoars and bace,
And cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat wayting on that wastfull clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

IX.

The palmer seeing them in safetie past,
Thus saide; "Behold th' ensamples in our sightes
Of lustful luxurie and thriftlesse wast.
"What now is left of miserable wightes,
"Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
"But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
"By these rent reliques speaking their ill plightes?
"Let all that live hereby be counselled
"To shunne Rock of Reproch, and it as death to
"dread."

X.

So forth they rowed, and that ferryman,
With his stiffe oares, did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last far off they many islandes spy
On every side floting the floodes emong;
Then said the knight, "Lo! the land descry,
"Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto
"apply."

XI.

"That may not be," said then the ferryman,
"Least we unweeting hap to be fordonne;
"For those same islands, seeming now and than,
"Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
"But stragling plots, which to and fro doe ronne
"In the wide waters; therefore are they hight
"The Wandring Islands; therefore doe them
"shonne;
"For they have oft drawne many a wandring
"wight
"Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

XII.

"Yet well they seeme to him that farre doth vew
"Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispreed
"With grassy greene of delectable hew;
"And the tall trees, with leaves appareled,
"Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
"That mote the passengers thereto allure;
"But whosoever once hath fastened
"His foot thereon may never it recure,
"But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

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XIII.

"As th' Isle of Delos whylome, men report,
"Amid th' Ægean sea long time did stray,
"Ne made for shipping any certein port,
"Till that Latona, traveiling that way,
"Flying from Iuno's wrath and hard assay,
"Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
"Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
"Thenceforth it firmly was established,
"And for Apolloes temple highly herried."

XIV.

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
That one of those same islands, which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Upon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skipper floting did appeare.

XV.

She them espying loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busy them withall,
And therewith lowdly laught; but nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power and
might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly,
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly;
Till that the palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light;
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
Scoffing at him that did her iustly wite,
She turned her bote about, and from them rowed
quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton Phædria, which late
Did ferry him over the idle lake;
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake:
When them the wary boteman thus bespake;
"Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
"And of our safety good heede to take,
"For here before a perloous passage lyes,
"Where many mermayds haunt, making false
"melodies:

XVIII.

"But by the way there is a great quicksand,
"And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardy,
"Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand,
"For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly."
Scarce had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh, with water covered,
But by the checked wave they did descry
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured;
It called was the Quickefand of Unthrestyhed.

K

xix.

They passing by, a goodly ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
Herselfe had runne into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle;
But neither toyle nor traveill might her backe
recoyle.

xx.

On th' other side they see that perilous poole,
That called was the Whirlepoole of Decay,
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay;
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them
dround.

xxi.

But th' heedful boteman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine:
Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine,
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatening to devour all that his powre de-
spise.

xxii.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outrageously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet for exceeding feare,
For not one puffle of winde there did appeare;
That all the three thereat woxe much afayd,
Unweeting what such horreur straunge did reare:
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge sea-monsters, such as living fence dis-
mayd:

xxiii.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee,
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee;
Spring-headed hydres, and sea-shouldring whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales,
Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles;

xxiv.

The dreadfull fish that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew;
The griesly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursue;
The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge ziffius, whom mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes, as travellers informe,
And greedy rosmarines, with visages deforme;

xxv.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seemd to fly for feare them to behold.
Ne wonder if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

xxvi.

"Feare nought," then said the palmer, well
aviz'd,
"For these same monsters are not these in deed,
"But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
"By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
"And draw from on this iourney to proceed."
Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull armie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

xxvii.

Quit from that danger, forth their course they
kept;
And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea, resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an island did espy
A seemely maiden sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

xxviii.

Which Guyon hearing, streight his palmer bad
To stere the bote towards that dolefull mayd,
That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad;
Who him avizing better, to him say'd;
"Faire Sir! be not displeasd if disobayd;
"For ill it were to hearken to her cry,
"For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
"But onely womanish fine forgery,
"Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infir-
mity:

xxix.

"To which when she your courage hath inclind
"Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt
"She will embosome deeper in your mind,
"And for your ruine at the last await."
The knight was ruled; and the boteman strait
Held on his course with stayd stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wilder-
nesse.

xxx.

And now they nigh approached to the sted
Whereas those mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On the other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
And did like an halfe theatre fulfill:
There those five sisters had continuall trade,
And usd to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade.

XXXI.

They were faire ladies, till they fondly striv'd
 With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;
 Of whom they over-comen, were depriv'd
 Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
 Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry;
 But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still;
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody,
 Which ever after they abusd to ill,
 T' allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did
 kill.

XXXII.

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde;
 "O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,
 "That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
 "Above all knights that ever batteill tryde;
 "O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile!
 "Here may thy storme-bett vessel safely ryde;
 "This is the port of rest from trublous toyle,
 "The worldes sweet in from paine and wearisome
 "turmoyle."

XXXIII.

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered,
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft,
 A solemne meane unto them measured;
 The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whistled
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony,
 Which Guyon's senses softly tickled,
 That he the boteman bad row easily,
 And let him heare some part of their rare me-
 lody.

XXXIV.

But him the palmer from that vanity
 With temperate advice discourfelled,
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry
 The land to which their course they levelled;
 When suddeinly a grosse fog over-spread
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heaven's chearefull face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great universe seemd one confusd mas.

XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
 But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
 For tombling into mischiefse unespide:
 Worse is the daunger hidden then discride.
 Suddeinly an innumerable flight
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
 And with their wicked wings them ofte did
 smight,
 And fore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

XXXVI.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
 The ill-faste owle, death's dreadfull messengere;
 The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull drere;
 The lether-winged batt, daye's enemy;
 The ruefull strich, still waiting on the bere;
 The whistler shrill, that whofo heares doth dy;
 The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny:

XXXVII.

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
 About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare;
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
 And the faire land itselfe did playnly show.
 Said then the palmer, "Lo where does appeare
 "The sacred soile where all our perills grow,
 "Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready armes about
 "you throw."

XXXVIII.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
 The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke;
 Then forth the noble Guyon fallied,
 And his sage palmer that him governed;
 But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
 They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
 Both firmly armd for every hard assay, [dismay.
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and

XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
 As if that Hunger's poynt, or Venus' sting,
 Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
 Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
 Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
 Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

XL.

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
 The palmer over them his staffe upheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat;
 Estespones their stubborne corages were queld,
 And high-advanched crests downe meekely feld:
 Instead of fraying they themselves did feare,
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld;
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare;
 All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

XLI.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
 Of which Caduceus whileome was made,
 Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
 With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade
 Through ghastly horror and eternall shade;
 Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
 And Orcus tame, whom nothing can perswade,
 And rule the furies when they most doe rage:
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this palmer sage,

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
 Whereat the Bowre of Blisse was situate,
 A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
 That Nature's worke by Art can imitate;
 In which whatever in this worldly state
 Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
 As well their entred guesstes to keep within,

K ij

As those unruly beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
 Nought feared they force that fortilage to win,
 But Wisedome's powre and Temperaunce's might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin;
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce
 light,
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

XLIV.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt,
 And therein all the famous history
 Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt,
 His goodly conquest of the Golden Fleece,
 His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt,
 The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of
 Greece.

XLV.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
 Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,
 Or yvory into the waves, were sent;
 And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
 With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent;
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled,
 Yt seemd th' inchaunted flame which did Creusa
 wed.

XLVI.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red, that ever open stood to all
 Which thether came; but in the porch there sate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more than naturall,
 That travellers to him seemd to entize;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heels in wanton wize,
 Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercise.

XLVII.

They in that place him Genius did call;
 Not that celestiaall powre to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes, doth lett us ofte foresee,
 And ofte of secret ills bids us beware,
 That is ourselfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee:

XLVIII.

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us
 see;

He of this gardin had the governall,
 And Pleasure's porter was devizd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

XLIX.

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt
 And strowed rownd about, and by his side

A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,
 As if it had to him bene sacrifice,
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfyde;
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
 But he his ydle courtesy deside,
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe, with which he charged sem-
 blants fly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
 A large and spacious plaine on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns: whose fayre grassy
 grownd
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art (as halfe in scorne
 Of niggard Nature) like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in
 th' early morne.

LI.

Therewith the heavens, alwayes joviall,
 Lookte on them lovely still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
 But the milde ayre with season moderate
 Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesome
 smell:

LII.

More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe that bore
 A gyaunt babe, herselfe for grieve did kill;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fayre Daphne Phœbus' hart with love did gore;
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
 Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote com-
 payre.

LIII.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his fence, nor mind affect;
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Brydling his will, and maystering his might;
 Till that he came unto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With bowes and braunches, which did broad
 dilate
 Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings in-
 tricate:

LIV.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
 All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered;
 Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
 Some as the rubine, laughing sweetely red,
 Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

LV.

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous gnest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load oppress,
Did bow adowne as overburdened.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in fayre weedes, but fowle disordered,
And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for womanhed :

LVI.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach
That so faire wine-presse made the wine more sweet :

Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet :
It was her guise all strangers goodly so to greet.

LVII.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast ;
Who taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond :
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth,
Who nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

LVIII.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does other's happinesse envye ;
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the christall running by ;
And that, which all faire workes doth most agree,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

LIX.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's worke more beautify,
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This garden to adorne with all variety.

LX.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood
Of richest substance that on the earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see :
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was over-wrought, and shap'd of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively iollitee

To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

LXI.

And over all of purest gold was spread
A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves, dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres, they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

LXII.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee,
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

LXIII.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
The funny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemd to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine ;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine ;
Then suddainly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

LXV.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare,
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare,
Such seemd they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace ;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasure to embrace.

LXVI.

The wanton maidens him espying stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise ;
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise ;

K iij

But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entyfe
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;
The rest hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

LXVII.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
Yet that which rest it no lesse faire was fownd;
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

LXVIII.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace;
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned to approach more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold
could reare:

LXX.

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counfeld well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Blis,
(Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis)
When thus the palmer; "Now, Sir, well avise,
"For here the end of all our travaill is:
"Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprife,
"Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

LXXI.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a daintie care,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
To reade what manner musicke that mote bee,
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there conformed in one harmonie;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all a-
gree.

LXXII.

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine response meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

LXXIII.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire witche herselfe now solacing
With a new lover, whom through forcere,
And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
There she had him now laid a slumbering
In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes;
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing

Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious
toyes.

LXXIII.

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd,
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rew'd.

LXXIV.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay,
"Ah! see, who so sayre thing doest faine to see,
"In springing flowre the image of thy day;
"Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
"Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestie,
"That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may:
"Lo! see soone after, how more bold and free,
"Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
"Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls a-
"way!

LXXV.

"So passeth, in the passing of a day,
"Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the flowre;
"Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
"That earst was fought to deck both bed and
"bowre
"Of many a lady and many a paramowre:
"Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
"For soone comes age that will her pride de-
"flowre;
"Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
"Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equal
"crime."

LXXVI.

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way,
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dispose.

LXXVII.

Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasaunt sin,
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of filke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee;
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more light-
ly flee.

LXXVIII.

Her snowey brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which no'te therewith be fild;
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyfe
Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth distild,
That like pure orient perles adowne it trild;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,

Moystened their fierie beames, with which she
thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
Which sparkling on the silent waves does seeme
more bright.

LXXIX.

The young man sleeping by her seemd to be
Some goodly fwayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pittie was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sterneesse, did appeare
Yet sleeping in his well proportiond face;
And on his tender lips the downy heare [heare.
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms

LXXX.

His warlike armes (the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise) were hong upon a tree,
And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
Was fowly r'ft, that none the signes might see:
Ne for them, ne for honour, cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;
But in lewd loves and wastfull luxurie
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did spend;
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

LXXXI.

The noble elfe and carefull palmer drew
So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull
game)
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtle net, which only for that same
The skilfull palmer formally did frame,
So held them under fast; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out
to wrest;

LXXXII.

And eke her lover strove; but all in vaine;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them strongly
bound
In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde,
For nothing else might keepe her safe and found;
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage instead thereof to him ap-
plyde.

LXXXIII.

But all those pleasaunt bowres and pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,

But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
Their arbers spoyle, their cabinets suppressse,
Their banket-houses burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayrest late now made the fowlest
place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same retourn'd they
right,
Till they arrived where they lately had [mad;
Charm'd those wild beasts that rag'd with furie,
Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the palmer soon did pacify.
Than Guyon askt, what meant those beastes
which there did ly?

LXXXV.

Sayd he, "These seeming beastes are men indeed,
"Whom this enchauntresse hath transformed
"thus,
"Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
"Now turned into figuers hideous,
"According to their mindes like monstrous."
"Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,
"And mournful meed of ioyes delicious;
"But, palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
"Let them returned be unto their former state."

LXXXVI.

Streightway he with his vertuous staffe them
strooke,
And streight of beastes they comely men became,
Yet being men, they did unmanly looke,
And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive dame;
But one above the rest in speciall,
That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,
Repyned greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to
naturall.

LXXXVII.

Saide Guyon, "See the mind of beastly man!
"That hath so soone forgot the excellence
"Of his creation, when he life began,
"That now he chooseth with vile difference
"To be a beast, and lacke intelligence."
To whom the palmer thus: "The donghill
"kinde
"Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:
"Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish
"minde;
"But let us hence depart, whilest weather serves
"and winde."

K iij

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

IT falls me here to write of chastity,
That fayrest vertue, far above the rest,
For which what needs me fetch from Faery
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest,
Sith it is shrined in my soveraine's brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Neede but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art?

II.

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt,
All were Zeuxis or Praxiteles;
His daedale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt:
Ne poets witt, that passeth painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to
marre.

III.

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill
That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my lucklesse lott doth me constrainne

Hereto perforce; but, O dredd Soverayne!
Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd shoves may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

IV.

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thyselfe thou covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with nectar sprinckled,
In which a gracious servaunt pictured
His Cynthia, his heaven's fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

V.

But let that fame delicious poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse;
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more than one herselfe to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chaste-
see.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart;
Fayre Florimell is chaced;
Dueflaes traines, and Malecastaes
Champions, are defaced.

I.

THE famous Briton prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes and perillous paines endur'd,
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restored, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger sojourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd
From seeking praise and deedes of armes abroad,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together
yode.

II.

But the captivd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travaill long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery Court safe to convay;
That her for witnes of his hard assay
Unto his Faery Queene he might present;
But he himselfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seeke adventures, as he with Prince Arthur
went.

III.

Long so they treveiled through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowned prayse.
Full many countreyes they did overronne,
From the uprising to the setting sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong did
grieve.

IV.

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight towards pricked fayre,
And him beside an aged squire there rode,
That seemd to couch under his shield three-square,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield:
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield,
That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

V.

Which seeing, good Sir Guyon deare besought
The prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feet did burne
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the other's
head.

VI.

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
That seemd both shield and plate it would have
riv'd;
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his fell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well;
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell;
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs
did spare.

VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
 For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore,
 And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,
 He fownd himselfe dishonored so fore.
 Ah! gentlest knight that ever armor bore,
 Let not thee grive dismounted to have beene,
 And brought to grownd, that never wast before;
 For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene;
 That speare enchanted was which laid thee on
 the greene.

VIII.

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
 Much greater grieve and shamefuller regret
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
 That of a single damzell thou wert mett
 On equall plaine, and there so hard besett;
 Even the famous Britomart it was,
 Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne sett
 To seeke her lover (love far sought, alas!)
 Whose image shee had seene in Venus' looking-
 glas.

IX.

Full of disdainfull wrath he fierce uprofe,
 For to revenge that fowle reprochfull shame,
 And, snatching his bright sword, began to close
 With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
 Dye rather would he then endure that same.
 Which when his palmer saw, he gan to feare
 His toward perill and untoward blame,
 Which by that new rencounter he should reare;
 For Death fate on the point of that enchanted
 speare.

X.

And hasting towards him, gan fayre perswade
 Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
 His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
 For by his mightie science he had seene
 The secret vertue of that weapon keene,
 That mortall puissance mote not withstond;
 Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene:
 Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
 To loose long-gotten honour with one evill hond.

XI.

By such good meanes he him discourfelled
 From prosecuting his revenging rage,
 And eke the prince like treaty handeled,
 His wrathfull will with reason to aswage,
 And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
 But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde,
 And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
 That had his furnitures not firmly tyde;
 So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

XII.

Thus reconcilment was betweene them knitt,
 Through goodly temperaunce and affection
 chaste,
 And either vowd with all their power and witt
 To let not other's honour be defaste
 Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,
 Ne armes to bear against the other's syde;
 In which accord the prince was also plaste,
 And with that golden chaine of concord tyde:
 So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII.

O goodly usage of those antique times!
 In which the sword was servaunt unto right,
 When not for malice and contentious crymes,
 But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,
 The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
 Then honor was the meed of victory,
 And yet the vanquished had no despight:
 Let later age that noble use envy,
 Vyle rancor to avoid and cruell surquedry.

XIV.

Long they thus traveled in friendly wise,
 Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
 Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
 Their puissance, whylome full dernly tryde:
 At length they came into a forest wyde,
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling fownd
 Full grievedly seemd; therein they long did ryde,
 Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,
 Save beares, lyons, and bulls, which romed them
 arownd.

XV.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
 Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
 A goodly lady did foreby them rush,
 Whose face did seeme as cleare as christall stone,
 And eke, through feare, as white as whales bone;
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
 And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
 Which fledd so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
 And scarce them leisure gave her passing to behold.

XVI.

Still as she fledd, her eye she backward threw,
 As fearing evill that pursfwd her fast,
 And her faire yellow lockes behind her flew,
 Loosely disperst with puff of every blast,
 All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
 His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
 At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
 But the sage wizard telles (as he has redd)
 That it importunes death and doleful dreryhed.

XVII.

So as they gazed after her awhile,
 Lo! where a grievedly foster forth did rush,
 Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle;
 His tyreling jade he fierfly forth did push
 Through thicke and thin, both over banck and
 bush,
 In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
 That from his gory fydes the blood did gush:
 Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
 And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he
 shooke.

XVIII.

Which outrage, when those gentle knights did see,
 Full of great envy and fell gealosy,
 They stayd not to avize who first should bee,
 But all spurd after fast as they mote fly,
 To reskew her from shamefull villany.
 The prince and Guyon equally bylive
 Herselfe pursfwd, in hope to win thereby
 Most goodly meede, the fairest dame alive;
 But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

XIX.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of ladies love, did stay behynd,
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place;
But when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her iourney, through that perlous pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment;
Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

XX.

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
A frately castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame:
That castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plasste for pleasure nigh that forest fyde;
But faire before the gate a spacious playne,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
Fiers batteill against one with cruell might and
mayne.

XXI.

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And fore beset on every side arownd,
That nigh he breathlesse grew; yet nought dis-
maid,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
All had he lost much blood through many a
wound;
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them to recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay.

XXII.

Like dastard cures, that having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but ronne from place to place,
To get a snatch when turned is his face:
In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd those same fixe forbear that single enemy.

XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes sur-
cease;
But gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;
Till that she, rushing through the thickest preasse,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inqyre
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame;
"These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,
To chaunge my liefe, and love another dame,
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right;
For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Damzell
hight;

"For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody
wound."

XXV.

"Certes," said he, "then beene ye six to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to iustify;
For knight to leave his lady were great shame,
That faithfull is, and better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of love to him that loves but one:
Ne may love be compeld by maistery;
For soone as maistery comes, sweet Love anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is
gone."

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six; "There dwelleth
here,
Within this castle wall, a lady fayre,
Whose soveraine beauty hath no living pere,
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre;
That never any mote with her compayre;
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
That every knight which doth this way re-
payre,
In case he have no lady nor no love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

XXVII.

But if he have a lady or a love,
Then must he her forgoe with foule defayme,
Or els with us, by dint of sword, approve
That she is fairer then our fairest dame,
As did this knight before he hether came."
Perdy," said Britomart, "the choise is hard;
But what reward had he that overcame?
He should advaunced bee to high regard,"
Said they, "and have our ladies love for his
reward:

XXVIII.

"Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a love."
"Love have I sure," quoth she, "but lady
none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,
Ne to your lady will I service done,
But wreake your wronges wrought to this
knight alone,
And prove his cause." With that her mortall
speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare;
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did
beare.

XXXIX.

Ne did she stay till three on grownd she layd,
That none of them him selfe could reare againe;
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine,
That now there do but two of six remaine;
Which two did yield before she did them smight.
"Ah," sayd she then, now may we all see plaine
That truth is strong, and true love most of
might,
That for his trusty servants doth so strongly
fight."

xxx.

"Too well we see," saide they, "and prove too
"well

"Our faulty weakenes and your matchlesse might:
"Forthy faire Sir! your's be the damozell,
"Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
"And we your ligemen faith unto you plight."
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
And after her besought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
She graunted; and then in they all together far'd.

xxxI.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle Ioyeous,
(For so that castle hight by commun name)
Where they were entertaynd with courteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Faire ladies, and of many a gentle knight;
Who through a chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought unto their ladies sight,
That of them cleped was the Lady of Delight.

xxxII.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber should be labour lost;
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The roiall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillour and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great perles and precious stones emboss,
That the bright glister of their beames cleare
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did
appeare.

xxxIII.

These stranger knights, through passing forth were
led

Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
And rich purveyance might uneath be red;
Mote princes place beseme so deckt to bee:
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
(The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree)
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize,
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely
devize.

xxxIV.

The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure,
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of Venus and her paramoure,
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull flowre
Which her assayd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beantie
smitt.

xxxV.

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements
she

Entyft the boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooed him her paramoure to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his beauperes, and from bright heaven's vew,

Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

xxxVI.

And whilst he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
And with ambrossiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyces
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet rosemaries,
And fragrant violets, and paunces trim;
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

xxxVII.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
And ioyd his love in secret unespide;
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde,
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
Mote breed him scath unwares: but all in vaine;
For who can shun the chance that Dest'ny doth
ordaine?

xxxVIII.

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde bore,
And by his side the goddesse groveling,
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
With her soft garments wipes away the gore
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transnew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively
grew.

xxxIX.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And rownd about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldes guize;
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might:
And all was full of damzels and of squyres,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres,
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull
fyres.

xl.

And all the while sweet musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and iollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort;
Which when those knights beheld with scornfull
eye,
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton
fort.

xli.

Thence they were brought to that great ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold, and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian queenes accustomed:
She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beantie, saving that askaunce

Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

XLII.

Long worke it were, and needlesse to devize
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spicerie:
The Red-crosse knight was loone disarmed there;
But the brave mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII.

As when fayre Cynthia in darksome night
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright
hed
Discovers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traveler that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried;
Such was the beautie and the shining ray
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the
day.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmed, and did themselves present
Unto her vew, and company unfought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all six brethren borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all civillitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegmen to this ladie free,
And her knights-service ought, to hold of her in
fee.

XLV.

The first of them, by name Gardante hight,
A iolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlante, a bold knight;
And next to him Iocante did ensue;
Basciante did himselfe most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchante seemd too fell and keene;
And yet in armes Noctante greater grew;
All were faire knights, and goodly well besene:
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes
beene:

XLVI.

For shee was full of amiable grace,
And manly terror mixed therewithall;
That as the one stirrd up affections bace,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe, that would in error fall:
As hee that hath espide a vermeill rose,
To which sharpe thornes and breres the way for-
fall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth lose.

XLVII.

Whom when the lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:

Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire that fall in slender fext,
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ranfackt all her veines with passion entyre.

XLVIII.

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence,
Ne reekt shee who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight;
So shamelesse beauty soon becomes a loathly sight.

XLIX.

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre,
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind,
'Mongst thousands good one wanton dame to find:
Emongst the roses grow some wicked weeds;
For this was not to love, but lust inclin'd;
For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous
deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

L.

Nought so of love this looser dame did skill,
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foote her honest name;
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

LI.

Supper was shortly dight, and down they satt,
Where they were served with all sumptuous farr,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus satt
Poured out their plenty without spight or spare;
Nought wanted there that dainty was, and rare:
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow;
And aye betweene the cups she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guilfull message
know.

LII.

So when they slaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort;
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe, under that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne)
In playner wise to tell her grievance she be-
gonne;

LIII.

And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous
griefe:
(The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire)
Which spent in vaine; at last she told her brieve,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe,

And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye.
But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgerye,
Did easely beleewe her strong extremitye.

LIV.

Full easy was for her to have beliefe,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
And by long triall of the inward grieve
Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,
Could iudge what paines doe loving harts per-
plexe.

Who meanes no guile, be guiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe:
The birde that knowes not the false fowler's call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

LV.

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise
Scorn the faire offer of good will profest,
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle hart's request;
But with faire countenance, as befeemed best,
Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd
Her love too light to wooe a wandering guest;
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd
That from like inward fire that outward smoke
had steemd.

LVI.

Therewith a while she her flit fancy fedd,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spread itselfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away,
And every knight, and every gentle squire,
Gan choose his dame with basciomani gay,
With whom he ment to make his sport and court-
ly play.

LVII.

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make meryment,
As diverse witts to diverse things apply;
And all the while faire Malecasta bent
Her crafty engines to her close intent.
By this th' eternal lampes wherewith high love
Doth light the lower worlde, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest;
Estsoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowres to guyden everie guest:
Tho when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan herselfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft feathered nest;
Wher through long watch, and late daies weary
toile,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite
assoile.

LIX.

Now whenas all the worlde in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faie Malecasta, whose engrieved spright

Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
And under the blacke vele of guilty night
Her with a scarlott mantle covered,
That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

LX.

Then panting softe, and trembling every ioint,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd;
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;
And to her bed approaching, first she prov'd
Whether she slept or wakke; with her softe hand
She softly felt if any member moov'd,
And lent her weary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath or signe of sense she sond.

LXI.

Which whenas none she sond, with easy shifte,
For feare lest her unwares she should abrayd,
Th' emborder'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,
And by her side herselfe she softly layd,
Of every finest finger's touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sighed: at last the royall mayd
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,
And chaunged her weary side, the better ease
to take.

LXII.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She slightly leapt out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour; but the dame, halfe dedd
Through suddeine feare and ghastly drerihedd,
Did shriek alowd, that through the hous it rong,
And the whole family therewith adredd,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did
throng.

LXIII.

And those six knightes, that ladies champions,
And eke the Red-crosse knight, ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the sencelesse ground:
On the other side they saw the warlike mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade,
That with so troublous terror they were all dis-
mayd.

LXIV.

About their lady first they flockt arownd,
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swownd,
And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch;
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse:
Her succourd eke the champion of the Bloody
Crosse.

LXV.

But one of those fixe knightes, Gardante hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:

The mortal Steele flayd not, till it was seene
To gore her side, yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft filken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil
steep.

LXVI.

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischief could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:
Here, there, and every where about her, swayd
Her wrathfull Steele, that none mote it abyde;
And eke the Red-crosse knight gave her good
ayd,

Ay ioyning foot to foot, and syde to syde,
That in short space their foes they have quite
terrifyde.

LXVII.

Tho whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade
Was vsd of knightes and ladies seeming gent?
So early ere the grosse earthes gryefy shade
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their
iourney went.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO II.

The Red-crosse knight to Britomart
Describeth Artegall;
The wondrous mirrhour by which she
In love with him did fall.

I.

HERE have I cause in men iust blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom no share in armes and chevalree
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall:
Scarfe doe they spare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their writtes; yet the same writing
small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glo-
ries all.

II.

But by record of antique times I finde
That women wont in warres to bear most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclin'd,
Of which they still the girland bore away,
Till envious men, (fearing their rules decay)
Can coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty:
Yet sith they warlike armes have laide away,
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke
t' envy.

III.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou, faire Britomart! whose prayse I wryte,
But of all wisdom bee thou precedent,
O soveraine Queene! whose prayse I would en-
dyte:
Endyte I would as dewtie doth excyte:
But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged are,

When in so high an obiect doe lyte,
And striving fit to make, I feare do marre;
Thyselfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowne
farre.

IV.

She traveling with Guyon, by the way
Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
T' abridge their iourney long and lingring day;
Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind
To aske this Briton maid what uncouth wind
Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faire lady she him seemd like lady drest,
But fairest knight alive when armed was her
brest.

V.

Thereat she fighting softly had no powre
To speake a while, ne ready answer make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
And every daintie limbe with horroure shake;
And ever and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had been a flake
Of lightning through bright heven fulmined:
At last the passion past, she thus him answered:

VI.

" Faire Sir! I let you weete that from the howre
" I taken was from nourse's tender pap,
" I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
" To toffen speare and shield, and to affrap
" The warlike ryder to his most mishap;

" Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
 " As ladies wont, in Pleasure's wanton lap,
 " To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
 " Me lever were with point of foe-man's speare
 " be dead.

VII.

" All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
 " To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
 " By sea, by land, wherefo they may be mett,
 " Onely for honour and for high regard,
 " Without respect of richesse or reward:
 " For such intent into these partes I came,
 " Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
 " Far fro my native foyle, that is by name
 " The Greater Brytane, here to seeke for praise
 " and fame.

VIII.

" Fame blazed hath that here in Faery Lond
 " Doe many famous knightes and ladies wonne,
 " And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
 " Of which great worth and worship may be
 " wonne,
 " Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
 " But mote I weet of you, right courteous
 " Knight,
 " Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
 " Late foule dishonour and reprochful spight,
 " The which I seek to wreake, and Arthegall he
 " hight."

IX.

The worde gone out, she backe againe would call,
 As her repenting so to have missayd,
 But that he uptaking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answerd: " Faire martiall Mayd;
 " Certes ye missavised beene t' upbrayd
 " A gentle knight with so unknighly blame;
 " For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
 " At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 " The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

X.

" Forthy great wonder were it if such shame
 " Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
 " Or ever doe that mote deservén blame:
 " The noble corage never weeneth ought
 " That may unworthy of it selfe be thought:
 " Therefore, faire Damzell! be ye well aware,
 " Least that too farre ye have your sorrow fought:
 " You and your country both I wish welfare,
 " And honour both, for each of other worthy
 " are."

XI.

The royall maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
 To heare her love so highly magnifyde,
 And ioyed that ever she affixed had
 Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
 However finely she it faind to hyde,
 The loving mother that nine monthes did beare,
 In the deare closett of her painefull fyde,
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much reioyce as she reioyced theare.

XII.

But to occasion him to further talke,
 To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
 Her list in stryfe full termes with him to balke,

Vol. II,

And thus replyde; " However, Sir, ye fyle
 " Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
 " It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
 " Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
 " A simple maide, and work so heinous tort,
 " In shame of knighthood, as I largely can re-
 " port.

XIII.

" Let bee therefore my vengeance to dissuade,
 " And read where I that faytour false may find."
 " Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade
 " To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,"
 Said he, " perhaps you should it better find;
 " For hardie thing it is to weene by might
 " That man to hard conditions to bind,
 " Or ever hope to match in equal fight [wight.
 " Whose prowesse paragone saw never living

XIV.

" Ne soothlich is it easie, for to read
 " Where now on earth, or how he may be fownd,
 " For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
 " But restless walketh all the world arownd,
 " Ay doing things that to his fame redownd,
 " Defending ladies cause and orphans right;
 " Wherefo he heares that any doth confound
 " Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might;
 " So is his soveraine honour raise to heaven's
 " hight."

XV.

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,
 And softly sunck into her molten hart:
 Hart that is inly hurt is greatly eased
 With hope of thing that may allegge his smart;
 For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,
 That doth the charmed snake in slomber lay:
 Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
 Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay;
 (So dishord ofte in musick makes the sweeter
 lay.)

XVI.

And sayd, " Sir Knight, these ydle termes for-
 " beare;
 " And sith it is uneath to find his haunt,
 Tell me some marks by which he may appeare,
 " If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt,
 " For perdy one shall either slay or daunt:
 " What shape, what shield, what armes, what
 " steed, what stedd,
 " And whatso else his person most may vaunt?"
 All which the Red-crosse knight to point ared,
 And him in everie part before her fashioned.

XVII.

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
 However list her now her knowledge sayne,
 Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
 To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
 Whereof did grow her first engrafted payne,
 Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
 That but the fruit more sweetnesse did contayne,
 Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,
 And yield the prey of love to lothsome death at last.

XVIII.

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
 And much more straungely gan to love his sight,

L

As it in bookes hath written beene of old,
In Deheubarth, that now South-wales is hight,
What time King Ryence raign'd, and dealed
right,
The great magitian Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,
A looking-glasse, right wondrously aguizd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone
were solemniz'd.

XIX.

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd
Betwixt the lowest earth and heaven's hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd;
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselſe, and seemd a world of
glas.

XX.

Who wonders not, that reades so wondrous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the towre,
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her dis-
coure,
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great Ptolomæe it for his leman's sake
Ybuilded all of glasse, by magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his love was false he with a peaze it
brake.

XXI.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto King Ryence for his gard,
That never foes his kingdome might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debarr'd:
It was a famous present for a prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince;
Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since.

XXII.

One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart
Into her father's closet to repayre,
(For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre)
Where when she had espyde that myrrhour fayre,
Herselſe a while therein she vewd in vaine;
Tho her avizing of the virtues rare
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to herselſe per-
taine.

XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentleſt harts
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this mayd (as maydens use to done)
Whom Fortune for her husband would allot;
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same
knot.

XXIV.

Estsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hyc,
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And frendes to termes of gentle truce enize,
Lookt foorth, as Phæbus' face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arise;
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.

XXV.

His crest was covered with a couchant hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured fownd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win:
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little ermilin,
That deckte the azure field with her faire poul-
dred skin.

XXVI.

The damzell well did vew his personage,
And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did weene unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound;
But the false archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feeble the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetelesse wofull
flound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the sether in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe,
And her proud portance and her princely gest,
With which she earst triumphed, now did quaile:
Sad, solemne, fowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe, yet wist she nether how nor why;
She wist not (silly mayd) what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not love, but some melan-
choly.

XXVIII.

So soone as Knight had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beauty of the shyning skeye,
And reſte from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her nurse adowne to sleepe did lye;
But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and often sleepe
Her dainty couch with teares, which closely she
did weepe.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of slombring reſt
Did chaunce to fill into her weary spright,
When feeble Nature felt herselſe opprest,
Streightway with dreames and with fantastick sight
Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did aſtart,
As one with vew of ghastly ſeends affright;
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that fayre viſage written in her hart.

xxx.

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,
Her aged nurse, whose name was Glaucer hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight :
" Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest dread,
" What uncouth fit," sayd she, " what evill
" plight
" Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead
" Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made
" thee dead?

xxxI.

" For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
" All night afflict thy natural repose,
" And all the day, whenas thine equall peares
" Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
" Thou in dull corners doest thyself inclose,
" Ne tastest princes pleasure, ne doest spread
" Abroad thy fresh youth's fayrest flowre, but
" lose
" Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,
" As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

xxxII.

" The time that mortall men their weary cares,
" Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
" And every river eke his course forbears,
" Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
" And rive, with thousand throbs, thy thrilled
" breast;
" Like an huge Aten' of deepe engulfed gryefe,
" Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
" Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish
" ryfe,
" As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused
" stryfe.

xxxIII.

" Ay me, how much I feare least love it bee!
" But if that love it be, as sure I read
" By knowen signes and passions which I
" see,
" Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,
" Then I avow by this most sacred head
" Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy griefe,
" And win thy will: therefore away doe dread,
" For death no daunger from thy due reliefe
" Shall me debarre: tell me therefore my lieft
" liefc."

xxxIV.

So having sayde, her twixt her armes twaine
She straightly straynd, and colled tenderly,
And every trembling ioint and every vaine
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen cold away to fly;
And her faire deawy eyes with kisses deare
She ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And ever her importune not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

xxxV.

The damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully:
" Ah nurse, what needeth thee to eke my paine?
" Is it not enough that I alone doe dye,
" But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?

" For nought for me but death there doth re-
" maine."

" O daughter deare," said she, " despire no
" whit,

" For never sore but might a salve obtayne:

" That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,

" Another arrow hath your lover's hart to hit."

xxxVI.

" But mine is not," quoth she, " like others
" wound;

" For which no reason can finde remedy."

" Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,"

Said she; " and though no reason may apply

" Salve to your sore, yet love can higher flye

" Then reason's reach, and oft hath wonders

" donne."

" But neither God of Love, nor God of Skye

" Can do," said she, " that which cannot be

" donne."

" Things oft impossible," quoth she, " seeme ere

" begonne."

xxxVII.

" These idle wordes," said she, " doe nought
" aswage

" My stubborne smart, but more annoiuaunce
" breed:

" For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage

" Yet is, O Nurse! which on my life doth feed,

" And sucks the blood which from my hart doth

" bleed.

" But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde

" My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.

" Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde

" My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound

" wyde?

xxxVIII.

" Nor man it is, nor other living wight;

" For then some hope I might unto me draw;

" But th' only shade and semblent of a knight

" Whose shape or person yet I never saw,

" Hath me subiected to Love's cruell law:

" The same one day, as me Misfortune led,

" I in my father's wondrous mirrhour saw,

" And pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,

" Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swal-

" lowed;

xxxIX.

" Sithens it hath infixed faster hold

" Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore

" Now ranckleth in this fraile fleshy

" mould,

" That all mine entrailes flow with poisonous

" gore,

" And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more;

" Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,

" Other then my hard fortune to deplore?

" And languish as the leafe faine from the tree,

" Till death make ope end of my daies and mi-

" serree."

XL.

" Daughter," said she, " what need ye be dis-

" mayd?

" Or why make ye such monster of your minde?

" Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd,
 " Of filthy lust, contrary unto kinde,
 " But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
 " For who with reason can you aye reprove
 " To love the semblaunt pleasing most your
 " minde,
 " And yield your heart whence ye cannot re-
 " move?
 " No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of Love.

XLI.

" Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did set her mynd,
 " Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart,
 " But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,
 " And to their purpose used wicked art;
 " Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
 " That lov'd a bull, and learnd a beast to bee:
 " Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which de-
 " part
 " From course of Nature and of modestee?
 " Sweete Love such lewdnes bands from his faire
 " companee.

XLII.

" But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my
 " deare)
 " Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is,
 " On one that worthy may perhaps appeare,
 " And certes seemed bestowed not amis;
 " Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis."
 With that upleaning on her elbow weake,
 Her alabaster brest she soft did kis,
 Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,
 As it an earthquake were: At last she thus be-
 spake:

XLIII.

" Beldame, your wordes do worke me little ease;
 " For though my love be not so lewdly bent
 " As those ye blanie, yet may it nought ap-
 " pease
 " My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
 " But rather doth my helpless grieve augment:
 " For they, however shamefull and unkinde,
 " Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
 " Short end of sorrowes they thereby did finde;
 " So was their fortune good, though wicked were
 " their minde.

XLIV.

" But wicked fortune mine, though minde be
 " good,
 " Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
 " But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
 " And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
 " Affection I doe languish and expire.
 " I fonder then Cephissus' foolish chyld,
 " Who having vewed in a fountaine there
 " His face was with the love thereof beguyld;
 " I fonder love a shade, the body far exyld."

XLV.

" Noughtlike," quoth shee, " for that same
 " wretched boy
 " Was of himselfe the ydle paramoure,
 " Both love and lover, without hope of ioy,
 " For which he faded to a watry flowre;
 " But better fortune thine, and better howre,

" Which lov'ft the shadow of a warlike knight;
 " No shadow but a body hath in powre;
 " That body, wheresoever that it light,
 " May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke
 " might.

XLVI.

" But if thou may with reason yet repress
 " The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,
 " And thee abandond wholly to possesse,
 " Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott,
 " Til thou in open field adown be smott;
 " But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
 " So that needs love or death must be thy lott,
 " Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
 " To compas thy desire, and find that loved
 " knight."

XLVII.

Her chearfull words much cheard the feeble
 spright
 Of the sicke virgin, that her downe shee layd
 In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might,
 And the old woman carefully displayd
 The clothes about her round with busy ayd,
 So that at last a little creeping sleepe
 Surpris'd her sence: shee therewith well apayd,
 The dronken lamp down in the oyl did sleepe,
 And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to
 weepe.

XLVIII.

Earely the morrow next, before that day
 His ioyous face did to the world revele,
 They both uprose, and tooke their ready way
 Unto the church, their praiers to appele,
 With great devotion and with little zeale;
 For the faire damzell from the holy herse
 Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
 And that old dame said many an idle verse,
 Out of her daughter's hart fond fancies to re-
 verse.

XLIX.

Retourned home, the royall infant fell
 Into her former sitt; for why? no powre
 Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell:
 But th' aged nurse calling to her bowre,
 Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flowre,
 Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
 All which shee in an earthen pot did poure,
 And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
 And many drops of milk and blood through it
 did spill.

L.

Then taking thrise three heares from off her
 head,
 Then trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
 And round about the pot's mouth bound the
 thread;
 And after having whispered a space
 Certaine sad words with hollow voice and bace,
 Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt,
 " Come, daughter! come, spitt upon my face,
 " Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;
 " Th' uneven number for this busyness is most
 " fitt."

LI.

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
 She turnd her contrary to the sunne;
 Thrife she her turnd contrary and returnd;
 All contrary; for she the right did shunne,
 And ever what she did was streight undonne:
 So thought she to undoe her daughter's love;
 But love that is in gentle brest begonne,
 No ydle charmes so lightly may remove;
 That well can witnesse who by tryall it does
 prove.

LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble mayd avayle,
 Ne flake the fury of her cruell flame,
 But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,
 That through long languor and hart-burning
 brame
 She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond;
 That when old Glauce saw, for fear least blame
 Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
 She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to with-
 stond.

L iij

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall;
And shewes the famous progeny
Which from them springen shall.

I.

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living breſts, ykindled firſt above
Emongſt th' eternall ſpheres and lamping ſky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call Love;
Not that ſame which doth baſe affections move
In brutiſh mindes, and filthy luſt inflame,
But that ſweete fit that doth true beautie love,
And choſeth vertue for his deareſt dame,
Whence ſpring all noble deedes and never-dying
fame:

II.

Well did Antiquity a god thee deeme,
That over mortall mindes haſt ſo great might,
To order them as beſt to thee doth ſeeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The ſatall purpoſe of divine foreſight
Thou doeſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
Through deepe impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
And ſtirred'ſt up th' heroes high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous
moniments.

III.

But thy dredd dartes in none do triumph more,
Ne braver prooſe in any of thy powre
Shewd'ſt thou, then in this royall mayd of yore,
Making her ſeeke an unknowne paramoure
From the world's end, through many a bitter
ſlowre,
From whoſe two loynes thou afterwards did rayſe
Moſt famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth have ſpredd their living
prayſe,
That Fame in tromp of gold eternally diſplayes.

IV.

Begin then, O my deareſt ſacred Dame,
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,
That doeſt ennoble with immortal name,
The warlike worthies from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of eternitye;
Begin, O Clio! and recount from hence
My glorious ſoveraine's goodly aunceſtrye,
Till that by dew degrees and long protenſe,
Thou have it laſtly brought unto her Excellence.

V.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glauce caſt to cure this ladies grieve;
Full many wayes ſhe ſought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counſel, that is
chiefe
And choiſeſt med'cine for ſick hart's reliefe;
Forthy great care ſhe tooke, and greater feare,
Leaſt that it ſhould her turne to fowle reprieſe,
And ſore reproch, whenſo her father deare
Should of his deareſt daughter's hard miſfortune
heare.

VI.

At laſt ſhe her aviſde, that he which made
That mirrhour wherein the ſick damoſell
So ſtraungely vewed her ſtraunge lover's ſhade,
To weet the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coaſt of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might beſt be
wrought;
For though beyond the Africk Iſmael,
Or th' Indian Peru he were, ſhe thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have
ſought.

VII.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge
And base attyre, that none might them bewray;
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way;
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground;
In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
Whenso he counfeld, with his sprights encompass
round.

VIII.

And if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lies a little space
From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace
Emongst the woody hilles of Dyneuowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace,
To enter into that same balefull bowre,
For feare the cruel feedes should thee unwares
devoure.

IX.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
And brasen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long-enduring
paines
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines;
And oftentimes great grones and grievous stownds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines,
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes
From under that deepe rocke most horribly re-
bowndes.

X.

The cause, some say, is this: A litle while
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end;
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send,
Who thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
Them bownd till his retourne their labour not to
flake.

XI.

In the mean time through that false ladies traine
He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe;
Nath'lesse those feedes may not their work for-
beare,

So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare;
For Merlin had in magick more insight
Then ever him before or after living wight:

XII.

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both sunne and moone, and make them him obay;
The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksom night he eke could turne to day;
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest things could frame,
Whenso him list his enemies to fray,

That to this day for terror of his fame
The feedes do quake, when any him to them does
name.

XIII.

And sooth men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall fyre or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull spright
On a faire lady nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
And coosen unto king Ambrosius,
Whence he indued was with skill so marvellous,

XIV.

They here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout
For dread of daunger, which it might portend,
Untill the hardy mayd (with love to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull mage there fownd
Deepe busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunge characters in the grownd,
With which the stubborne feedes he to his service
bound.

XV.

He naught was moved at their entraunce bold,
(For of their comming well he wist afore)
Yet list them bid their busines to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secrete store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glauce thus, "Let not it thee offend,
" That we thus rashly through thy darksome dore
" Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,
" Or other mightie cause, us two did hether
" send."

XVI.

He bad tell on; and then she thus began;
" Now have three moones with borrowd brother's
light
" Thrice shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and
" wan,
" Sith a fore evill, which this virgin bright
" Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
" First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote
" bee,
" Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright;
" But this I read, that but if remedee
" Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall
see."

XVII.

Therewith th' enchaunter softly gan to smyle
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well
That she to him dissembled womanish guyle;
And to her said, " Beidame, by that ye tell
" More neede of leach-crafte hath your damozell
" Then of my skill: who helpe may have else-
" where,
" In vaine seekes wonders out of magic spell."
The old woman wox half blanch those words to
heare,
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare;

XVIII.

And to him said, " Yf any leaches skill,
" Or other learned meanes could have redrest

" This my deare daughter's deepe-engraffed ill,
 " Certes I should be loth thee to molest;
 " But this sad evill, which doth her infest,
 " Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
 " And housed is within her hollow brest,
 " That either seemes somes cursed witches deed,
 " Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment
 " breed.

XIX.

The wizzard could no lenger beare her bord,
 But brusting forth in laughter to her sayd,
 " Glauce, what needes this colourable word
 " To cloke the cause that hath it selfe bewrayd?
 " Ne ye, fayre Britomartis! thus arayd,
 " More hidden are then sunne in cloudy vele,
 " Whom thy good fortune, having Fate obeyd,
 " Hath hether brought for succour to appele,
 " The which the powres to thee are pleased to
 " revele."

XX.

The doubtfull mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
 Into a cleare carnation suddeine dyde;
 As fayre Aurora ryding hastily
 Doth by her blushing tell that she did ly
 All night in old Tithonus' frozen bed,
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly;
 But her old nurse was nought dishartened,
 But vauntage made of that which Merlin had
 ared;

XXI.

And sayd, " Sith then thou knowest all our grieve,
 " (For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I
 " pray,
 " Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe."
 With that the prophet still awhile did stay,
 And then his spirite thus gan forth display;
 " Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
 " Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay,
 " The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
 " And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth
 " fore.

XXII.

" For so must all things excellent begin;
 " And eke enrooted deepe must be that tree,
 " Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin
 " Till they to heaven's hight forth stretched be;
 " For from thy wombe a famous progenee
 " Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
 " Which shall revive the sleeping memoree
 " Of those same antique peres, the heavens brood,
 " Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with
 " their blood.

XXIII.

" Renowned kings and sacred emperours,
 " Thy fruitfull offspring, shall from thee descend;
 " Brave captaines and most mighty warriors,
 " That shall their conquests through all lands
 " extend,
 " And their decayed kingdomes shall amend;
 " The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
 " They shall upreare, and mightily defend
 " Against their forren foe that commes from farre,
 " Till universall peace compound all civill iarre,

XXIV.

" It was not, Britomart! thy wandering eye
 " Glauncing unwares in charmed looking-glas,
 " But the streight course of heavenly destiny,
 " Led with eternall Providence, that has
 " Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
 " Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 " To love the prowest knight that ever was;
 " Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
 " And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill."

XXV.

" But read," said Glauce, "Thou magitian,
 " What meanes shall she out-seeke, or what waies
 " take!
 " How shall she know, how shall she finde the
 " man?
 " Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make
 " Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?"
 Then Merlin thus; " Indeed the Fates are firme,
 " And may not shrinck, though all the world do
 " shake;
 " Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirme
 " And guyde the heavenly causes to their constant
 " terme.

XXVI.

" The man whom heavens have ordayned to bee
 " The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall;
 " He wonneth in the land of Fayeree,
 " Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all
 " To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
 " And whylome by false Faries stoln away,
 " Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
 " Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day;
 " But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay:

XXVII.

" But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
 " And brother unto Cador, Cornish king,
 " And for his warlike feates renowned is
 " From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
 " Untill the closure of the evening:
 " From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull
 " band,
 " To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,
 " Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withstand
 " The powre of forreine paynims which invade
 " thy land.

XXVIII.

" Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce
 " And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
 " Where also proove of thy prow valiaunce
 " Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy lover's
 " pray:
 " Long time ye both in armes shall beare great
 " sway,
 " Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
 " And his last fate him from thee take away,
 " Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
 " Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischief
 " fall.

XXIX.

" With thee yet shall he leave for memory
 " Of his late puissaunce his ymage dead,
 " That living him in all activity
 " To thee shall represent; he from the head

" Of his cousen Constantius without dread
 " Shall take the crowne that was his father's right,
 " And therewith crowne himselfe in th' other's
 " stead :

" Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might
 " Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

xxx.

" Like as a lyon that in drowfie cave
 " Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,
 " And coming forth, shall spred his banner
 " brave

" Over the troubled South, that it shall make
 " The warlike Mertians for feare to quake :

" Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall
 " win,

" But the third time shall sayre accordaunce make ;
 " And if he then with victorie can lin,

" He shall his dayes with peace bring to his
 " earthly in.

xxxI.

" His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succede
 " In kingdome, but not in felicity ;

" Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
 " And with great honour many batteills try ;

" But at th' last to the importunity
 " Of froward Fortune shall be forst to yield ;

" But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
 " Avenge his father's losse with speare and shield,

" And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

xxxII.

" Behold the man, and tell me Britomart,
 " If ay more goodly creature thou didst see ?

" How like a gyaunt in each manly part
 " Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,

" That one of th' old heroes seemes to be !
 " He the six islands, comprovinciall

" In auncient times unto Great Britaine,
 " Shall to the same reduce, and to him call

" Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

xxxIII.

" All which his sonne Careticus awhile
 " Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress,

" Untill a straunger king from unknowne soyle
 " Arriving, him with multitude oppresse ;

" Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
 " Irelande subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,

" Like a swift otter (fell through emptinesse)
 " Shall over-swim the sea with many one

" Of his Norveyfes, to assist the Britons sone.

xxxIV.

" He in his furie all shall over-ronne,
 " And holy church with faithlesse handes deface,

" That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
 " Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace :

" Was never so great waste in any place,
 " Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men ;

" For all thy cities they shall sacke and race,
 " And the greene grasse that groweth they shall

" bren,

" That even the wilde beast shall dye in starved
 " den.

xxxV.

" Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
 " Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,

" Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
 " And passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
 " Shall backe repulse the valiant Brockwele twise,
 " And Bangor with massacred martyrs fill ;
 " But the third time shall rew his fool-hardise ;
 " For Cadwin pittying his peoples ill,
 " Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons
 " kill.

xxxVI.

" But after him, Cadwallin mightily
 " On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall

" wreake ;
 " Ne shall availe the wicked forcery

" Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
 " But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleake

" Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire :
 " Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,

" From their long vassallage gin to respire,
 " And on their paynim foes avenge their rackled

" ire.

xxxVII.

" Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
 " Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,

" Offricke and Offricke, twinnes unfortunate,
 " Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,

" Together with the king of Louthiane,
 " Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,

" Both ioynt partakers of the fatall payne ;
 " But Penda, fearefull of like desteney,

" Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweare
 " fealty :

xxxVIII.

" Him shall he make his fatall instrument
 " T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd,

" He marching forth with fury insolent
 " Against the good King Oswald, who indewd

" With heavenly powre, and by angels reskewd,
 " All holding crosses in their hands on hye,

" Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrawd ;
 " Of which that field for endlesse memory

" Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

xxxIX.

" Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,
 " And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,

" With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
 " And crowne with martyrdome his sacred

" head ;
 " Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like

" dread,
 " With price of silver shall his kingdome buy ;

" And Penda seeking him adowne to tread,
 " Shall tread adowne and doe him fowly dye,

" But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

XL.

" Then shall Cadwallin die, and then the raine
 " Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye ;

" Ne shall the good Cadwallader with paine,
 " Or powre, be hable it to remedy,

" When the full time prefixt by Destiny
 " Shall be expird of Britons regiment ;

" For Heven it selfe shall their successe envy,
 " And them with plagues and murrins pestilent

" Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be
 " spent.

XLI.

" Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
 " Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
 " Cadwallader not yielding to his ill,
 " From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace
 " He liv'd, retourning to his native place,
 " Shall be by vision staide from his intent;
 " For th' Hevens have decreed to displace
 " The Britons for their finnes dew punishment,
 " And to the Saxons over-give their government.

XLII.

" Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
 " Be to the Briton babe that shall be borne,
 " To live in thraldome of his father's foe;
 " Late king, now captive; late lord, now for-
 " lorne;
 " The world's reproch, the cruell victor's scorne,
 " Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood;
 " O who shall helpe me to lament, and mourne
 " The royall feed, the antique Trojan blood,
 " Whose empire lenger here than ever any stood?"

XLIII.

The damzell was full deepe empassioned
 Both for his griefe and for her peoples sake,
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
 And fighting sore at length him thus bespake;
 " Ah! but will Heven's fury never flake,
 " Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
 " Will not long misery late mercy make?
 " But shall their name for ever be defaste,
 " And quite from off the earth their memory be
 " raste?"

XLIV.

" Nay but the terme," sayd he, " is limited,
 " That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,
 " And the just revolution measured,
 " That they as straungers shal be notifide:
 " For twise fowre hundred yeares shal be sup-
 " plide
 " Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee,
 " And their importune fates all satisfide;
 " Yet during this their most obscuritee,
 " Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men
 " them faire may see.

XLV.

" For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be Great,
 " Shall of himselfe a brave ensample shew,
 " That Saxon kings his frendship shal intreat;
 " And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew
 " The salvage minds with skill of iust and trew:
 " Then Griffyth Conan also shall up-reare
 " His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
 " Of native corage, that his foes shall feare
 " Least backe againe the kingdom he from them
 " should beare.

XLVI.

" Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
 " Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons
 " wonne
 " First ill, and after ruled wickedly;
 " For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
 " There shall a Raven, far from rising sunne,
 " With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
 " And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne

" The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
 " In their avenge tread downe the victors sur-
 " query.

XLVII.

" Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew:
 " There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
 " Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
 " Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
 " Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy
 " blood;
 " That from the Daniske tyrant's head shall rend
 " Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
 " And the spoile of the countrey conquered
 " Emongs his young ones shall divide with boun-
 " tyhed.

XLVIII.

" Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,
 " There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-
 " while
 " Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
 " Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull isle
 " Of Mona, where it lurked in exile,
 " Which shall breake forth into bright-burning
 " flame
 " And reach into the house that beares the stile
 " Of royall maiesty and soveraine name:
 " So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe
 " reclaime.

XLIX.

" Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
 " Betweene the nations different afore,
 " And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
 " The warlike mindes to learne her goodly lore,
 " And civile armes to exercise no more:
 " Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall
 " Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
 " And the great castle smite so sore withall,
 " That it shall make him shake, and shortly leare
 " to fall:

L.

" But yet the end is not"—There Merlin stayd,
 As overcomen of the spirites powre,
 Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
 That secretly he saw, yet not discoure;
 Which suddain fitt, and halfe extatick stoure
 When the two fearefull women saw, they grewe
 Greatly confused in behavoure:
 At last the fury past, to former hew
 Hee turnd againe, and chearfull lookes as earst did
 shew.

LI.

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
 Of all that needed them to be inquired,
 They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
 With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd;
 Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd,
 How to affect so hard an enterprize,
 And to possesse the purpose they desir'd:
 Now this, now that, twixt them they did devize,
 And diverse plots did frame to make in strange
 disguise.

LII.

At last the nurse in her fool-hardy wit
 Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake

" Daughter, I deeme that counsel ay most fit,
 " That of the time doth dew aduantage take :
 " Ye see that good King Uther now doth make
 " Strong warre upon the paynim brethren hight
 " Oeta and Oza, whome hee lately brake
 " Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
 " That now all Britany doth burne in armes
 " bright.

LIII.

" That therefore nought our passage may em-
 " peach,
 " Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguise,
 " And our weake hands (need makes good schol-
 " lers) teach
 " The dreadfull speare and shield to exercize :
 " Ne certes, Daughter, that same warlike wife,
 " I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene
 " tall
 " And large of limbe t'atchieve an hard em-
 " prize;
 " Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize
 " small
 " Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd mar-
 " tiall.

LIV.

" And sooth it ought your corage much inflame
 " To heare so often in that royall hous,
 " From whence to none inferior ye came,
 " Bards tell of many women valorous,
 " Which have full many feats adventurous
 " Performd, in paragone of proudest men :
 " The bold Bunduca, whose victorious
 " Exploits made Rome to quake, stout Guen-
 " dolen,
 " Renowned Martia, and redoubted Emmilen.

LV.

" And that, which more then all the rest may
 " sway,
 " Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld;
 " In the last field before Menevia,
 " Which Uther with those forrein pagans held,
 " I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld
 " Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody playne;
 " And had not Carados her hand withheld
 " From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne;
 " Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with
 " payne."

LVI.

" Ah read," quoth Britomart, " how is shee
 " hight?"
 " Fayre Angela," quoth she, " men do her call,
 " No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight :
 " She hath the leading of a martiall
 " And mightie people, dreaded more then all
 " The other Saxons, which doe for her sake
 " And love themselves of her name Angles call :
 " Therefore faire Infant! her ensample make
 " Unto thyselfe, and equall corage to thee take."

LVII.

Her hartie wordes so deepe into the mynd
 " f the young damzell funke, that great desire
 Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
 And generous stout courage did inspyre,
 That she resolv'd, unweeting to her fyre,

Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to don,
 And counfeld with her nourse her maides at-
 tyre

To turne into a massy habergeon,
 And bad her all thinges put in readyness anon.

LVIII.

Th' old woman nought that needed did omit,
 But all thinges did conveniently purvey.
 It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)
 A band of Britons ryding on forray
 Few dayes before had gotten a great pray
 Of Saxon goodes, emongst the which was seene
 A goodly armour, and full rich aray,
 Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon queene,
 All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel be-
 seene.

LIX.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
 King Ryence caused to be hanged by
 In his chiefe church, for endlesse moniments
 Of his successe and gladfull victory;
 Of which herselfe avising readily
 In th' evening late old Glaunce thether led
 Faire Britomart, and that same armory
 Downe taking, her therein appareled,
 Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick
 garnished.

LX.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
 Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,
 And usd the same in batteill aye to beare;
 Sith which it had beene here perserv'd in store,
 For his great vertues proved long afore;
 For never wight so fast in fell could fit,
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore :
 Both speare she tooke and shielde which hong
 by it;
 Both speare and shield of great powre for her pur-
 pose fit.

LXI.

Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,
 Another harnesse which did hang thereby
 About herselfe she dight, that the yong mayd
 She might in equall armes accompany,
 And as her squire attend her carefully :
 Tho to their ready steedes they clombe full
 light,
 And through back waies, that none might them
 espy,
 Covered with secret cloude of silent night,
 Themselves they forth convoid, and passed forward
 right.

LXII.

Ne rested they till that to Faery Lond
 They came, as Merlin them directed late;
 Where meeting with this Red-crosse knight, she
 fond
 Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,
 But most of Arthegall and his estate :
 At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part :
 Then each to other, well affectionate,
 Friendship professed with unfained hart,
 The Red-crosse knight diversly, but forth rode
 Britomart.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the rich strond;
Faïre Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

I.
WHERE is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doene by some?
Where be the batteilles, where the shielde and
spere,
And all the conquests which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Ecene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

II.
If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!
For all too long I burne with envy fore
To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
Of Greckish blood so often in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade how stout Debora strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orilochus, I swell with great disdain.

III.
Yet these and all that els had puissance,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
As well for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare:
Well worthie stock, from which the branches
sprong
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare
As thee, O Queene! the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this lady I derive along.

IV.
Who when through speaches with the Red-crosse
knight,
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
And in each point herselfe informd aright,
A frendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and congé tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefeft
need.

V.
But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
By which the Red-crosse knight did earst display
Her lover's shape and chevalrous aray:
A thousand thoughts she fashioned in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such, as fittest she for love could find,
Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

VI.
With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart;
But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
Till that, to the sea-coast at length she her address.

VII.
There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old squire unlace her lofty creast;
Tho having vewd awhile the surges bore,
That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging furquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus com-
playnd.

VIII.
"Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous grieve,
"Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
"Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
"Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
"And thy moyst mountaines each on others
"throng,
"Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe?
"O doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
"At length allay, and stint thy stormy stryfe,
"Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and rageth
"ryfe;

IX.
"For els my feeble vessel, craz'd and crackt
"Through thy strong buffets and outrageous
"blowes,
"Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
"On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
"The whiles that Love it steres, and Fortune
"rowes;
"Love (my lewd pilott) hath a restlesse mind,
"And Fortune (botswaine) no assuraunce knowes,
"But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and
"winde:
"How can they other doe, sith both are bold and
"blinde?

X.
"Thou God of windes, that raignest in the seas,
"That raignest also in the continent,
"At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
"The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
"Unto the glad some port of her intent;
"Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
"A table for eternall monument
"Of thy great grace and my great ieopardie,
"Great Neptune! I avow to hallow unto thee."

XI.
Then sighing softly fore and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy grieve,
(For her great courage would not let her weepe)
Till that old Glauce gan with sharpe reprieve
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe,
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her
told

Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven enrold.

XII.
Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one all in armour bright
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde:
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her courser mounting light?

Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
(Both cōsē passions of distroubled spright),
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path;
Love and despight attonce her corage kindled hath.

XIII.
As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heaven, and the cleare ayre engroste,
The world in darknes dwels, till that at last
The watry south-winde from the sea-bord coste
Upblowing doth disperse the vapour losse,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre;
So the fayre Britomart, having discloste
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of grieve dissolv'd did into vengeance
powre.

XIV.
Eistsoones her goodly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battaill did herselfe prepayre.
The knight approaching sternely her bespake;
"Sir Knight, that doest that voyage rashly make
"By this forbidden way in my despight,
"Ne doest by others death ensample take,
"I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
"Least afterwards it be too late to take thy
"flight."

XV.
Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; "Fly they that need to fly;
"Wordes fearene babes; I meane not thee entreat
"To passe; but maugre thee will pass or dy."
Ne lenger stay'd for th' other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly
knowne:

Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her
crown.

XVI.
But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
That through his three-square scuchin percing
quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce:
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till sadly foucing on the sandy shore
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his
gore.

XVII.
Like as the sacred ox, that carelesse stands
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
While th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddainly with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres that decked him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.

XVIII.
The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strand; which, as she over-went,

She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre :
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despised all, for all was in her powre.

xix.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly astonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mother's eare;
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymöent,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare,
This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin; who on a day
Finding the nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
(As he by chaunce did wander that same way)
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

xx.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She of his father Marinell did name,
And in a rocky cave (as knight forlorne)
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne;
For never man he suffred by that fame
Rich strond to travell whereas he did wonne.
But that he must do battail with the sea-nymphes
sonne.

xxi.

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
That through all Farie Lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous
glade :

And to advaunce his name and glory more,
Her sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes
ybore.

xxii.

The god did graunt his daughter's deare demaund,
To doen his nephew in all riches flow;
Estsoones his heaped waves he did commaund
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge threasure which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth, which he from
them did keepe.

xxiii.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches, and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian
kings;

Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great lord did appeare,
As was in all the Lond of Faery, or elfewheare.

xxiv.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might;

The which his mother seeing, gan to feare
Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life;
Forthy she oft him counfeld to forbear
The bloody batteill, and to stirre up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife :

xxv.

And for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mightie spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell;
Who through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from woman-kind to keepe him well,
For of a woman he should have much ill;
A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay
or
kill.

xxvi.

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine;
(A lesson too too hard for living clay,
From love in course of nature to refraine.)
Yet he his mother's lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre ladies love did fly;
Yet many ladies fayre did oft complaine
That they for love of him would algates dy:
Dy, who so list for him, he was love's enemy.

xxvii.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That, when he sleepes in most security,
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late;
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.
His mother bad him womens love to hate,
For she of woman's force did feare no harme;
So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite dis-
arme.

xxviii.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That Proteus prophecide should him dismay;
The which his mother vainely did expownd
To be hart-wounding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay:
So tickle be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double fences and with false debate,
T' approve the unknownen purpose of eterna
Fate.

xxix.

Too trow the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who through late triall on that wealthy strond
Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond;
Which when his mother deare did understond,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her waiy sisters by a pond
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds, from the sun their forheads sayr to
shade;

xxx.

Estsoones both flowres and girlonds far away
She flog, and her faire deawy lockes yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesome merth to grievous dreriment.

Shee threw herselfe downe on the continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries and with shrieking sowne,
And every one did teare her girland from her
crowne.

xxxI.

Soone as she up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, she badd her charett to be brought,
And all her sisters, that with her did fitt,
Bad eke attonce their charett to be sought:
Tho full of bitter grieve and pensive thought
She to her waggon clombe; clombe all the rest,
And forth together went, with sorrow fraught:
The waves obedient to their behest
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage fur-
ceast.

xxxII.

Great Neptune stoode amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,
And eke himselfe mournd at their mournfull plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did,
For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Esteemes the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly monsters of the see [see
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to

xxxIII.

A teme of dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymöent;
They were all taught by Triton to obey
To the long raynes at her commaundement:
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,
That their broad flaggy finnes no somes did reare,
Ne bubling rowndell they behind them sent;
The rest of other fishes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did
sheare.

xxxIV.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the rich strand, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore, [fore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and furbate
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd;
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd.

xxxv.

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine;
Had she not bene devoide of mortall slime,
She should not then have bene relyv'd againe;
But soone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from teares re-
fraine,
And all her sister nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad comple-
ment.

xxxvi.

"Deare image of my selfe," she sayd, "That is
"The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
"Is this thine high advaancement? O is this

"Th' immortall name, with which thee yet un-
"borne

"Thy grandfire Nereus promist to adorne?
"Now lyeest thou of life and honor rest;
"Now lyeest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;
"Ne of thy late life memory is lefte;
"Ne can thy irrevocable destiny bee weste.

xxxvII.

"Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis,
"And they more fond that credit to thee give,
"Not this the worke of woman's hand ywis,
"That so deepe wound through these deare
"members drive.
"I feared love; but they that love doe live;
"But they that dye do nether love nor hate:
"Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive,
"And to my selfe, and to accursed Fate,
"The guilt I doe ascribe; deare wisdom bought
"too late.

xxxvIII.

"O what availes it of immortall feed
"To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?
"Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
"Then waste in woe, and wailful miserye:
"Who dyes the utmost dolor doth aby, e,
"But who that lives is lefte to waile his losse;
"So life is losse, and death felicity:
"Sad life worse than glad death; and greater
"crosse
"To see frends grave, then dead the grave selfe
"to engrosse.

xxxIX.

"But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
"And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well
"Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
"That the dim eies of my deare Marinell,
"I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
"Sith other offices for mother meet
"They would not graunt:
"Yet maugre them, farewell my sweetest sweet;
"Farewell my sweetest sonne, sith we no more
"shall meet."

XL.

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his griesly wovnd;
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarm'd, and spredding on the grownd
Their warchet mantles fringed with silver rownd,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,
They poud in soveraine balme and nectar good,
Good both for erthly med'cine and for heavenly
food.

xLI.

Tho when the lilly-handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome had learned skill
In leaches crafte by great Apolloes lore,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus' hill
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
With heavenly seed, whereof wise Paeon sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still
Some little life his feeble sprites emong,
Which to his mother told, despayre she from her
flog.

XLII.

Tho up him taking in their tender hands,
They easely unto her charett beare;
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare;
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passage
sheare;
Upon great Neptune's necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
And vaulted all within like to the skye,
In which the gods doe dwell eternally;
There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might,
For Tryphon of sea-gods the soveraine leach is
hight.

XLIV.

The whiles the nymphes sitt all about him rownd,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight,
And ofte his mother vewing his wide wound,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight;
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike maide, th' ensample of that might,
But sayrely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought
forfooke.

XLV.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the prince, and Fary gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee losse, pursewing that same foster strong;
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zeale, him followed long, [wrong.
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her

XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and
through playne,
Those two great champions did attonce pursew
The fearefull damzell with incessant payns;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunters swifte, and sent of howndes trew.
At last they came unto a double way,
Where doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

XLVII.

But Timias, the prince's gentle squyre,
That ladies love unto his lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went,
So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent;
But fayrest fortune to the prince befell,
Whose chaunce it was that soone he did repent
To take that way in which that damozell
Was fledd afore affraid of him as feend of hell.

XLVIII.

At last of her far off he gained vew;
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed;
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her
withall.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight.
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
Like as a fearefull dove which through the raine
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pinions cleaves the liquid firma-
ment.

L.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,
That fearefull ladie fledd from him, that ment
To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her first intent;
And though, oft looking backward, well she
vewde
Herselfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her sewde,
Yet she no lesse the knight feard then that villain
rude.

LI.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dis-
mayd,
Whose like in Faery Lond were seldom scene,
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afrayd
Then of wilde beasts if she had chased beene;
Yet he her followed still with corage keene,
So long that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And warned his other brethren ioyous
To light their blessed lamps in love's eternall
hous.

LII.

All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre;
Which when the prince beheld, (a lothfull sight)
And that perforce for want of lenger light
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fowle wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And cursed Night, that rest from him so goodly
scope.

LIII.

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd,
Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddeinly
Covered with clouds her pilott hath dismayd,
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his lostie steed dismounting low,

Did let him forage; down himselfe he layd
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard Steele his
pillow.

LIV.

But gentle sleepe envyde him any rest;
Instead thereof sad sorrow and disdaine
Of his hard hap did vex his noble brest,
And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the sights of semblants
vaine:

Oft did he wish that lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine;
Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee,
And ever halty Night he blamed bitterlie:

LV.

"Night! thou foule mother of annoyaunces sad,
"Sister of heavie Death and nourse of Woe,
"Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
"And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
"Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus flow,
"Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,
"(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
"Of all the gods) where thou ungratious
"Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horreur hideous:

LVI.

"What had th' eternall Maker need of thee
"The world in his continuall course to keepe,
"That doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see
"The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
"The slouthfull body that doth love to sleepe,
"His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
"Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian
deepe

"Calles thee his goddesse in his errour blind,
"And great Dame Nature's handmaide chearing
"every kind.

LVII.

"But well I wote that to an heavy hart
"Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
"Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
"Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
"Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares:
"And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
"The dreary image of sad Death appears;

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"So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
"Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

LVIII.

"Under thy mantle black there hidden lye
"Light-shonning Theft, and traitorous Intent,
"Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
"Shamefull Deceit, and Daunger imminent,
"Fowle Horror, and eke hellish Dreriment:
"All these I wote in thy protection bee,
"And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent;
"For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
"And all that lewdnesse love doe hate the light
"to see.

LIX.

"For Day discovers all dishonest wayes,
"And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
"The prayes of high God he faire displayes,
"And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
"Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
"Which darknesse shall subdue, and heaven win:
"Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
"Most sacred Virgin! without spot of sinne:
"Our life is day; but death with darknesse doth
"begin.

LX.

"O when will Day then turne to me againe,
"And bring with him his long expected light?
"O Titan! hast to reare thy ioyous waine,
"Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,
"And chace away this too long lingring Night;
"Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell.
"She, she it is, that hath me done despight;
"There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
"And yield her rowme to Day, that can it go-
"verne well."

LXI.

Thus did the prince that wearie night outwearie
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine,
And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
His deawy head out of the ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe unto his steed: so forth he went
With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent;
His steed eke seemd t'apply his steps to his intent.

M

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO V.

Prince Arthur hears of Florimell
Three fosters Timius wound;
Belphebe finds him almost dead,
And reareth out of swownd.

I.

WONDER it is to see in diuerse mindes
How diuersly Love doth his pageaunts play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II.

Ne suffereth it uncomely Idlenesse
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
Ever to creepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;
It lettes not scarce this prince to breathe at all,
But to his first pourfuit him forward still doth call.

III.

Who long time wandred through the forest wyde
To finde some issue thence, till that at last
He met a dwarfe, that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill which he hardly past,
Or other accident which him aghast;
Of whom he asked whence he lately came,
And whether now he traueiled so fast?
For fore he swat, and ronning through that same
Thicke forest was bescratcht, and both his feet
nigh lame.

IV.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The dwarfe him answerd, " Sir, ill mote I stay
" To tell the same: I lately did depart
" From Faery Court, where I have many a day
" Served a gentle lady of great sway
" And high accompt throughout all Elfin Land,
" Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
" Her now I seeke, and if ye understand
" Which way she fared hath, good Sir! tell out
" of hand,"

V.

" What mister wight," saide he, " and how a-
" rayd?"
" Royally clad," quoth he, " in cloth of gold,
" As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd;
" Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
" A fayrer wight did never sunne behold;
" And on a palfrey rydes more white then snow,
" Yet she herselfe is whiter manifold:
" The surest signe whereby ye may her know,
" Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

VI.

" Now certes, Swaine," saide he, " such one I
" weene
" Fast flying through this forest from her so,
" A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene;
" Herselfe (well as I might) I reskewd tho,
" But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
" Carried away with wings of speedy feare." [wo
" Ah! dearest God," quoth he, " that is great

" And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare :
 " But can ye read, Sir, how I her may finde, or
 " where ?"

VII.

" Perdy me lever were to weeten that,"
 Saide he, " then ranfome of the richest knight,
 " Or all the good that ever yet I gat :
 " But froward fortune, and too forward night,
 " Such happinesse did (maulgre) to me spight,
 " And fro me reft both life and light attone.
 " But, Dwarfe, aread what is that lady bright
 " That through this forest wandreth thus alone ?
 " For of her errour straunge I have great ruth
 " and mone."

VIII.

" That lady is," quoth he, " wherefo she bee,
 " The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
 " That ever living eye, I weene, did see ;
 " Lives none this day that may with her compare
 " In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare
 " (The goodly ornaments of beauty bright),
 " And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,
 " Faire Florimell, belov'd of many a knight,
 " Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is
 " hight :

IX.

" A sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
 " Of my deare dame is loved dearly well ;
 " In other none but him she sets delight ;
 " All her delight is set on Marinell,
 " But he sets nought at all by Florimell :
 " For ladies love his mother long ygoe
 " Did him (they say) forwarne through sacred
 " spell ;
 " But Fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
 " He is yflaine, which is the ground of all our
 " woe."

X.

" Five daies there be since he (they say) was flaine,
 " And fowre since Florimell the Court forwent,
 " And vowed never to returne againe,
 " Till him alive or dead she did invent :
 " Therefore, faire Sir ! for love of knighthood
 " gent,
 " And honour of trew ladies, if ye may
 " By your good counsell or bold hardiment
 " Or succour her, or me direct the way,
 " Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray."

XI.

" So may ye gaine to you full great renowme
 " Of all good ladies through the worlde so wide,
 " And haply in her hart finde highest rowme
 " Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide ;
 " At least eternall meede shall you abide."
 To whom the prince ; " Dwarfe, comfort to thee
 " take,
 " For till thou tidings learne what her betide,
 " I here avow thee never to forsake :
 " Ill weares he armes that nill them use for ladies
 " sake."

XII.

So with the dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,
 To seeke his lady where he mote her finde ;
 But by the way he greatly gan complaine

The want of his good squire late left behinde,
 For whom he wondrous pensive grew in minde,
 For doubt of daunger which mote him betide ;
 For him he loved above all mankinde,
 Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
 And bold, as ever squire that waited by knight's
 side.

XIII.

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
 Of deadly daunger which to him betidd ;
 For whiles his lord pursewd that noble mayd,
 After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd,
 To bene avenged of the shame he did
 To that faire damzell : him he chased long
 Through the thicke woods, wherein he would
 have hid
 His shamefull head from his avengement strong,
 And oft him threatned death for his outrageous
 wrong.

XIV.

Nathlesse the villain sped himself so well,
 Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast,
 Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,
 That shortly he from daunger was releast,
 And out of fight escaped at the least ;
 Yet not escaped from the dew reward
 Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
 Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
 The heavie plague that for such leachours is pre-
 pard.

XV.

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
 His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
 And cast t'avenge him of that fowle despight
 Which he had borne of his bold enimee ;
 Tho to his brethren came (for they were three
 Ungratious children of one gracelesse fyre),
 And unto them complayned, how that he
 Had used beene of that foole-hardie squire ;
 So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

XVI.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
 Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
 And with him forth into the forest went,
 To wreake the wrath which he did earst revive
 In their sterne breasts, on him which late did drive
 Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight ;
 For they had vow'd that never he alive
 Out of that forest should escape their might ;
 Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such
 despight.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
 Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
 Through which it was uncath for wight to wade,
 And now by fortune it was overflowne ;
 By that same way they knew that squire un-
 knowne
 Mote algates passe ; forthy themselves they set
 There in await, with thicke woods overgrowne,
 And all the while their malice they did whet
 With cruell threats his passage through the ford
 to let.

xviii.

It fortun'd, as they devized had,
The gentle squire came riding that same way,
Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen
afore.

xix.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With to fell force and villenous despite,
That through his habericion the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite,
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labourd long in that deepe ford with vaine
disease.

xx.

And still the foster, with his long bore-speare,
Him kept from landing at his wished will:
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked Steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grieve that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to
fight.

xxi.

At last, through wrath and vengeaunce making
way,
He on the bancke arrayd with mickle payne,
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne;
But warily he did avoid the blow,
And with his speare requited him agayne,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of blood out of the wound did
flow.

xxii.

He tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did
bite
The bitter earth, and bad to let him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin:
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeaunce blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

xxiii.

Tho when that villayn he avydzd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell;

His sinfull fowle with desperate disdaine
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

xxiv.

That seeing now the only last of three,
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad,
Which sayntly fluttring scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyed
naught.

xxv.

With that he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backward on the continent;
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne:
They three be dead with shame, the squire lives
with renowne:

xxvi.

He lives, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne,
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowed all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire alive!
Els shall thy loving lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst at-
chive.

xxvii.

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For lo! great grace or fortune thether brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochia did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphebe was her name, as faire as Phœbus'
funne.

xxviii.

She on a day, as she pursued the chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes
keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
To have besprinckled all the grassy greene;
By the great persue which she there perceav'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd;
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

xxix.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull squire
With blood deformed lay in deadly swownd,
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The christall humor stood congealed rownd;
His locks, like faded leaves, fallen to grownd,
Knotted with blood in bouches rudely ran,

And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd,
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red, were woxen pale and
wan.

xxx.

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew
Or rive in twaine; which when that lady bright
Besides all hope, with melting eies did vew,
All suddainly abasht she chaunged hew,
And with sterne horror backward gan to start;
But when she better him beheld, shee grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart;
The point of pittie perced through her tender hart.

xxxI.

Meekely she bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frosen members did remaine,
And feeling by his pulse's beating rife
That the weake fowle her feat did yett retaine,
Shee cast to comfort him with busy paine:
His double-folded necke she reard upright,
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberieon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

xxxII.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy,
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymphe which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew nobility;
There, whether yt divine tobacco were,
Or panachæa, or polygony,
She fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who al this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood
neare.

xxxIII.

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee powdered small, and did in peeces bruze,
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze,
And round about (as she could well it uze)
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme, and loke the swelling bruze;
And after having searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold
to keepe.

xxxIV.

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies, drizzling like dewy rayne,
He up gan lyste toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sighd; and turning him aside,
The goodly maide, full of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

xxxV.

"Mercy, deare Lord!" said he, "what grace is
this
"That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
"To send thine angell from her bowre of blis
"To comfort me in my distressed plight?
"Angell, or goddesse, doe I call thee right?
"What service may I doe unto thee meete,

"That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
"And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines
"sweete
"Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blef-
"fed feete."

xxxVI.

Thereat she blushing said, "Ah! gentle Squire,
"Nor goddesse I, nor angell, but the mayd
"And daughter of a woody nymphe, desire
"No service but thy safety and ayd,
"Which if thou gaine, I shal be well-apayd.
"We mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes
"bee
"To commun accidents stil open layd,
"Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
"To succor wretched wights whom we captived
"see."

xxxVII.

By this her damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arow ryv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followed fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrived at the last.

xxxVIII.

Where, when they saw that goodly boy with
blood
Defowled, and their lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much, and shortly understood
How him in deadly cace their lady fownd,
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd:
Estfoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes, whiles that he lay in
swownd,
She made those damzels searsh; which being
stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them
convayd.

xxxIX.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade
With mountaines rownd about environed,
And mightie woodes which did the valley shade
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itselke into a spacious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did re-
straine.

XL.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves
teene,
As it an earthly paradize had beene;
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire pavilion, scarcely to be scene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

M iij

XLI.

Thether they brought that wounded squire, and
layd

In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest :
He rested him a while, and then the mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest ;
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to guarish that she might,
That shortly he his dolour had redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight ;
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLII.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound ;
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance :
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
To be captived in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despayre without alleggeaunce ?

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd ;
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole :
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly mayd,
Whiles daily playsters to his wovnd she layd,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd :
Ah, God ! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a lady, that his life releast ?

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his corageous brest
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And Love for to dislodge out of his nest :
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraine bountie and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constraynd ;
But when his meane estate he did review,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus
playnd :

XLV.

" Unthankfull wretch," said he, " is this the meed
" With which her soverain mercy thou dost
" quight ?
" Thy life she saved by her gracious deed,
" But thou dost weene with villicinous despight
" To blott her honour and her heavenly light :
" Dye, rather dye, then so disloyally
" Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light :
" Fayre death it is to shonne more shame to dy ;
" Dye, rather dye, then ever love disloyally.

XLVI.

" But if to love disloyalty it bee,
" Shall I then hate her that from Deathes dore
" Me brought ? ah ! farre be such reproch fro
" mee !
" What can I lesse doe then her love therefore,
" Sith I her dew reward cannot restore ?
" Dye, rather dye, and dying doe her serve,
" Dying her serve, and living her adore ;
" Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve ;
" Dye, rather dye, then ever from her service swerve.

XLVII.

" But, foolish Boy ! what bootes thy service bace
" To her, to whom the heavens doe serve and
" few ?
" Thou a mean squire, of meeke and lowly
" place,
" She heavenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
" How then ? of all love taketh equall vew ;
" And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
" The love and service of the basest crew ?
" If she will not, dye meekly for her sake ;
" Dye, rather dye, then ever so faire love for-
" sake."

XLVIII.

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
Which as a victour proud gan ransack fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face, nor life in hart,
It left, but both did quite drye up and blast,
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX.

Which seeing, fayre Belphebe gan to feare
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked Steele empoysned were ;
Litle she weend that love he close conceald ;
Yet still he wasted as the snow congeald,
When the bright funne his beams thereon doth
beat ;

Yet never he his hart to her reveald,
But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
Then with dishonourable termes her to entreat,

L.

She (gracious lady) yet no paines did spare
To do him ease, or do him remedy ;
Many restoratives of vertues rare,
And costly cordialles, she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady :
But that sweet cordiall which can restore
A love-sick hart she did to him envy ;
To him and all th' unworthy world forlore
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret store.

LI.

That daintie rose, the daughter of her morne
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne ;
Ne suffred she the middayes schorching powre,
Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre,
But lapped up her filken leaves most chayre,
Whenso the froward skye began to lowre ;
But soone as calmed was the chrystall ayre,
She did it fayre dispred, and let to flourish fayre,

LII.

Eternall God in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre ;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in flocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admyre ;
In gentle ladies breste, and bounteous race
Of woman-kind, it fayrest flowre doth spyre,
And bearest fruit of honour and all chaste desyre.

LIII.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining
beames

Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and reames
Subdew through conquest of your wondrous
might,

With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds
dight

Of chastity and vertue virginall;
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the angels weere before God's tribunall.

LIV.

To your faire selves a faire ensample frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre,
To whom in perfect love and spotlesse fame

Of chastitie none living may compayre:
Ne poysonous envye iustly can empayre
The prayse of her fresh-flowring maydenhead;
Forthy she standeth on the hyest stayre
Of th' honourable stage of womanhead;
That ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemd those two vertues strove to fynd
The higher place in her heroick mynd:
So striving each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of woman-kynde,
And both encreast her beautie excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

M iij

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphebe, and
Of Amorett, is told;
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I.
WELL may, I weene, faire Ladies! all this while
Ye wonder how this noble damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall citadell,
The great school-mistresse of all courtesy;
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II.
But to this faire Belphebe in her berth
The heavens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth
In th' horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the giftes of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne;
Iove laught on Venus from his foverayne see,
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

III.
Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,
And her conception of the ioyous prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime:
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bountibed,
Till to her due perfection she were ripened.

IV.
Her mother was the faire Chryfogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree;
She bore Belphebe; she bore in like cace
Fayre Amoretta in the second place; [share
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did
The heritage of all celestial grace,
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty and of beauty, and all vertues rare.

V.
It were a goodly storie to declare
By what straunge accident fair Chryfogone
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
In this wilde forest wandering all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone;
For not as other womens commune brood
They are enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body, nor with commune food,
As other womens babes, they sucked vitall blood;

VI.
But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' heaven's fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a sommer's shinie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display
In a fresh fountaine, far from all men's vew
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t' allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew, [grew:
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest

VII.

Till faint through yrkesome wearines, adowne
Upon the grassy ground herselfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombing swoone
Upon her fell, and naked bare displayd;
The sun-beames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollified,
And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructi-
fide.

VIII.

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seedes
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive, and quickned are by kynd;
So after Nilus' inundation
Infinite shapes of creatures men do fynd
Informed in the mud in which the sunne hath
shynd.

IX.

Great Father he of Generation
Is rightly cald, th' author of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Minstreth matter fitt, which tempred right
With heate and humour breedes the living wight.
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chryfogone,
Yet wist she nought thereof, but fore affright
Wondred to see her belly so upblowne,
Which still increast till she her terme had full
out-gone.

X.

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
(Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard)
She fled into the wildernesse a space;
Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,
And shund dishonour, which as death she feard;
Where wearie of long travaill, downe to rest
Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her over-keft,
And seized every sence, with sorrow fore opprest.

XI.

It fortun'd, faire Venus having lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of Love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled, as flit as ayery dove,
And left her blisful bowre of ioy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
And wandred in the world in straunge aray,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might
him bewray).

XII.

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
(The house of goodly formes and faire aspect,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beaurie, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath
deckt:)
And searched everie way, through which his
wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect;

She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

XIII.

First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found which sore accus'd
His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
Ladies and lordes she every where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and
feare.

XIV.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did aske, Did he him see?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree;
And everie one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischievous deedes, and said, that hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enemy of peace, and authour of all strife.

XV.

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd,
Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
How he their heedlesse hartes with love had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veins inspir'd;
And eke the gentle shepherd swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes, as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile
thereat:

XVI.

But when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde;
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde,
In which full many lovely nymphes abyde,
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde;
Forthy she thether cast her courset' apply,
To search the secret hauntes of Dianes company.

XVII.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their daintie limbes the dusty sweat
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

XVIII.

She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes ungirt, and breasts unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And werewith sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light,

XIX.

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd,
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels flake,
That had not her thereof before avizd,
But suffred her so carelessly disguiz'd
Be overtaken : soone her garments loose
Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd,
Well as she might, and to the goddesse rose,
Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her en-
close.

XX.

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her what cause her brought
Into that wildernesse for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres and beds with pleasures
fraught ;
That suddein chaung she straung adventure
thought ?
To whom halfe weeping she thus answerd,
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled,
That she repented fore to have him angered.

XXI.

Thereat Diana gan to smile in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd,
" Great pittie, sure, that ye be so forlorne
" Of your gay sonne, that gives you so good ayd
" To your disports ; ill mote ye beene apayd."
But she was more engrieved, and replide,
" Faire Sister ! ill beseemes it to upbrayd
" A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride ;
" The like that mine may be your paine another
" tide.

XXII.

" As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
" Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts,
" So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,
" In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts ;
" And ill becomes you, with your loftie creasts,
" To scorn the ioye that love is glad to seeke ;
" We both are bound to follow Heaven's beheasts,
" And tend our charges with obeisance meeke ;
" Spare, gentle Sisters ! with reproch my paine
" to eke ;

XXIII.

" And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard
" To lurke emongst your nymphes in secret wize,
" Or keepe their cabins : much I am affeard
" Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,
" And turne his arrowes to their exercize ;
" So may he long himselfe full easie hide,
" For he is faire and fresh in face and guize,
" As any nymphe ; let not it be envide."
So saying, every nymph full narrowly shee eide.

XXIV.

But Phœbe therewith fore was angered,
And sharply saide, " Goe, Dame, goe seeke your
" boy,
" Where you him lately leste, in Mars his bed :
" He comes not here ; we scorne his foolish ioy,
" Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy ;
" But if I catch him in this company,
" By Stygian Lake I vow, whose sad annoy

" The gods doe dread, he dearly shall aby ;
" He clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall
" flye."

XXV.

Whom whenas Venus saw so fore displeas'd,
Shee inly fory was, and gan relent
What shee had said : so her she soone appeas'd
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzells sent
Through all the woods, to search from place to
place.

If any tract of him, or tidings they mote trace.

XXVI.

To search the God of Love her nymphes she sent,
Throughout the wandring forest every where,
And after them herselfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere,
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shady covert, whereas lay
Faire Cryfogone in flombry traunce whylere,
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two babes as faire as spring-
ing day.

XXVII.

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore :
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd
Withouten pleasure : ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide : which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,
And gazing each on other nought bespake :
At last they both agreed, her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavie swowne not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to
take.

XXVIII.

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
And with them carried to be fostered ;
Dame Phœbe to a nymphe her babe betooke,
To be upbrought in perfect maydenhed,
And of herselfe her name Belphebe red ;
But Venus her's thence far away convey'd
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed,
And in her litle love's stead which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

XXIX.

She brought her to her ioyous paradize,
Wher most she wonnes when she on earth does
dwell,

So faire a place as Nature can devize ;
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well ;
But well I wote by triall, that this fame
All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
And called is by her lost lover's name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far renownd by Fame

XXX.

In that same gardin all the goodly flowres
Wherewith Dame Nature doth her beautify,
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fetcht ; there is the first seminary
Of all things that were borne to live and dye,
According to their kynds : long worke it were

Here to account the endlesse progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there;
But so much as doth need must needs be counted
here.

XXXI.

It sited was in fruitfull foyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side,
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride;
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas;
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

XXXII.

Hee letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world desire;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require
That he with fleshly weedes would them attire:
Such as him list, such as eternall Fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn retorne backe by the hinder gate.

XXXIII.

After that they againe retourned beene,
That in that gardin planted be agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne:
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thether they retourne where first they grew;
So like a wheele arownd they ronnie from old to
new.

XXXIV.

Ne needs their gardiner to sett or sow,
To plant or prune: for of their own accord
All things as they created were doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry,
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

XXXV.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
And every sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew;
Some fitt for reasonable fowles't' indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to
weare
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the ocean could not containe them
there.

XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
But still remains in everlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore.

2

For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplyes
The substances of Nature's fruitfull proge-
nyes.

XXXVII.

All things from thence doe their first being
fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth them invade
The state of life out of the griesly shade:
That substance is eterne, and bideth so,
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is, and often altred to and froe.

XXXVIII.

The substance is not chaungd nor altered,
But th' only forme and outward fashion,
For every substance is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to doe,
Meet for her temper and complexion;
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde, and by occasion,
And that sayre flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time, who, with his scyth adrest,
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly thinge,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard;
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaves and buds without re-
gard,

Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

XL.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled quight,
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;
Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the gardin them she spyde,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight,
For all that lives is subiect to that law:
All things decay in time and to their end doe
draw.

XLI.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull gardin growes
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis,
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes,
And sweete Love gentle fitts emongst them
throwes,

Without fell rancor or fond gealofy;
Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

XLII.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one time;
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,

And with fresh colours deeke the wanton pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
Which seeme to labor under their fruites lode;
The whyles the ioyous birds make their pastyme
Emongst the shady leaves (their sweet abode)
And their trew loves without suspition tell
abrode.

XLIII.

Right in the middest of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round
top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp Steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did
drop,
That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most daintie odours and most sweet
delight.

XLIV.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasaunt arber, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to
part,
With wanton yvie-twine entrayld athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole emong,
Fashiond above within their inmost part,
That nether Phœbus' beames could through them
throng,
Nor Aeolus' sharp blast could worke them any
wrong.

XLV.

And all about grew every sort of flowre
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets verse hath given endlesse
date.

XLVI.

There wont fayre Venus often to enioy
Her deare Adonis' ioyous company,
And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
There yet (some say) in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian gods, which doe her love envy;
But she herselfe, whenever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her
fill:

XLVII.

And sooth it seemes they say; for he may not
For ever dye, and ever buried bee
In balefull night, where all thinges are forgot,
All be he subiect to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie;

For him the father of all formes they call,
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives
to all.

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternall blis,
Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath imprisoned for ay
(That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd)
In a strong rocky cave, which is (they say)
Hewen underneath that mount, that none him
lofen may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlasting ioy,
With many of the gods in company,
Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting himselfe in safe felicity;
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thether resortes, and laying his sad dartes
Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton
partes.

L.

And his trew love, faire Psyche, with him
playes,
Fayre Psyche! to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
With which his mother Venus her revyld,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld;
But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure! the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

LI.

Hether great Venus brought this infant fayre,
The yonger daughter of Chryfogonee,
And unto Psyche, with great trust and care,
Committed her, yfostered to bee,
And trained up in trew feminitee;
Who no lesse carefully her tendered
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom
shee

Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.

LII.

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And lodestarre of all chaste affectione
To all fayre ladies that doe live on grownd:
To Faery Court she came, where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd
His feeble hart wide launched with Love's cruell
wound.

LIII.

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t'abide for evermore;

And for his dearest sake endured fore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history :

LIV.

But well I weene ye first desire to learne
What end unto that fearefull damozell
(Which fledd so fast from that same foster
stearne,

Whom with his brethren Timias flew) befell;
That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell,
Who wandering for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle
feare.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK III. CANTO VII.

The which was Florimell:

And first he came to day:

And then he came to day:

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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO VII.

The witches sonne loves Florimell :
She flyes; he faynes to dy :
Satyrane saves the squyre of Dames
From gyaunts tyranny.

I.

LIKE as an hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flyes away, of her owne feete afeard,
And every leafe that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde her terror hath encreast;
So fled fayre Florimell from her wayne feare,
Long after she from perill was releast;
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whilecare.

II.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewd;
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest;
And her white palfrey having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried whereever he thought best.

III.

So long as breath and hable puissaunce
Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advaunce,
And carried her beyond all ieopardy;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby :
He having through incessant travell spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move; the lady gent
Thereat was suddaine strook with great astonish-
ment;

IV.

And forst t'alight on foot mote algates fare;
(A traveler unwonted to such way)
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That Fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traveild, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley subiect to the same,
All covered with thick woodes, that quite it over-
came.

V.

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour, thin and light,
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky;
Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at last, in weary wretched plight,
Unto the place to which her hope did guyde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with fods around,
In which a witch did dwell in loathly weedes
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envide.

VII.

The damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the hag she found
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;
Who soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly upstart from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze,
But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence
did daze.

VIII.

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt what devill had her thether brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unfought?
To which the damzell, full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd; "Beldame, be not wroth
" With silly virgin by adventure brought
" Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
" That crave but rowme to rest while tempest
" overblo'th."

IX.

With that adowne, out of her cristall eyne,
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighd soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
In mischief, was much moved at so pitteous sight;

X.

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint
And wearie limbs awhile: she nothing quaint
Nor s'deignful of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon,
As glad of that small rest as bird of tempest gon.

XI.

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such whenas the wicked hag did vew,
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some goddesse, or of Dianas crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright;
T'adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in ydleneffe alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade;
Such laefinesse both lewd and poore attonce him
made.

XIII.

He comming home at undertime, there found
The fayrest creature that he ever saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground,
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terroure and with aw
So inly smot, that as one, which hath gazd
On the bright sunne unwares, doth soone with-
draw
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,
So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

XIV.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
That in so straunge disguisement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriv'd?
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly looks him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV.

But the fayre virgin was so meeke and myld,
That she to them vouchsafe to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld
Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place:
During which time the chorle, through her so
kind
And courteise use, conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

XVI.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblaunces
To her he made, and many kind remembraunces

XVII.

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled;
Girlands of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrel
wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow servant vild;
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke
and mild.

XVIII.

But past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sonne compact;
Her wearie palfrey closely, as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,

In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandered wayes now to remeasure
right.

xix.

And earely ere the dawning day appear'd
She forth isslew, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade that did it selfe present;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne,
Who when too late awaking well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had beene un-
donne.

xx.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare;
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare;
That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is franticke
hight.

xxi.

All wayes she fought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with
teares,

But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell,
might

Affwage the fury which his entrails teares;
So strong is passion that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helpes she saw to faile,
She turned herselfe backe to her wicked leares,
And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall
bale.

xxii.

Estfoones out of her hidden cave she cald
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage have appald;
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect;
Thereto so swifte, that it all beasts did pas;
Like never yet did living eie detect;
But likest it to an hyena was,
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feede on
gras.

xxiii.

It forth she cald, and gave it freight in charge
Through thicke and thin her to pursue apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her hee had attaind, and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beauties scornefull grace.
The monster, swifte as worde that from her
went,

Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly through his perfect sent
And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

xxiv.

Whom when the fearefull damzell nigh espyde,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That ugly shape so fore her terrifide,

That it she shund no lesse then dread to die;
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilest his breath did strength to him sup-
ply,

From perill free he her away did beare;
But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex
areare.

xxv.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremity ful fore,
And of her safety greatly grew afraid:
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
As it befell that she could flie no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse;
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse in desperate distresse,
And to her feete betooke her doubtfull lickernesse.

xxvi.

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging father's hond;
Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
Fled fearefull Daphne on th' Ægean strond,
As Florimell fled from that monster yond,
To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught;
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught;
Thereto feare gave her wings, and need her corage
taught.

xxvii.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
As shee arrived on the roaring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand;
Into the same she lept, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand;
So safety fownd at sea, which she fownd not at
land.

xxviii.

The monster, ready on the pray to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight,
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his dame;
Yet to avenge his devilish dispight,
He sat upon her palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came:

xxix.

And after having him embowelled
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he travailed;
Yt was a goodly swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vaine sheows, that wont young knights
bewitch,

And courtly services, tooke no delight;
But rather ioyd to bee than seemen sich;
For both to be and seem to him was labor lich.

xxx.

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
That raungd abroad to seeke adventures wile,

As was his wont in forest and in plaine :
He was all armd in rugged steele unfiled,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his scutchin bore a Satyre's hedd :
He comming present, where the monster vilde
Upon that milke-white palfreyes carcas fedd,
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

XXXI.

There well perceivd he that it was the horse
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse ;
Much feared he lest ought did ill betide
To that faire maide, the flowre of women's pride,
For her he dearely loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide :
Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him fore
apall.

XXXII.

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend,
And with huge strokes and cruell battery
Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend
Himselfe from deadly daunger to defend :
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die : but aie more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him
thresh.

XXXIII.

He wist not how him to dispoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And himselfe weaker through infirmity :
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly leapt
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored and raged to be under-kept ;
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him
hept.

XXXIV.

As he that strives to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne ;
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone :

XXXV.

So him he held, and did through might amate :
So long he held him, and him bett so long,
That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,
And meekely steup unto the victor strong ;
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell ;
His maker with her charmes had framed him so
well.

XXXVI.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,
VOL. II.

And with it bownd the beast, that lowd did rore
For great dispight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray ;
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obay,
Yet never learned he such service till that day.

XXXVII.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,
He spide far off a mightie giaunteffe
Fast flying on a courser dapled gray
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
Her hard persewd, and fought for to suppressse ;
She bore before her lap a dolefull squyre,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cordes of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her
desire.

XXXVIII.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He leste his captive beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter ere she passed by ;
But she the way shund nathemore forthy,
But forward gallopt fast ; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran ; she having him descryde,
Herselfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

XXXIX.

Like as a goshauxe, that in foote doth beare
A trembling culver, having spide on hight
An eagle, that with plummy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the batteill doth herselfe prepare :
So ran the geaunteffe unto the fight ;
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peece
tare.

XL.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd,
But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amidst her sun-brode shielde arriv'd ;
Yet nathemore the steele asonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd ;
But glauncing on the tempered metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

XLI.

Her steed did stagger with that puissaunt stroke ;
But she no more was moved with that might ;
Then it had lighted on an aged oke,
Or on the marble pillour, that is pight
Upon the top of mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthly champions to assay
With burning charret wheelles it nigh to smite ;
But who that smites it mars his ioyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII.

Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
That made him low incline his lofty crest,

N

And bowd his battred visour to his brest;
 Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ryde,
 But reeled to and fro from east to west;
 Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
 She lightly unto him adioyned syde to syde;

XLIII.

And on his collar laying puissaunt hand,
 Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforce;
 Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand
 Or helpe him selfe, and laying thwart her horse
 In loathly wise, like to a carrion corse,
 She bore him fast away; which when the knight
 That her pursued saw with great remorse,
 He nere was touched in his noble spright,
 And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her
 flight.

XLIV.

Whom whenas nigh approaching she espyde,
 She threw away her burden angrily,
 For she list not the batteill to abide,
 But made herselfe more light away to fly:
 Yet her the hardy knight pursued so nye,
 That almost in the backe he oft her strake;
 But still when him at hand she did espy,
 She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did
 make,
 But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her
 take.

XLV.

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake
 Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,
 And seeing none in place, he gan to make
 Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce
 Which reit from him so faire a chevsaunce:
 At length he spyde whereas that wofull squire,
 Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
 Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
 Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

XLVI.

To whom approaching well he mote perceive
 In that fowle plight a comely personage
 And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
 Fraile ladies hart with love's consuming rage,
 Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
 He reard him up, and loosed his yron bands,
 And after gan enquire his parentage,
 And how he fell into the gyaunt's hands,
 And who that was which chased her along the
 lands?

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through feare the squire be-
 spake;

"That geaunteffe Argante is behight,
 "A daughter of the Titans, which did make
 "Warre against heaven, and heaped hills on hight
 "To scale the skyes, and put love from his
 "right:
 "Her syre Typhceus was, who (mad through
 "merth,
 "And dronke with blood of men flaine by his
 "might)
 "Through incest her of his own mother Earth
 "Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that
 "berth;

XLVIII.

"For at that berth another babe she bore,
 "To weete the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
 "Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
 "And many hath to foule confusion brought.
 "These twinnies, men say, (a thing far passing
 "thought)
 "Whiles in their mother's wombe enclos'd they
 "were,
 "Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,
 "In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
 "And in that monstrous wise did to the world
 "appere.

XLIX.

"So liv'd they ever after in like sin
 "Gainst Nature's law and good behaveoure;
 "But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
 "Who not content so fowle to devoure
 "Her native flesh, and staine her brother's
 "bowre,
 "Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
 "And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,
 "So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre:
 "Yet all that might not flake her sensuall de-
 "fyre:

L.

"But over all the countrie she did raunge,
 "To seeke young men to quenche her flaming
 "thurst,
 "And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
 "Whomso she fittest findes to serve her lust,
 "Through her maine strength, in which she most
 "doth trust,
 "She with her bringes into a secret ile,
 "Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
 "Or be the vassal of her pleasures vile,
 "And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

LI.

"Me, feely wretch! she so at vauntage caught,
 "After she long in waite for me did lye,
 "And meant unto her prison to have brought,
 "Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;
 "That thousand deathes me lever were to dye
 "Then breake the vow that to faire Columbelle
 "I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly.
 "As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
 "Call me the Squire of Dames; that me beseem-
 "eth well.

LII.

"But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
 "That geaunteffe, is not such as she seemd,
 "But a faire virgin, that in martiall law
 "And deedes of armes above all dames is deemd,
 "And above many knightes is eke esteemd
 "For her great worth; she Palladine is hight:
 "She you from death, you me from dread, re-
 "deemd:
 "Ne any may that monster match in fight
 "But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a
 "wight."

LIII.

"Her well beseemes that quest," quoth Satyrane:
 "But read, thou Squire of Dames, what vow is
 "this

" Which thou upon thyselfe hast lately ta'ne ?"
 " That shall I you recount," quoth he, " ywis,
 " So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amis.
 " That gentle lady whom I love and serve,
 " After long suit and wearie servicis,
 " Did aske me, how I could her love deserve,
 " And how she might be sure that I would never
 " swerve ?

LIV.

" I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
 " Badd her commaund my life to save or spill ;
 " Eftsoones she badd me with incessaunt paine
 " To wander through the world abroad at will,
 " And every where, wherewith my powre or
 " skill
 " I might doe service unto gentle dames,
 " That I the same should faithfully fulfill,
 " And at the twelve monethes end should bring
 " their names
 " And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious
 " games.

LV.

" So well I to faire ladies service did,
 " And found such favour in their loving hartes,
 " That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
 " Three hundred pledges for my good desertes,
 " And thrise three hundred thanks for my good
 " partes,
 " I with me brought, and did to her present ;
 " Which when she saw, more bent to eke my
 " smartes

" Then to reward my trusty true intent,
 " She gan for me devise a grievous punishment ;

LVI.

" To weet, that I my treveill should resume,
 " And with like labour walke the world arownd,
 " Ne ever to her presence should presume,
 " Till I so many other dames had fownd
 " The which, for all the suit I could propownd,
 " Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
 " But did abide for ever chaste and fownd."
 " Ah! gentle Squire," quoth he, " tell, at one
 " word,
 " How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy
 " record?"

LVII.

" Indeed, Sir knight," said he, " one word may
 " tell
 " All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd ;
 " For only three they were dispos'd so well,
 " And yet three yeares I now abroad have strayd

" To fynd them out." " Mote I," then laughing
 sayd
 The knight, " inquire of thee what were those
 " three
 " The which thy proffred curtesie denayd ?
 " Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,
 " Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashion
 " see."

LVIII.

" The first which then refused me," said hee,
 " Certes was but a common courtifane,
 " Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,
 " Because I could not give her many a jane."
 (Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane)
 " The second was an holy nunne to chose
 " Which would not let me be her chappellane,
 " Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
 " Her counsell, if she should her trust in me re-
 " pose.

LIX.

" The third a damzell was of low degree,
 " Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce ;
 " Full litle weened I that Chastitee
 " Had lodgin in so meane a maintenaunce :
 " Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce
 " Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion :
 " Long thus I woo'd her with due observaunce,
 " In hope unto my pleasure to have won,
 " But was as far at last as when I first begon.

LX.

" Safe her, I never any woman found
 " That chastity did for itselfe embrace,
 " But were for other causes firme and sound,
 " Either for want of handsome time and place,
 " Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
 " Thus I am hopelesse ever to attaine
 " My ladies love in such a desperate cace,
 " But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,
 " Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste
 " ladies traine."

LXI.

" Perdy," said Satyrane, " thou Squire of Dames,
 " Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
 " To get small thanks, and therewith many
 " blames,
 " That may amongst Alcides' labours stand."
 Thence backe returning to the former land,
 Where late he left the beast he overcame,
 He found him not ; for he had broke his band,
 And was returnd againe unto his dame,
 To tell what tyding of fayre Florimell became.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO VIII.

The witch creates a snowy lady,
Like to Florimell
Who wrong'd by carle, by Proteus fav'd,
Is fought by Paridell.

I.

So oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causeless of her owne accord
This gentle damzell (whom I write upon)
Should plunged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her grieve,
For misery craves rather mercy then repleise.

II.

But that accursed hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malicious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe retourning spyde,
Tyde with her golden girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyle, whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde :

III.

And with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd,
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former grieve with furie fresh reviv'd,
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest; for sith her dedd
He surely demyt, himseife he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

IV.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her sprighes to entertaine,
The maisters of her art; there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her, so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her sonne, whose senses
were decayd.

V.

By their advise and her own wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yit,
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet shoud shame
The thing i selfe: in hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

VI.

The substance whereof she the body made
Was purest snow, in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Rhiphaean hills, to her reveald
By errant sprights, but from all men conceald;
The same she tempred with fine mercury
And virgin wax that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

VII.

Instead of eyes, two burning lampes she set
In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,
And a quicke moving spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes;
Instead of yellow lockes, she did devyse
With golden wyre to weave her curled head;
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thrife
As Florimell's fayre heare; and in the stead
Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcas dead;

VIII.

A wicked spright, yfought with fawning guyle,
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darknes fell some-
whyle
From heaven's blis and everlasting rest:
Him needed not instruct which way were best
Himselfe to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest,
For he in counterfeite did excell,
And all the wyles of women's wits knew pas-
sing well.

IX.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late,
That who so then her saw, would surely say
It was herselfe, whom it did imitate,
Or fayrer than herselfe, if ought algate
Might fayrer be; and then she forth her brought
Unto her sonne, that lay in feeble state,
Who seeing her, gan streight upstart, and thought
She was the lady selfe whom he so long had
fought.

X.

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely ioyed in so happy fight,
And soone forgot his former sickely payne;
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still with gentle countenance retain'd,
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
As her creatresse had in charge to her ordaind:

XI.

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his idole faire,
Her to disport, and idle time to pas
In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastful swaine,
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

XII.

He seeing with that chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
His bloody speare eftsoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who, dead through
feare,
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment:
"Villein," sayd he, "this lady is my deare;
"Dy, if thou it gaine say: I will away her beare."

XIII.

The fearefull chorle durst not gaine say nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding litle leifure her to wooe,
On Trompart's steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadocchio deem'd,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men
esteem'd.

XIV.

But when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his dame,
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speeches frame
To such vaine uses, that him best became;
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sorry that she ever came
Into his powre, that used her so hard
To reave her honor, which she more than life
prefard.

XV.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That capon's corage; yet he looked grim,
And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim;
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed
him.

XVI.

Fiercely that straunger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat
Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bid him batteill without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme;

XVII.

Saying, "Thou foolish Knight, that weenst with
" words
" To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
" And brought through points of many perilous
" swords;
" But if thee list to see thy courser ronne,
" Or prove thyselfe, this sad encounter shonne,
" And seeke else without hazard of thy hedd."
At those proud wordes that other knight begonne
To wax exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be
dedd.

XVIII.

"Sith then," said Braggadocchio, "needes thou
" wilt
" Thy daies abridge through prooffe of puissaunce,
" I turne we our steeds, that both in equal tilt
" May meete againe, and each take happy
" chaunce."
This said, they both a furlong's mountenaunce,

Retir'd their steeds, to run in even race;
But Braggadocchio, with his bloody launce,
Once having turn'd, no more return'd his face,
But left his love to losse, and fled himselfe
apace.

XIX.

The knight him seeing flie, had no regard
Him to pursue, but to the lady rode,
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his courser set the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode:
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so herselfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke himselfe in heaven, that was
in hell.

XX.

But Florimell herselfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randon there to raunge;
Yett there that cruell queene avengereffe,
Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretched-
nesse.

XXI.

For being fled into the fisher's bote,
For refuge from the monster's cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,
And with the tide drove forward carelesly,
For th' ayre was milde, and cleared was the skie,
And all his windes Dan Æolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pittying to see her waile and weepe;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

XXII.

At last, when droncke with drowfinesse he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrise his brest he stroke,
For marveill of that accident extreme;
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marveild more, and thought he yet did
dreame,

Not well awakte, or that some extasye
Affotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

XXIII.

But when her well avizing he perceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantastick sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright;
Tho rudely askte her, how she thether came?
"Ah!" said she, "Father, I note read aright
What hard misfortune brought me to this fame,
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety am."

XXIV.

"But thou, good Man! sith far in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
Least worse on sea than us on land befell."

3

Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,
And saide, his boat the way could wisely tell;
But his deceitfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy
skin.

XXV.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth burst;
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he lept' and his rough hond,
Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust,
But she, with angry scorne, him did withstond,
And shamefully reproved for his rudenes fond.

XXVI.

But he, that never good nor manners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteeme;
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew:
The inward smoke that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme:
And now his strength gan adde into his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fowle misseme:
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all
did fill.

XXVII.

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
All that she might, and him in vaine revild;
She strugled strongly both with foote and hand
To save her honour from that villaine vilde,
And cride to Heaven, from humane help exild.
O ye brave Knights! that boast this ladies love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch? well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may be-
hove.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir Satyrane, didst weete,
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sory state,
How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late?
Towres, citties, kingdomes, you would ruinate
In your avengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

XXIX.

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
See how the Heavens, of voluntary grace,
And soveraine favour towards chastity,
Doe succour send to her distressed cace!
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortun'd whilest thus she stifly strove,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abroad did rove,
Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

XXX.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard,
An aged sire, with head all frowy hore,
And sprinkled frost upon his deawy beard;
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,

His charett swifte in ha& he thether steard,
Which with a teeme of sealy phocas bownd,
Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him
arownd :

XXXI.

And coming to that fisher's wandring bote,
That went at will withouten card or sayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
Into his hart attonce : streight did he hayle
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very litle sayle,
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,
Him bett so fore, that life and sence did much dif-
may.

XXXII.

The whyles the pitteous lady up did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her sayre eyes;
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle;
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact asfoyl'd,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly
shright.

XXXIII.

Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other
feare.

Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
And falls to ground to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry spaniells she does spye
With greedy iawes her ready for to teare;
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see thereby.

XXXIV.

But he endeavored with speeches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told:
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;
For her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumbed so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her senses with abashment quite were
quayld.

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold yfickles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest;
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same fisher's filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle termes her faire be-
sought.

XXXVI.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;
Then tooke he him, yet trembling fith of late,

And tyde behinde his charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abusde so fore;
So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull
state,

And after cast him up upon the shore;
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mighty rocke, gainst which do rave
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out in hollow cave,
That seemes rough masons hand, with engines
keene,

Had long while laboured it to engrave;
There was his wonne; ne living wight was seene,
Save one old nymph, hight Panope, to keepe it
cleane.

XXXVIII.

Thether he brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might;
And Panope her entertained eke well,
As in immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight:
With flatterring wordes he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despyde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest;
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnes did detest,
So firmly she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight,
But she a mortall creature loved best;
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery
knight,

XL.

Then like a Faery knight himselfe he drest,
For every shape on him he could endew;
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,
To be his leman and his lady trew:
But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharp threats her often did assayle;
So thinking for to make her stubborne corage
quayle.

XLI.

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme;
Now like a gyaunt, now like to a feend,
Then like a centaure, then like to a storme
Raging within the waves: thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wished eend;
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
He els could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,
Downe in a dungeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall
thrall.

XLII.

Eternall thraldome was to her mor^e liefse
Than losse of chastit^ae, or chaung^e of love;

Dye had she rather in tormenting grieve,
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous Virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with saintes
above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes
exceed:

XLIII.

Fit song of angels caroled to bee;
But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame:
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane, where I him left of late:

XLIV.

Who having ended with that Squire of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
The which himselfe then ladies more defames,
And fynding not th' hyena to be slayne,
With that same squire retourned backe agayne
To his first way; and as they forward went,
They spide a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towardes did addresse,
To weet what wight he was, and what his quest;
And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse,
Both by the burning hart which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was; tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as befeemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydings farre abrode,
And afterwarde on what adventure now he rode?

XLVI.

Who thereto answering, said, "The tydings bad,
Which now in Faery Court all men doe tell,
Which turned hath great mirth to mourning
" sad,
" Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
" And suddein parture of faire Florimell
" To find him forth; and after her are gone
" All the brave knightes that doen in armes ex-
" cell,
" To safegard her ywandred all alone;
" Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to be
" one."

XLVII.

" Ah! gentle Knight," said then Sir Satyrane,
" Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
" That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
" And offrest sacrifice unto the dead;
" For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
" Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
" That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,

" Which her ador'd, may fore repent with mee,
" And all faire ladies may for ever sory bee.

XLVIII.

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew
Gan greatly chaung, and seemd dismaid to bee;
Then sayd, " Faire Sir! how may I weene it
" trew

" That ye do tell in such uncerteintee?
" Or speake ye of report, or did ye see,
" Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so
" For, perdie, elles how mote it ever bee [fore?
" That ever hand should dare for to engore
" Her noble blood? the Hevens such crueltie ab-
" hore.

XLIX.

" These eyes did see that they will ever rew
" T' have seene," quoth he, " whenas a mon-
" strous beast
" The palfrey whereon she did travel flew,
" And of his bowels made his bloody feast;
" Which speaking token sheweth at the least
" Her certein losse, if not her sure decay:
" Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
" I found her golden girdle cast astray,
" Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of
" the pray."

L.

" Ah me!" said Paridell, " the signes be sadd,
" And but God turne the same to good soothsay,
" That ladies safety is fore to be dradd:
" Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
" Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray."
" Faire Sir!" quoth he, " well may it you suc-
" Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay, [ceed,
" But to the rest, which in this quest proceed,
" My labour adde, and be partaker of their
" speed."

LI.

" Ye noble Knights!" said then the Squire of
" Dames,
" Well may yee speede in so praise-worthy payne:
" But sith the sunne now ginnes to flake his beames
" In dewy vapours of the westerne mayne,
" And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
" Mote not mislike you also to abate
" Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
" Both light of heven and strength of men relate;
" Which, if ye please, to yonder castle turne your
" gate."

LII.

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
Forth marched to a castle them before,
Where soone arriving, they restrained were
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
To errant knights be commune: wondrous fore
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young squire
Gan them informe the cause why that same dore
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre;
The which to let you weet will further time re-
quyre.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
For peevissh gealofy;
Paridell giufts with Britomart;
Both shew their auncestry.

I.

REDOUBTED knights and honorable dames,
To whom I leuell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare, least with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rymes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend;
Whiles of a wanton lady I doe write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shyning glory of your soveraine light,
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse
knight.

II.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
Offend the good; for good by paragone
Of evill may more notably be rad,
As white seemes fayrer matcht with blacke attone;
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo! in heaven, whereas all goodnes is,
Emongst the angels a whole legione
Of wicked sprighes did fall from happy blis:
What wonder then if one of women all did mis?

III.

Then listen, Lordings! if ye list to weet
The cause, why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
Into that castle, as that squyre does tell.
Therein a cancred crabbed carle does dwell,
That has no skill of court nor courtesie,
Ne cares what men say of him, ill or well;
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live, and spend at libertie.

IV.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord up heapes of evill-gotten masse, [selfe;
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes him-
Yet is he lincked to a lovely lassie,
Whose beauty doth his bounty far surpasse:
The which to him both far unequall yeares,
And also far unlike conditions, has;
For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous
feares:

V.

But he is old and withered like hay,
Unfit faire ladies service to supply,
The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Upon her with his other blinked eye;
Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keep her company,
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

VI.

Malbecco he, and Hellenore she, high
Unfitly yokt together in one teeme;
That is the cause why never any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such as no doubt of him he need misdeeme.
Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say,
"Extremely mad the man I surely deeme, [stay
"That weenes with watch and hard restraynt to
"A woman's will, which is disposd to go astray.

VII.

" In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne;
 " For who wotes not that womans subtiltyes
 " Can guylon Argus, when she list misdonne?
 " It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
 " Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
 " That can withhold her wilfull-wandring feet;
 " But fast goodwill, with gentle curtesyes,
 " And timely service to her pleasures meet,
 " May her perhaps containe, that els would algates
 " fleet."

VIII.

" Then is he not more mad," sayd Paridell,
 " That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
 " In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
 " For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
 " That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
 " But why doe wee devise of others ill,
 " Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old
 " To keepe us out in scorne of his owne will,
 " And rather do not ranfack all, and himselfe
 " kill?"

IX.

" Nay let us first," sayd Satyrane, " entreat
 " The man by gentle meanes to let us in,
 " And afterwards affray with cruell threat,
 " Ere that we to efforce it doe begin;
 " Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,
 " And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
 " As may be worthy of his hainous fin."
 That counsell pleas'd; then Paridell did rise,
 And to the castle-gate approcht in quiet wise:

X.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
 The good man selfe (which then the porter playd)
 Him answered, that all were now retyrd
 Unto their rest, and all the keyes conveyd
 Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,
 That none him durst awake out of his dreme,
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
 Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,
 And threatned him with force and punishment
 extreme.

XI.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent:
 And now so long before the wicket fast
 They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
 And the faire welkin, fowly overcast,
 Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast
 With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
 That this faire many were compeld at last
 To fly for succour to a little shed,
 The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered.

XII.

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,
 Another knight, whom tempest thether brought,
 Came to that castle, and with earnest mone,
 Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;
 But like so as the rest he prayd for nought,
 For flatly he of entrance was refus'd:
 Soerely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
 How to avenge himselfe, so sore abus'd,
 And evermore the carle of courtesie accus'd.

XIII.

But to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
 He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,
 So as he was not let to enter there:
 Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
 And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,
 Or them dislodg, all were they liefse or loth;
 And so desyde them each, and so desyde them
 both.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
 Yet both full liefse him lodging to have lent,
 And both full liefse his boasting to abate:
 But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate,
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a dogge in kenell rate,
 That durst not barke; and rather had he dy,
 Then when he was desyde in coward corner ly.

XV.

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
 He forth islew'd; like as a boystrous winde
 Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long ben
 hid,
 And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element against her kinde
 To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
 Untill that it an islew forth may find;
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
 Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth
 overcast.

XVI.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and
 met
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,
 That with the terrour of their fierce affret
 They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
 That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse;
 But Paridell, sore brused with the blow,
 Could not arise the counterchaunge to scorse,
 Till that young squyre him reared from below;
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about
 him throw.

XVII.

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
 And with faire treaty pacified their yre:
 Then when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that castle's lord they gan conspire,
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.
 They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe
 To burne the same with unquenchable fire,
 And that uncurteous carle, their commune foe,
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous
 woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco, seeing them resolv'd in deed
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
 And to them calling from the castle wall,
 Besought them humbly him to beare withall
 As ignorant of servants bad abuse,

And slack attendaunce unto straungers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did
not refuse.

XIX.

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And servd of all things that mote needfull bee,
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare then charitee;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves; each gan undight
Their garments wett, and weary armour free,
To dry themselves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in
plight.

XX.

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest
Was for like need enforst to disaray;
Tho wheanas vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
Upbouden, did themselves adowne display,
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny beames
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the persant aire shoote forth their
azure streames.

XXI.

Shee also dofte her heavy haberieon,
Which the faire feature of her limbes did hyde,
And her well-plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short when she did ryde,
Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck side
Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee:
Then of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman wight, (unwilt to bee)
The fairest woman wight that ever eie did see.

XXII.

Like as Minerva, being late returnd
From slaughter of the gyaunts conquered,
(Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrils
burnd

With breathed flames like to a furnace redd,
Transfixd with her speare, down tumbled dedd
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hye)
Hath loofd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye,
From her leste arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

XXIII.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight,
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if fuddein great affright
Had them surprisd: at last avizing right
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke de-
light

In their first error, and yett still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry
vew:

XXIV.

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,
But seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmly fixed did abide

In contemplation of divinitee:

But most they mervaild at her chevalree
And noble prowesse, which they had approv'd,
That much they faynd to know who she mote
bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd,
Yet every one her likte, and every one her
lov'd.

XXV.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her fayre eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat, to doe them more de-
light.

XXVI.

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in place
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evining, ill for sicke folkes cace;
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they eate till she in presence came;
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairley them saluted, as became,
And shewd herselfe in all a gentle courteous
dame.

XXVII.

They fate to meat, and Satyrane his chaunce
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he himselfe fate looking still askaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide;
But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
All his demeaasure from his sight did hide:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will;

XXVIII.

And ever and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage
bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care,
For all that art he learned had of yore:
Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him aunswered evermore:
Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
Empoisoned was with privy lust and gealous
dredd.

XXIX.

He from that deadly throw made no defence.
But to the wound his weake heart opened wide;
The wicked engine, through false influence,
Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which did it sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted love to enter-
taine.

xxx.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne.
Now Bacchus' fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dancing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write, to lett his love be showne,
Which well she redd out of the learned line;
(A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.)

xxxI.

And whenso of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to flake:
By such close signes they secret way did make
Unto their wils, and one eies watch escape:
Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbecco's
cape.

xxxII.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their
fill,
Purpose was moved by that gentle dame,
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
And every one his kindred and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well
eide:

xxxIII.

" Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
" And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
" Though whilome far much greater then thy
" fame,
" Before that angry gods and cruell skie
" Upon thee heapt a direfull destinie,
" What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
" And fetch from heaven thy great genealogie,
" Sith all thy worthie prayes being blent,
" Their offspring hath enbaste, and later glory
" shent?

xxxIV.

" Most famous worthy of the world, by whome
" That warre was kindled which did Troy in-
" flame,
" And statly towres of Ilion whilome
" Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
" Sir Paris, far renowned through noble fame;
" Who through great prowesse and bold hardi-
" nesse
" From Lacedaemon fetcht the fayrest dame
" That ever Greece did boast or knight possesse,
" Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthi-
" nesse;

xxxV.

" Fayre Helen! flowre of beantie excellent,
" And girlond of the mighty conquerours,
" That madest many ladies deare lament
" The heavie losse of their brave paramours,
" Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,

" And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
" With carcases of noble warrioures,
" Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
" And Xanthus' sandy bankes with blood all over-
" flowne:

xxxVI.

" From him my linage I derive aright,
" Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
" Whiles yet on Ida he a shepheard hight,
" On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
" Whom for remembrance of her passed ioy
" She of his father Parius did name,
" Who, after Greekes did Priam's realme de-
" stroy,
" Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
" And with them sayling thence to th' Isle of
" Paros came.

xxxVII.

" That was by him cald Paros, which before
" Hight Nausa; there he many yeares did raine,
" And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore,
" The which he dying left next in remaine
" To Paridas his sonne;
" From whom I Paridell by kin descend;
" But for faire ladies loves, and glories gaine,
" My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend
" In seeing deeds of armes, my lives and labors
" end."

xxxVIII.

When as the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres, and Priam's citie sackt,
(The ruefull story of Sir Paridell)
She was empaffiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact,
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract;
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes
cold.

xxxIX.

Then fighting soft awhile, at last she thus;
" O lamentable fall of famous towne,
" Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
" And of all Asia bore the soveraine crowne,
" In one sad night consumd and throwen downe!
" What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
" Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
" And makes ensample of man's wretched state,
" That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at
" evening late?

XL.

" Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
" Hath fownd another partner of your payne,
" For nothing may impresse so deare contraint
" As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne;
" But if it should not grieve you backe agayne
" To turne your course, I would to heare de-
" fyre

" What to Æneas fell, sith that men sayne
" He was not in the cities wofull fyre
" Consum'd, but did himselfe to safety retyre."

XLI.

" Anchyses' sonne, begot of Venus fayre,"
Said he, " out of the flames for safegard fled,

" And with a remnant did to sea repayre,
 " Where he through fatall errour long was led
 " Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
 " From shore to shore, emongst the Lybick sandes,
 " Ere rest he fownd : much there he suffered,
 " And many perilles past in forrein landes,
 " To save his people sad from victours vengefull
 " handes :

XLII.

" At last in Latium he did arryve,
 " Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
 " Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to
 " drive,
 " Till he with old Latinus was constraind
 " To contract wedlock, so the Fates ordained;
 " Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
 " Accomplished, that many deare complaind;
 " The rivall slaine, the victour (through the flood
 " Escaped hardly) hardly praïsd his wedlock
 " good.

XLIII.

" Yet after all he victour did survive,
 " And with Latinus did the kingdom part;
 " But after, when both nations gan to strive
 " Into their names the title to convart,
 " His sonne Iulus did from thence depart
 " With all the warlike youth of Troians blood,
 " And in long Alba plaist his throne apart,
 " Where faire it florished and long time stoud,
 " Till Romulus renewing it, to Rome removd."

XLIV.

" There, there," said Britomart, " afresh appeard
 " The glory of the later world to spring,
 " And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
 " To sit in second seat of soveraine king,
 " Of all the world under her governing;
 " But a third kingdom yet is to arise
 " Out of the Troians scattered ofspring,
 " That in all glory and great enterprife
 " Both first and second Troy shall dare to equa-
 " life.

XLV.

" It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
 " Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
 " Upon whose stubborne neck (whereat he raves
 " With roring rage, and sore himselfe does throng,
 " That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)
 " She fastned hath her foot, which stands so hy,
 " That it a wonder of the world is song
 " In forreine landes; and all, which passen by,
 " Beholding it from farre, do think it threatens the
 " sky.

XLVI.

" The Troian Brute did first that citie fownd,
 " And Hygate made the meare thereof by west,
 " And Overt-gate by north; that is the bownd
 " Toward the land; two rivers bound the rest.
 " So huge a scope at first him seemed best
 " To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat;
 " So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
 " Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
 " That Albion had conquered first by warlike
 " seat."

XLVII.

" Ah, fairest Lady-knight!" said Paridell,
 " Pardon I pray my heedlesse over-sight,
 " Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
 " From aged Mnemon, for my wits beene light.
 " Indeed he said, if I remember right,
 " That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
 " Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
 " And far abroad his mighty braunches threw,
 " Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII.

" For that same Brute (whom much he did ad-
 " vaunce
 " In all his speach) was Sylvius his sonne,
 " Whom having slain through luckles arrowes
 " glaunce,
 " He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
 " Or els for shame, so fewle reproch to shonne,
 " And with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne,
 " Where wearie wandring they long time did
 " wonne,
 " And many fortunes prov'd in th' ocean mayne,
 " And great adventures found, that now were
 " long to sayne.

XLIX.

" At last by fatall course they driven were
 " Into an island spacious and brode,
 " The furthest north that did to them appeare;
 " Which after rest they seeking farre abode,
 " Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
 " Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,
 " But wholly waste, and void of peoples trode,
 " Save an huge nation of the geaunts broode,
 " That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens vitall
 " blood.

L.

" Whom he through wearie wars and labours
 " long
 " Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold;
 " In which the great Goëmagot of strong
 " Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,
 " Were overthrowne, and laide on th' earth full
 " cold,
 " Which quaked under their so hideous masse;
 " A famous history to bee enrold
 " In everlasting monuments of brasse,
 " That all the antique worthies merits far did
 " passe.

LI.

" His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke
 " Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away;
 " That who from east to west will endlong seeke,
 " Cannot two fairer cities find this day,
 " Except Cleopolis; so heard I say
 " Old Mnemon: therefore, Sir, I greet you well
 " Your country kin, and you entyrelly pray
 " Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
 " Betwixt us both unknowne" So ended Paridell.

LII.

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
 Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore
 With vigilant regard and dew attent,
 Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore

In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore;
 The whiles unwarres away her wondring eye
 And greedy cares her weake hart from her bore;
 Which he perceiving, ever privily
 In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

LIII.

So long these knightes discoursed diversly
 Of straunge affaires and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,

That now the humid night was farforth spent,
 And heavenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent;
 Which th' old man seeing wel (who too long
 thought

Every discourse and every argument,
 Which by the houres he measured) befought
 Them go to rest; so all unto their bowres were
 brought.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;
Malbecco her pourfewes;
Fyndes emongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

I.

THE morrow next, so soone as Phœbus' lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heaven amoved quight,
Faire Britomart, and that same Faery knight
Uprose, forth on their iourney for to wend;
But Paridell complaynd that his late fight
With Britomart so sore did him offend,
That ryde he could not till his hurts he did
amend.

II.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them stayd
Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him leste not liberty:
(Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers young man's unruly maystery,
His money, which he lov'd as living breath,
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept
uneath.

III.

But patience perforce he must abie
What Fortune and his Fate on him will lay;
Fond is the feare that findes no remedie:
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evill happen may,
So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
Out of his sight herselfe once to absent;
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

IV.

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde:
False Love! why do men say thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest
binde,
And to thy will abuse? thou walkest free,
And seeest every secret of the minde;
Thou seeest all, yet none at all sees thee;
All that is by the working of thy deitee.

V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle:
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenor's both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
That he there sojourned his woundes to heale,
That Cupid selfe it seeing, close did smyle,
To weet how he her love away did steale,
And bad that none their ioyous treason should
reveale.

VI.

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
That least advantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift till he her layd aboard.
Whenso in open place and commune bord
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speech
He courted her, yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentlenesse or hospitages breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart :
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde;
Tho when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she mercy would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death for-
give.

VIII.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
Branfiles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devyfd,
And thousands like which flowd in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entyfd
To take to his new love, and leave her old de-
spyfd.

IX.

And every where he might, and everie while,
He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd
Of yore, and many had ylike misled :
What wonder then if she were likewise carried?

X.

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege through dispurvaynce long,
And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive :
And Peece, that unto Parley eare will give,
Will shortly yelde itselfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will bylive :
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine dis-
playd;

XI.

For through his traines he her entrapped hath,
That she her love and hart hath wholly sold
To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre cucquold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly
shee
Devized hath, and to her lover told :
It pleased well : so well they both agree :
So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

XII.

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth,
When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere;
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid; thereof she countesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest she fyr'd for sport or for despight;
As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
The Troiane flames, and reach to heaven's hight,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that doleful
sight.

XIII.

The second Hellene, fayre Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran, with sory haste,
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd be-
fore,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her lover's armes right fast;
Where streight embrated, she to him did cry,
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past,
For lo, that guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy.

XIV.

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayd,
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd ;
But when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

XV.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; love money overcame :
But when he marked how his money burnd,
He left his wife; money did love disclame :
Both was he loth to loose his loved dame,
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde;
Yet sith he no'te save both, he sav'd that same
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
The god of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

XVI.

Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,
And all men busie to suppress the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had, and liberty, to frame
Their purposd flight, free from all mens reclame :
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came :
So beene they gone yfere (a wanton payre
Of lovers loosely knit) where list them to re-
payre.

XVII.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco seeing how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht why-
lere,
Into huge waves of grieve and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight :
He rav'd, he wept, he stampd, he lowd did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive
spright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore;
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before :
At last, when sorrow he saw bootied nought,
Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he reskew mought;
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused
thought.

XIX.

At last, resolving like a pilgrim pore,
To search her forth wherefo she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground; so takes in hond
To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond:
Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,
And every where that he mote understond
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he mett he tydings did inquere:

XX.

But all in vaine; his woman was too wise
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too simple ever to surpise
The iolly Paridell for all his paine.
One day, as he fore-passed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which hove close under a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.

XXI.

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee;
And as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devize,
And th' other, al yclad in garments light
Discoloured like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright,
And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight:

XXII.

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe,
Till that prickt forth with love's extremity,
That is the father of fowle Gealofy,
He closely nearer crept the truth to weet;
But as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her belamour, the partner of his sheet:

XXIII.

But it was scornfull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe;
Whom such whenas Malbecco spied clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere,
Till Trompart, ronning hastily, him did stay,
And bad before his soveraine lord appere;
That was him loth, yet durst he not gaine say,
And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

XXIV.

The boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, "Thou man of nought, what doest thou
here,

"Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
"Where I expected one with shield and spere,
"To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall
pere?"

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XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious speach
Was all abasht, and low prostrating said,
"Good Sir! let not my rudenes be no breach
"Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
"For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
"A filly pilgrim driven to distresse,
"That seeke a lady."--There he suddein staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppress,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitter-
nesse.

XXVI.

"What lady, Man?" said Trompart; "take
"good hart,
"And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;
"Was never better time to shew thy smart.
"Then now, that noble succor is thee by,
"That is the whole world's commune remedy."
That chearful word his weak heart much did
cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he sayd, "O most redoubted pere!
"Vouchsafe, with mild regard, a wretches cace
to heare."

XXVII.

Then sighing sore, "It is not long," saide hee,
"Sith I enioyed the gentlest dame alive,
"Of whom a knight, no knight at all, perdee,
"But shame of all that do for honor strive;
"By treacherous deceit did me deprive;
"Through open outrage he her bore away,
"And with fowle force unto his will did drive;
"Which al good knights, that armes do bear this
"day,
"Are bownd for to revenge, and punish if they
"may.

XXVIII.

"And you, most noble Lord! that can and dare
"Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
"Cannot employ your most victorious speare
"In better quarrell then defence of right,
"And for a lady gainst a faithlesse knight;
"So shall your glory be advaunced much,
"And all faire ladies magnify your might,
"And eke my selfe (albee I simple such)
"Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guer-
"don rich."

XXIX.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;
But he on it lookt scornfully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt,
And sayd, "Thy offers base I greatly loth,
"And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt;
"I tread in dust thee and thy money both;
"That were it not for shame"--So turned from
him wroth.

XXX.

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his care him rownded close behinde;

G

Yet floupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting advantage in the pray to seafe,
Till Trompart, lastly to the grownd inclinde,
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him dis-
please.

XXXI.

Big looking, like a doughty doucepere,
At last he thus, "Thou clod of vilest clay,
"I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare;
"But weete henceforth that all that golden pray,
"And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
"I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward;
"Fame is my meed, and glory vertue's pay;
"But minds of mortall man are muchell mard,
"And mov'd amisse with massy muck's unmeet
"regard.

XXXII.

"And more, I graunt to thy great misery
"Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent;
"And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,
"Which hath thy lady rest, and knighthood
"shent,
"By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
"The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
"I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;
"Ne he twixt heaven and earth shall hide his hed,
"But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen
"he dedd."

XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the boaster marching brave begonne
His stolen steede to thunder furiously,
As if the heaven and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much Malbecco ioyed in his iollity.

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together traveiled,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth
way,
To seeke his wife that was far wandered;
But those two sought not but the present prey,
To weete the treasure which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For sith the howre that first he did them lett
The same behold, therewith their keene desires
were whett.

XXXV.

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,
They spide where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past;
Alone he rode without his paragone,
For having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone;
He nould be clogd: so had he served many one.

XXXVI.

The gentle lady, loose at randon lefte,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander
wide

At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weste,
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and
bredd,

And every one as commune good her handeled;

XXXVII.

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare,
Who from her went to seeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were:
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake his grieve to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

XXXVIII.

And after asked him for Hellenore.
"I take no keepe of her," sayd Paridell,
"She wonneth in the forrest there before."
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after saind to wend.

XXXIX.

"Perdy nay," said Malbecco, "shall ye not,
"But let him passe as lightly as he came;
"For litle good of him is to be got,
"And mickle perill to bee put to shame:
"But let us goe to seeke my dearest dame,
"Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld,
"For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
"Least salvage beastes her person have despoild,
"Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have
"toyld."

XL.

They all agree, and forward them address:
"Ah! but," said crafty Trompart, "weete ye
"well
"That yonder in that wastefull wilderness
"Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
"Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
"And many wilde woodmen which robbe and
"rend
"All travcilers; therefore advise ye well
"Before ye enterprise that way to wend:
"One may his iourney bring too soone to cvill
"end."

XLI.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counseil crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart, "You, that are the most oppress
"With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
"Here for to stay in safetie behynd;
"My lord and I will search the wide forest."
That counseil pleased not Malbeccoes mynd,
For he was much afraid himselfe alone to synd.

XLII.

"Then is it best," said he, "that ye doe leave
"Your treasure here in some security,

" Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
 " Or buried in the ground from ieopardy,
 " Till we returne againe in safety :
 " As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
 " Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
 " Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave."
 It pleased; so he did : then they march forward
 brave.

XLIII.

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,
 They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
 And shrieking hububs them approching nere,
 Which all the forest did with horror fill :
 That dreadfull sound the bolster's hart did thrill
 With such amazement, that in haste he fledd,
 Ne ever looked back for good or ill,
 And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd :
 The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half
 dedd :

XLIV.

Yet afterwarde close creeping, as he might,
 He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd :
 The iolly Satyres, full of fresh delight,
 Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
 Faire Hellenore, with girlonds all bespredd,
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made :
 She proude of that new honour, which they redd,
 And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
 Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell
 shade.

XLV.

The silly man that in a thickett lay,
 Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved fore,
 Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
 But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
 To see th' unkindness of his Hellenore.
 All day they danned with great lustyhedd,
 And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,
 The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
 Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden
 hedd.

XLVI.

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,
 And all their goodly heardees did gather rownd;
 But every Satyre first did give a buffe
 To Hellenore; so buffes did abound.
 Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd
 With perly deaw, and th' earthes gloomy shade
 Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,
 That every bird and beast awarned made
 To shroud themselves, while sleepe their fences
 did invade.

XLVII.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
 Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
 And like a gote emongst the gotes did rush,
 That through the helpe of his faire hornes on
 hight,
 And misty dampe of misconceyving night,
 And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
 He did the better counterfeite aright;
 So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
 That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd
 Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,
 Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
 Who all the night did minde his ioyous play :
 Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
 That all his heart with gealofy did swell;
 But yet that night's ensample did bewray
 That not for nought his wife them lov'd so well;
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX.

So closely as he could he to them crept,
 When wearie of their sporte to sleepe they fell,
 And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
 He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
 That it was he which by her side did dwell,
 And therefore prayd her wake to heare him
 plaine.

As one out of a dreame not waked well,
 She turnd her, and returned backe againe;
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine,

L.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;
 And then perceiving that it was indeed
 Her old Malbecco which did her upbrayd
 With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,
 She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
 And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;
 But he her prayd for mercy or for meed
 To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
 But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde;

LI.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd
 And loathsom life, of God and man abhord;
 And home retourne, where all should be renewd
 With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,
 And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
 As if not trespas ever had beene donne;
 But she it all refused at one word,
 And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
 But chose emongst the iolly Satyres still to wonne.

LII.

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde,
 But all in vaine; and then turnd to the heard,
 Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
 And trode downe in the durt, where his hore
 beard

Was fowly dight, and he of death ascard.
 Early before the heavens fairest light
 Out of the ruddy east was fully reard,
 The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,
 And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory
 plight.

LIII.

So soone as he the prison dore did pas,
 He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,
 And never looked who behind him was,
 Ne scarcely who before; like as a beare,
 That creeping close emongst the hives to reare
 An honey-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
 And him assayling, fore his carkas teare,
 That hardly he with life away does fly,
 Ne stayes till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

O ij

LIV.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombed had,
Where when he found it not (for Trombart bace
Had it purloyned for his maister bad)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himselfe away,
That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,
With upstart haire, and staring eyes difmay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would
say.

LV.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne;
Ne banck nor bush could stay him when he spedd
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne;
Griefe, and Despight, and Gealosy and Scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd,
And he himselfe, himselfe loath'd, so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd,
That as a snake still lurked in his wounded mynd.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne or upward to the hight;
From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemed no helpe for him was left in living
fight:

LVII.

But through long anguish and selfe-murd'ring
thought
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery spright,

That on the rocks he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance
small.

LVIII.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In dreary darkenes, and continuall feare
Of that rock's fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously,

LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs (his pasture poysonous)
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cross-cuts the liver with eternall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with Death's eternall
dart.

LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine,
There dwells he ever (miserable swaine!)
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight,
Where he through privy griefe and horror vaine
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
Findes Scudamour distrest :
Affayes the houle of Busyrane,
Where Love's spoyles are exprest.

I.

O HATEFULL hellish snake ! what furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealosy ! that turnest love divine
To ioyless dread, and mark't the loving hart
What hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart ?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

II.

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell ;
Sweete Love ! that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed nectar and pure pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
And ye, faire ladies ! that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in love as turtle to her make :

III.

Who with Sir Satyrane (as earst ye red)
Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,
Far off espyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge geaunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus ;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious,
From whom the squire of Dames was rest
whylere ;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought
were.

IV.

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust excede all womankind,
So he surpassed his sex masculine
In beastly use all that I ever finde ;
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde,
The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,
She was emoved in her noble minde
T'employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward where she did him
vew.

V.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did ensue the chace ;
Whom when the gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace,
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did strive the other to outgoe,
But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any roe,
And now made better speed t'escape his feared
foe.

VI.

It was not Satyrane whom he did feare,
But Britomart, the flowre of chastity,
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly ;
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security :
The wood they enter, and search everie where ;
They searched diversely ; so both divided were,

vii.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare;
A little off his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, wherever it in field was showne.

viii.

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,
As if he had beene slombring in the shade,
That the brave mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade:
Still as she stood she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pittie did the virgin's hart of patience rob.

ix.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes,
He sayd, "O soverayne Lord! that sit'st on hye,
" And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed faintes,
" How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
" So long unwreaked of thine enemy!
" Or hast thou, Lord! of good mens cause no
" heed?
" Or doth thy iustice sleepe and silent ly?
" What booteth then the good and righteous
" deed,
" If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse
" no meed?

x.

" If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,
" Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
" Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
" On foot upon the face of living land?
" Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand
" The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
" Why then is Busirane, with wicked hand,
" Suffred these seven monethes day in secret den
" My lady and my love so cruelly to pen?

xi.

" My lady and my love is cruelly pend
" In dolefull darkeness from the vew of day,
" Whilest deadly torments doe her chaste brest
" rend,
" And the sharpe Steele doth rive her hart in tway.
" All for she Scudamore will not deny;
" Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art found,
" Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
" Unworthy wretch, to tread upon the ground,
" For whom so faire a lady feelles so fore a
" wound."

xii.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
His struggling soule, and swelling throbs impeach
His soltring tounge with pangs of drerinesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach;
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
Threatning into his life to make a breach,

Both with great ruth and terroure she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie soules would
flit.

xiii.

Tho stouping downe she him amoved light,
Who therewith somewhat starting up gan looke,
And seeing him behind a straunger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forfooke,
And downe againe himfelfe disdainfully
Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forehead strooke;
Which the bold virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medicine to his grieve, and spake thus courteously:

xiv.

" Ah, gentle Knight! whose deepe-conceivd grieve
" Well seemes t' excede the powre of patience,
" Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
" You send, submit you to high Providence,
" And ever in your noble hart prepenche,
" That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
" Then vertue's might and value's confidence;
" For who nill bide the burden of distresse,
" Must not here thinke to live, for life is wretch-
" ednesse.

xv.

" Therefore, faire Sir! doe comfort to you take,
" And freely read what wicked felon so
" Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle
" make:

" Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
" And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
" At least it faire endeavour will apply."
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
That up his head he reared easily,
And leaning on his elbow, these few words let
fly;

xvi.

" What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
" And sow vain sorrow in a fruitless eare,
" Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
" Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
" Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
" For he the tyrant which her hath in ward,
" By strong enchauntments and blacke magicke
" leare,
" Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
" And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her
" gard:

xvii.

" There he tormenteth her most terribly,
" And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
" Because to yield him love she doth deny,
" Once to me yold, not to be yold againe;
" But yet by torture he would her constraine
" Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
" Till so she doe she must in doole remaine,
" Ne may by living meanes be thence relest;
" What bootes it then to plaine that cannot be re-
" drest?"

xviii.

With this sad herfall of his heaveie stresse,
The warlike damzell was empassiond sore,
And sayd, "Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse

Then is your sorrow, certes, if not more;
 For noth so much pittie doth implore
 As gentle ladyes helplesse misery;
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will with prooffe of last extremity
 Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you
 dy."

XIX.

"Ah, gentlest knight alive!" sayd Scudamore,
 "What huge heroicke magnanimity
 Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
 more

"If she were thine, and thou as now am I?
 O spare thy happy daies, and them apply
 To better boot, but let me die that ought;
 More is more losse; one is enough to dy."
 "Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought
 Endlesse renown, that more then death is to be
 fought."

XXI.

Thus she at length perswaded him to rise
 And with her wend, to see what new successe
 Mote him befall upon a new enterprise;
 His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
 She gathered up, and did about him dresse,
 And his forwardred steed unto him gott:
 So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
 And march not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
 Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did
 plott.

XXI.

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,
 And stoutly came unto the castle gate,
 Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
 Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
 But in the porch, that did them fore amate,
 A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry smoke
 And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate
 And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
 Ne in that stound wist how herselfe to beare,
 For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
 That cruell element, which all things feare,
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare;
 And turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;
 "What monstrous enmity provoke we heare,
 Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which
 made

"Batteill against the gods? so we a god invade.

XXIII.

"Daunger without discretion to attempt,
 Inglorious, beast-like is; therefore, Sir knight,
 Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
 And how we with our foe may come to
 fight?"

"This is," quoth he, "the dolorous despight
 Which earst to you I playnd; for neither may
 This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
 Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away,
 So mighty be th' enchauntments which the same
 do stay.

XXIV.

"What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse
 paines,
 And leave me to my former languishing?
 Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And Scudamore here die with sorrowing."
 "Perdy not so," said shee, "for shamefull thing
 Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce
 For shewe of perill without venturing;
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce."

XXV.

Therewith resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her sword's point directing forward, right
 Assayld the flame, the which esteemes gave place,
 And did itselfe divide with equall space,
 That through she passed, as a thonder-bolt
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The foring clouds, into sad showres ymolt;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt;

XXVI.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
 With greedy will and envious desire,
 And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way;
 But cruell Mulciber would not obay
 His threatfull pride but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
 Him forst (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,
 And backe retire, all scorcht and pittifully brent.

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great sorrow that he could not pas,
 Then for the burning torment which he felt,
 That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
 Did beat and bounse his head and brest full sore;
 The whiles the championesse now entred has
 The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,
 The utmost rowme, abounding with all precious
 store:

XXVIII.

For round about the walls yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great maiesty,
 Woven with gold and silke so close and nere,
 That the rich metall lurked privily,
 As faining to be hidd from envious eye;
 Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares
 It shewd itselfe, and shone unwillingly,
 Like a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares,
 Through the greene gras his long bright burnish
 back declares.

XXIX.

And in those tapets weren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a fairy feate,
 And all of love and al of lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat;
 And eke all Cupid's warres they did repeat,
 And cruell batailles which he whilome fought
 Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great,
 Besides the huge massacres which he wrought
 On mighty kings, and kesar into thraldome
 brought.

xxx.

Therein was writ how often thondring love
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And leaving heaven's kingdom here did rove
In straunge disguise, to flake his scalding smart;
Now like a ram faire Helle to pervart,
Now like a bull Europa to withdraw;
Ah! how the fearefull ladies tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' obey her servaunts law!

xxxI.

Soone after that into a golden showre
Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew,
And through the rooffe of her strong brazen towre
Did raine into her lap an honey dew,
The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
Of such deceit, kept the yron dore fast bard,
And watcht that none should enter nor issew;
Vain was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Whenas the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

xxxII.

Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweete wit of the man!
That her in daffadillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her daintie limbs to shade,
Whiles the proud bird, ruffing his fethers wyde,
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade;
She slept, yet twixt her eie-lids closely spyde
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his
pryde.

xxxIII.

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,
Deceivd of gealous Iuno did require
To see him in his soverayne maiestee,
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire:
But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Ioying his love in likenes more entire;
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

xxxIV.

Twise was he seene in soaring eagle's shape,
And with wide winges to beate the buxoine ayre,
Once when he with Aesterie did scape,
Againe whenas the Troiane boy so sayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen
should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

xxxv.

In Satyre's shape Antiopa he snatcht,
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd;
A shepheard when Mnemosyne he catcht,
And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd:
Whyles thus on earth great love these pageaunts
playd,
The winged Boy did thrust into his throne,
And, scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd:
"Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,
And take me for their love, whiles love to
"earth is gone."

xxxVI.

And thou, faire Phoebus! in thy colours bright
Wast there unwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plunged, for dispight
That thou bewray'dst his mother's wantonneffe;
When she with Mars was meynt in ioyfulnesse;
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy iust desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was
thy smart.

xxxVII.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinth,
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare;
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
The one a paunce, the other a sweet-breare;
For grieve whereof ye mote have lively seene
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garland ever-greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

xxxVIII.

Both for those two, and for his own deare sonne,
The sonne of Climene, he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent:
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame;
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game, [dame.
And love a shepheard's daughter for his dearest

xxxIX.

He loved Iffe for his dearest dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell his other lovely fit;
Now like a lion hunting after spoile,
Now like a hag, now like a faulcon flit;
All which in that faire arras was most lively
writ.

XL.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke;
His face was rugged, and his hoary hed
Dropped with brackish dew; his three-forkt
pyke
He stearnely shooke, and therewith fierce did
stryke
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad
dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde,
Which four great Hippodames did draw, in teme-
wise tyde.

XLI.

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nostrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling wayes to smoke agayne,
And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame:
The god himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame,

For priving love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bifaltis ay could make him
glad.

XLII.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Æolus' faire daughter, Arne hight,
For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,
And fedd on fodder, to beguile her sight:
Also to win Deucalion's daughter bright,
He turn'd himselfe into a dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,
On whom he got faire Pegasus, that flitteth in
the ayre.

XLIII.

Next Saturne was; but who would ever weene
That fullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is fullein, and Saturnlike seene,
As he did for Erigone it prove,
That to a Centaur did himselfe transmove.
So proov'd it eke that gracious god of Wine,
When for to compasse Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes de-
cline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes
And gentle pangues with which he maked meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes;
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other nymphes, he sore did shreek
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike
smarts,
Privily moystening his hoarid cheeke:
There was he painted full of burning dartes,
And many wide woundes launched through his
inner partes.

XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruel was the elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should he so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
That he might taste the sweet-consuming woe
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But to declare the mournfull tragedyes,
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heaven beholdes sad lovers nightly the eve-
ryes.

XLVI.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and dam-
sels gent,
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the raskall rabblement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupid's powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short,
And a long bloody river through them rayld,
So lively and so like, that living fence it fayld.

XLVII.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme,
There was an altar built of precious stone,
Of passing valew and of great renowme,
On which there stood an image all alone

Of massy gold, which with his own light shone;
And winges it had with sondry colours dight,
More sondry colours then the proud pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discoloured bow she spreds through
heaven bright.

XLVIII.

Blyndfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at random when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold.
(Ah, Man! beware how thou those dartes be-
hold.)

A wounded dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man re-
medye.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the victor of the gods this bee;
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazd,
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses
dazd.

L.

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secrete of that goodly sted,
Over the dore thus written she did spye,
Bee bold: she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what fence it figured;
But whatso were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next roome
went.

LI.

Much fayrer than the former was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd;
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wide antickes which their follies
playd

In the rich metall as they living were;
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false love doth oft upon him weare,
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft
appeare.

LII.

And all about the glistering walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie conquerors and captaines strong,
Which were whylome captived in their dayes
To cruell Love, and wrought their own de-
cayes;
Their swards and speres were broke, and hau-
berques rent,
And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victor's might and merciless intent.

LIII.

The warlike mayd beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space;
But more she marvaild that no footing's trace
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptiness,
And solemne silence over all that place:
Straunge thing it seem'd that none was to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with care-
fulnesse.

LIV.

And as she lookt about she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where *Be bold*,
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill or commune wit.

At last she spyde at that rowme's upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might
intend.

LV.

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare;
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkness dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes for feare
Of secrete daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with nature's burdein deare,
But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,
And her well-pointed weapons did about her
dresse.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted
Chamber, are displayd;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.

I.

Two whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Faire heaven with an universal clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darknes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling trompet found alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her corage prowde,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

II.

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would loose
The world's foundation from his center fixt,
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearful sted,
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britoness was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore,
And forth issewd, as on the readie flore
Of some theatre, a grave personage,
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nanee sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discovered,
Eafe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered,

V.

The noble mayd still standing, all this vewd,
And marveild at his straunge intendment:
With that a ioyous fellowship issewd
Of minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton bardes and rymers impudent,
All which together song full chearfully
A lay of love's delight with sweet concent,
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a mask, enranged orderly.

VI.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd;
And when it ceast, shrill trompetts lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound;
And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim
aray.

VII.

The first was Fanny, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy
Whom love did love, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that same daintie lad which was so deare
To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every woode and every valley wyde,
He fild with Hylas' name; the nymphes eke Hy-
las cryde.

VIII.

His garment neither was of filke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do aray
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and
light,
That by his gate might easily appeare,
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and
there.

IX.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of riper yeares then the other swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elder's fyre,
And gave him being commune to them twayne:
His garment was disguyfd very vayne,
And his embrodered bonet sat awry;
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did
strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames
did fly.

X.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albaneise-wyse;
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrink he did avyse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard there-
on he lay.

XI.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull
made,
Yet his own face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horreur to deforme his griesly shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was, this Mischiefe, that Mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to en-
trap.

XII.

Next to him was Feare, all armd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to or froe,
And his owne armes when glettering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly;

As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he always bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome
mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre locks were woven up in gold:
She always smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-sprinkle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequal paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire;
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
haire;

Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of filke she
twynd:

XV.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-glaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mis-
chaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward he
did pace.

XVI.

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more than seeming sad;
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched many people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life thay ladd
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of Dolour's
dart.

XVII.

But fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly lookes and dreadfull drerihed;
For from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rent her snarled heare;
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there,
As a dismayed deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety hath his right way lost.

XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
He looking lompish and full fullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;

She chearfull, fresh, and full of ioyauce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad,
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee :
An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in her's an hony-lady bee.
Thus marchèd these six couples forth in faire
degree.

xix.

After all these there marcht a most faire dame,
Led of two gryllie villains, th' one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name :
She, dolefull lady, like a drery spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearefull to living sight ;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace, [pace.
And with her feeble feete did move a comely

xx.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the crafterman wents it beautify,
Of her dew honour was dispoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight !)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy
cleene :

xxi.

At that wyde orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixd with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd ;
And those two villeins (which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade)
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

xxii.

Next after her the winged god himselfe
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that else,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous :
His blindfold cies he bad awhile unbind,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire dame, he might behold in perfect kinde ;
Which seene, he much reioycd in his cruell
minde :

xxiii.

Of which ful prwd, himselfe uprearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survey his goodly company,
And marshalling the evill-ordered trayne ;
With that the darts, which his right hand did
straine,

Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his colourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make ; [take.
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did

xxiv.

Behind him was Reproch, Repentance, Shame ;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde :

Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame ;
Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde ;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde :
Shame lowred, Repentance sighd, Reproch did
scould ;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentance whips en-
twinde,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold ;
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one
mould.

xxv.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read :
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead,
Lewd losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyalty,
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmary,
Vile Poverty, and, lastly, Death with Infamy.

xxvi.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well ;
So many moe as there be phantasies
In wavering wemans witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in hell ;
All which disguized, marcht in masking wise
About the chamber by the damozell,
And then returned, having marched thrise
Into the inner rowme, from whence they first did
rise.

xxvii.

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway,
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it opened, and bore all way :
Then the brave maid, which al this while was
plast

In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issued forth, and went unto the dore
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast :
It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

xxviii.

Where force might not availe, there sleights and
She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprize : [art
Forthy from that same rowme not to depart
Till morrow next she did herselfe avize,
When that same maske againe should forth arize,
The morrowe next appeard with ioyous cheare,
Calling men daily to their exercize,
Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare
Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

xxix.

All that day she out-wore in wandering,
And gazing on that chamber's ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the world's faire beautie she hath
blent ;

Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Nether of ydle shewes nor of false charmes aghast.

xxx.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
 She cast her eies, to see what was become
 Of all those persons which she saw without,
 But lo! they streight were vanisht, all and some;
 Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
 Save that same woefull lady, both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
 Unto a brasen pillour, by the, which she stands:

xxxii.

And her before the vile enchaunter fate,
 Figuring straunge characters of his art;
 With living blood he those characters wrate,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
 Seeming transfixt with a cruell dart,
 And all perforce to make her him to love:
 Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?
 A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,
 Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart
 remove.

xxxiii.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
 His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface,
 And fiercely running to that lady trew,
 A murderous knife out of his pocket drew,
 The which he thought for villenous despight
 In her tormented bodie to embrew;
 But the stout damzell to him leaping light,
 His curst hand withheld, and mastered his
 might.

xxxiiii.

From her to whom his fury first he ment,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
 And turning to herselfe his fell intent,
 Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
 That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
 To give him the reward for such vile outrage
 dew.

xxxv.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have
 flaine
 Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,
 Dearnly unto him called to abstaine
 From doing him to dy; for else her paine
 Should be remedlesse, sith none but hee
 Which wrought it could the same recure againe:
 Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee,
 For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to
 see;

xxxvi.

And to him said, "Thou wicked Man! whose
 " meed
 " For so huge mischief and vile villany
 " Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
 " Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy;
 " But if that thou this dame doe presently
 " Restore unto her health and former state,
 " This doe and live, els dye undoubtedly."

He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
 Did yeild himselfe, right willing to prolong his
 : date;

xxxvii.

And rising up, gan streight to over-look
 Those curst leaves, his charmes backe to re-
 verse.

Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
 That horror gan the virgin's hart to perse,
 And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
 And all the while he red she did extend
 Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

xxxviii.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
 And all the dores to rattle round about;
 Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
 Nor slack her threatful hand for daungers dout,
 But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
 Abode, to weet what end would come of all:
 At last that mightie chaine, which round about
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
 And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces
 small.

xxxix.

The cruel steele, which thild her dying hart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
 And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,
 Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;
 And every part to safety full sownd,
 As she were never hurt, was soone restord;
 Tho when she felt herselfe to be unbownd,
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the
 grownd;

xl.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
 Saying, "Ah, noble Knight! what worthy meede
 " Can wretched lady, quitt from wofull state,
 " Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
 " Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
 " Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
 " Which I your vassal, by your prowesse freed,
 " Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
 " And goodly well advaunce that goodly well
 " was tryde."

xli.

But Britomart, upreering her from grownd,
 Said, "Gentle Dame! reward enough, I weene,
 " For many labours more then I have found,
 " This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
 " And meane of your deliveraunce have beene:
 " Henceforth, faire Lady! comfort to you take,
 " And put away remembrance of late teene;
 " Insted thereof, know that your loving make
 " Hath no lesse grieve endured for your gentle
 " fake."

xlii.

She much was cheard to heare him mentioned,
 Whom of all living wightes she loved best:
 Then laid the noble championesse strong hand
 Upon th' enchaunter which had her distress
 So sore, and with foule outrages oppress

With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygee
He bound that pitteous [lady] prisoner, now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and
wo.

XLII.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arayd,
Now vanisht utterly, and cleane subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd.
Thenceforth descending to that perious porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd
And quenched, quite like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to seorch.

XLIII.

More easie islew now then entrance late
She found; for now the fained-dreadful flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchanted gate,
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe;
Th' enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did
frame,

To have effort the love of that faire lasse, [was.
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved

XLIV.

But when the victoreffe arrived there,
Where late she left the pensive Scudamore
With her owne trully squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore,
But more fair Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

XLV.

But he (sad man!) when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomart's returne,
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speede,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Mefdeeming sure that her those flames did burne,
And therefore gan advize with her old squire
(Who her deare nourling's losse no lesse did
mourne)
Thence to depart for further aide t'inquire;
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe
respire.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV.

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF GAMBEL AND TELAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

I.

THE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affairs of state,
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate,
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led
Through false allurements of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues disciplined,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fan-
cies fed.

II.

Such ones ill iudge of love that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feeble kindly flame;
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that have abused the fame;
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of
fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live
amisse.

III.

Which whoso list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were
donne,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
And brave exploits which great heroës wonne,

In love were either ended or begunne;
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well
deny.

IV.

To such, therefore, I do not sing at all,
But to that sacred saint my soveraigne Queene,
In whose chaste brest all bountie naturall,
And treasures of true love, enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene;
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I weene;
To her this song most fitly is adrest,
The Queene of Love, and Prince of Peace from
heaven blest.

V.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dred Infant! Venus' dearling dove,
From her high spirit chace imperious feare,
And use of awfull maicstie remove:
Insted thereof, with drops of melting love
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete-smiling mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearke to love, and reade this lesson
often.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK IV. CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart faves Amoret :
Dueffa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour :
Their fight and warlike deedes.

I.

OF lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold,
Then that of Amoret's hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimel's unworthie paine ;
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit,
My softned heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

II.

For from the time that Scudamour her hought
In perilous fight, she never ioyed day ;
A perilous fight, when he with force her brought
From twentie knights that did him all assay ;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of love,
And eke the ladie selfe, he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknownen mischiefe did from him remove.

III.

For that same vile enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man
Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-
hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of Love which late was
shoven,
And there the ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is known,
Conveyed quite away, to living wight unknownen.

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IV.

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did
kerue ;
And now she is with her upon the way,
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though Spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale to tell
The diverse usage and demeanure daint
That each to other made, as oft befell ;
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That every word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
And everie limb that touched her did quake ;
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her
make.

VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her live's lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth :
All is his iustly that all freely dealth :
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life
She fought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth ;
Die had she lever with enchanter's knife,
Then to be false in love, profess a virgin wife.

P

VII.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd,
Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded mind, both did and
sayd

For many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to guesse;
For otherwhiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she feard his mind would grow to
some excesse.

VIII.

His will she feard, for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed;
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor,
Made her not yeeld so much as due shee deemed;
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

IX.

It so befell one evening, that they came
Unto a castel, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight and many a lovely dame
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see;
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her fore:
The custome of that place was such, that hee
Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the
dore.

X.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
Who being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to iustifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull challenge, waxed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And sayd her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or
both.

XI.

So forth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne;
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far
in dout.

XII.

The seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right;
Whom she requir'd that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
That did her win and free from challenge set;
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then since that strange knight's love from him was
quitted,
She claim'd that to herselfe, as ladies det,

He as a knight might iustly be admitted:
So none should be out-shut, sith all of loves were
fitted.

XIII.

With that her glistring helmet she unlaced,
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were up-
bound
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a filken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound;
Like as the shining skie in summer's night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of fierie light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples
fight.

XIV.

Such when those knights and ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment saygned it;
Some that Bellona, in that warlike wife,
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diversely each one did fundrie doubts devise.

XV.

But that young knight, which through her gentle
deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thanks did yeeld her for her meed,
And doubly over-commen her ador'd;
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke sayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance
there.

XVI.

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great,
And grieve-full pittie, privately bemone.
The morrow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose, and to their waies them dight;
Long wandered they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts
delight.

XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed knights that toward them did pace,
And each of them had ryding by his side
A lady, seeming in so farre a space;
But ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the wearie wife appeare.

XVIII.

The one of them the false Dueffa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could do'n so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours save the trew:

The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

XIX.

Her name was Até, mother of debate
And all dissention, which doth daily grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publicke state,
And many a private oft doth over-throw:
Her false Duesia, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and
nights.

XX.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve, farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enviroind round,
That none the same may easily out-win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

XXI.

And all within the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scepters plast,
Altars defyld, and holy things defast,
Dishevered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine;
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

XXII.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three fair goddesses did strive;
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got
alive:

XXIII.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloodie feast which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides' furie fell;
And of the dreadfull discord which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden Fleece, which made
them strive.

XXIV.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnaturall;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetuall;
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be scene,

Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all,
The monuments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and
greene.

XXV.

Such was her house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she herselfe had sown all about,
Now grown great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes,
Which when to ripenesse due they grown arre,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in
warre.

XXVI.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food,
For life it is to her when others sterue
Through mischievous debate and deadly feod,
That she may sucke their life and drinke their
blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed;
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by internall furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

XXVII.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both con-
tended;
And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was
guided.

XXVIII.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse cares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumours and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report;
And as her cares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that when th' one forward
yode,
The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

XXIX.

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away:
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay;
For all her studie was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrow the things that Con-
cord wrought.

XXX.

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so merciful he was,

P ij

And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne;
For all this world's faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

xxx.

Such was that hag which with Dueffa roade,
And serving her in her malicious use
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude,
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse;
For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-de-luce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found
mate.

xxxii.

Her mate, he was a iollie youthful knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did descric
His fickle mind full of inconstancie,
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Dueffa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false full hard it is to tell.

xxxiii.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon (his conquest's part)
Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd,
"Lo there, Sir Paridell! for your desert,
"Good lucke presents you with yond lovely
"mayd,
"For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

xxxiv.

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond;
Whom whenas Paridell more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutchion
weld,

He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
But answered, "Sir, him wise I never held,
"That having once escaped perill neare,
"Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

xxxv.

"This knight too late his manhood and his
"might
"I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
"Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
"Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost."
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
"Take then to you this dame of mine," quoth hee,
"And I without your perill or your cost
"Will challenge yond same other for my fee."
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce
could see.

xxxvi.

The warlike Britoness her soone addrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receive

Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Himselfe he did of his new love deceave,
And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie;
Which done, she passed forth not taking leave,
And left him now as sad as whillome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to
dallie.

xxxvii.

Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd,
And finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-backe, and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd;
And all the way with wondrous grieve of mynd
And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd
More for the love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridell resynd.

xxxviii.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblaunce to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight,
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them
new:

Whom whenas Blandamour approaching nie,
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former grieve renew.

xxxix.

For th' one of them he perfectly descride
To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
The God of Love with wings displayed wide;
Whom mortally he hated evermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his love he wonne by right;
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That through the bruses of his former fight
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

xl.

Forthy he thus to Paridell bespake;
"Faire Sir! of friendship let me now you pray,
"That as I late adventured for your sake
"The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
"Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
"And iustifie my cause on yonder knight."
"Ah! Sir," said Paridell, "do not dismay
"Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
"As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the
"right."

xli.

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed;
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approach, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete:
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselves did scarcely
weete.

xlii.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,

Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roring rage, and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fume, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes,
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long up-
brayes:

XLIII.

Who rolled on an heape lay still in ffound,
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle;
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle;
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

XLIV.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd,
"False faitour Scudamour, that hast by flight
And foule advantage this good knight dismayd,
A knight much better than thyselfe behight,
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day to wreake the dammage by thee
"donne;
"Such is thy wont, that still when any knight
Is weakned, then thou doest him over-ronne;
So hast thou to thyselfe false honor often
"wonne."

XLV.

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbear;
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare;
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous storme, is by the northerne blast
Quite over-blowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
But that it all the skie doth over-cast
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world
to waft.

XLVI.

"Ah, gentle Knight!" then false Dueffa sayd,
"Why do ye strive for ladies love so fore,
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle knights to nourish evermore?
Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore,
That she your love list love another knight,
Ne do yourselfe dislike a whit the more,
For love is free, and led with selfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or
"might."

XLVII.

So false Dueffa; but vile Até thus;
"Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme with stirre outrageous
For her that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she goth
In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and
"playes,
"Whilest both you here, with many a cursed oth,
Sweare she is yours, and stirre up bloodie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whilest other weares
"the bayes."

XLVIII.

"Vile Hag," sayd Scudamour, "why dost thou
"lye,
"And falsly seekst a virtuous wight to shame;"
"Fond Knight," sayd she, "the thing that with
"this eye
"I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"
"Then tell," quoth Blandamour, "and feare no
"blame;
"Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who so it heares."
"I saw," quoth she, "a stranger knight, whose
"name
"I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
"(That well I wote) the heads of many broken
"speares;

XLIX.

"I saw him have your Amoret at will,
"I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
"I saw him sleepe with her all knight his fill,
"All manie nights, and manie by in place
"That present were to testifie the case."
Which whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward grieve, as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

L.

So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard;
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on Glauce grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
Albee untrue she wist them by assay:
But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
His chaunge of cheere that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

LI.

"Lo, Recreant!" sayd he, "the fruitlesse end
"Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgot-
"ten,
"Whereby the name of Knighthood thou dost
"shend,
"And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
"All things not rooted well will soone be rot-
"ten."
"Fy, fy, false Knight!" then false Dueffa cryde,
"Unworthy life, that love with guile hast got-
"ten;
"Be thou, wherever thou do go or ryde,
"Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights de-
"fyde."

LII.

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine,
But that in all those knights and ladies sight
He for revenge had guilelesse Glauce slaine;
But being past, he thus began amaine;
"False traitour Squire, false Squire of falsest
"knight,
"Why doth mine hand from thine avenge ab-
"staine,
"Whose lord hath done my love this foule de-
"spight?
"Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my
"might?"

LIII.

" Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
 " Untrue to God, and unto man uniuſt,
 " What vengeance due can equall thy defart,
 " That haſt with ſhamefull ſpot of ſinful luſt
 " Defil'd the pledge committed to thy truſt?
 " Let ugly ſhame and endleſſe infamy
 " Colour thy name with foule reproaches ruſt:
 " Yet thou, falſe Squire, his fault ſhalt deare aby,
 " And with thy puniſhment his penance ſhalt
 " ſupply."

LIV.

The aged dame him ſeeing ſo enraged,
 Was dead with feare; nathleſſe as neede required
 His flaming furie ſought to have aſſuaged,
 With ſober words, that ſufferance deſired,
 Till time the tryall of her truth expyred,
 And evermore ſought Britomart to cleare;
 But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
 And thruſt his hand to kill her did upreare,
 And thruſt he drew it backe; ſo did at laſt for-
 beare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
Paridell for her strives;
They are accorded: Agape
Doth lengthen her finnes lives.

I.

FIREBRAND of hell first tynd in Phlegeton
By thousand furies, and from thence out-thrown
Into this world to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkes once blowen,
None but a god or godlike man can flake;
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His silver harpe in hand, and shortly friends them
make:

II.

Or such as that celestial Psalmist was,
That when the wicked seend his lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such musicke is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive;
Such as that prudent Romane well invented,
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did
drive.

III.

Such us'd wise Glauce to that wrathful knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought;
Yet Blandamour, with termes of foule despight,
And Paridell her scornd and set at nought,
As old and crooked, and not good for ought;
Both they unwise and warelesse of the evill
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,
Through that false witch and that foule aged drevill;
The one a seend, the other an incarnate devill,

IV.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie knight,
That had a goodly ladie by his side,
To whom he made great daliance and delight;
It was to weet the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,
He that from Braggadocchio whilome rest
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft
Yet was it in due triall but a wandering west.

V.

Which whenas Blandamour (whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind,
After each beautie that appeard in sight)
Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust, that Reason's eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent;
"Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
"Since so good fortune doth to you present
"So fayre aspoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?"

VI.

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to hearke, but made this faire denyall;
"Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
"This now be yours; God send you better gaine."
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdain,
Against that knight, ere he him well could torne,
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly over-
borne.

VII.

Who with the suddain stroke astonisht sore,
Upon the ground a while in slombre lay,
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And shewing her, did Paridell upbray;
"Lo, sluggish knight, the victor's happie pray:
"So fortune friends the bold." Whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.

VIII.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peereless paragon ygot;
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not;
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, all things dooe
That might her love prepare, and liking win
theretoo.

IX.

She in regard thereof him recompens't
With golden words and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispenst;
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemd brought to bed in Paradise, [most wise.
And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd

X.

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in woman's craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd; for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
Was so expert in every subtile flight,
That it could over-reach the wisest earthly wight.

XI.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seeming plait in sole felicity;
So blind is lust false colours to descry:
But Até soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife, twixt love, and spight, and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII.

By fundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth,
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speeches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that hag him teaches;
And ever when his passion is allayd
She it revives, and new occasion reaches,
That on a time, as they together way'd, [sayd;
He made him open challenge, and thus boldly

XIII.

"Too boastfull Blandamour, too long I beare
"The open wrongs thou doest me day by day;

"Well know'st thou when we friendship first did
"sweare,

"The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
"Should equally be shard betwixt us tway:
"Where is my part, then, of this ladie bright,
"Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away?
"Render, therefore, therein to me my right,
"Or answere for thy wrong as shall fall out in
"fight."

XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make;
"Too foolish Paridell, that fayrest floure
"Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst
"take:
"But not so easie will I her forsake;
"This hand her wonne, this hand shall her de-
"fend."

With that they gan their shivering speares to
shake.

And deadly points at either's breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have been ever other's frend.

XV.

Their fire steedes with so untamed forse
Did beare them both to fell avenge's end,
That both their speares with pitilesse remorse
Through shield, and mayle, and habericon, did
wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where lying still awhile, both did forget
The perilous present stownd in which their lives
were set.

XVI.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shooke of their owne heedlesse
might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder;
They which from shore behold the dreadful fight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted won-
der.

XVII.

At length they both upstart in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seeme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd an-ew,
And drawing both their swords with rage ex-
treme,
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailles did rash, and
helmes did hew.

XVIII.

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonce have rent
Out of their breasts, that streames of blood did
rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent,

That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore ;
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice, and so fore,
Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd
afore.

xix.

And that which is for ladies most besitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease,
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then ladies cause release ;
With which vaine termes so much they did them
move,

That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

xx.

There they (I weene) would fight until this day,
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way ;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate,
And first laide on those ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t' appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their
estate :

xxi.

And then those knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken ;
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken ;
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them coniu'r'd by some well-known token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest
withall.

xxii.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see :
They said it was for love of Florimell.
" Ah gentle knights !" quoth he, " how may
that bee

" And she so farre astray, as none can tell ?
" Fond Squire !" full angry then said Paridell,
" Seest not the ladie there before thy face ?"
He looked backe, and her advizing well,
Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

xxiii.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous fight,
For none alive but ioy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight ;
" Fayrest of faire ! that fairenesse doest excell,
" This happie day I have to greete you well,
" In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
" Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell :
" Long may you live in health and happie state !"
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

xxiv.

Then, turning to those knights, he gan anew ;
" And you, Sir Blandamour and Paridell,

" That for this ladie present in your vew
" Have rais'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
" Certes me seemes bene not advised well,
" But rather ought in friendship for her sake
" To ioyne your force their forces to repell,
" That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
" And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph
" to make."

xxv.

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake ;
" Aread, thou Squire ! that I the man may learne,
" That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take."
" Not one," quoth he, " but many doe partake
" Herein, as thus : it lately so befell,
" That Satyrane a girdle did uptake
" Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
" Which for her sake he wore, as him besecmed
" well.

xxvi.

" But whenas she herselfe was lost and gone,
" Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
" Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
" That lost faire ladies ornament should weare,
" And gan therefore close spight to him to beare ;
" Which he to shun, and stop vile Envies sting,
" Hath lately cauld to be proclaim'd each where
" A solemne feast with publike turneyng,
" To which all knights with them their ladies are
" to bring :

xxvii.

" And of them all she that is fayrest found
" Shall have that golden girdle for reward ;
" And of those knights who is most stout on
" ground,
" Shall to that fairest ladie be prefard :
" Since, therefore, she herselfe is now your ward,
" To you that ornament of her's pertaines
" Against all those that challenge it to gard,
" And save her honour with your ventrous paines,
" That shall you win more glory then ye here
" find gaines."

xxviii.

When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard
The furious flames of malice to asswage :
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed sone,
That challeng'd outin Florimell, save they alone.

xxix.

So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile,
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather ;
Yet all was forg'd, and spread with golden foyle,
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure,
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most
sure.

xxx.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights, that lincked rode in lovely wife,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete two ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them
purfew.

xxxI.

Who as they now approached nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,
They sent that squire afore, to understand
What mote they be; who viewing them more
neare,
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prouest knights in Faery Lond;
And those two ladies their two lovers deare,
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely
bond.

xxxII.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest from ground,
And bartell made the dreddest dangerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound,
Tho now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall bead-roll worthie to be fyled.

xxxIII.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth
waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,
That famous monument hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O cursed Eld, the canker-worme of writs,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by
little bits?

xxxIV.

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit!
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
And being dead, in vaine yet many strive:
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather
meete.

xxxV.

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in everie science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of Nature's wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,

She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of knights
and lords.

xxxVI.

Full many lords and many knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
For dread of blame and honour's blemishment;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie centonels well stay'd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afraid.

xxxVII.

So much the more as she refusd to love,
So much the more she loved was and fought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought;
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischief, he be-
thought

How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this
wife.

xxxVIII.

One day when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were, to weete whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring doers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three,
That with himsele should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

xxxIX.

Bold was the challenge, as himsele was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament;
But yet his sister's skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring, which she him sent,
That mongst the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally
did bleed.

XL.

Well was that ring's great vertue knownen to all
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout so much apall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight;
More wise they weend to make of love delight,
Then life to hazard for faire ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight
(Though for her sake they all that perill tooke)
Whether she would them love, or in her liking
brooke.

XLI.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren
bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrice happie mother! and thrise happie morne!

That bore three such, three such not to be fond;
Her name was Agape, whose children werne
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

XLII.

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horse-backe used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both used Priamond in field.

XLIII.

These three did love each other dearly well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wyde,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap;
And like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one
clap.

XLIV.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right fayre, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature;
But she, as Fayes are wont, in private place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to
space.

XLV.

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the fight,
As she fate carelesse by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good,
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three
champions bold;

XLVI.

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of man's state they grew;
Then shewing forth signes of their father's blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensue,
Seeking adventures where they anie knew:
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie, least by searching daungers new,
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their co-
rage stout.

XLVII.

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the Three Fatall Sisters' house she went;

Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe abyffe,
Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent,
Farre from the view of gods and heaven's blifs,
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwell-
ling is.

XXVIII.

There she them found all sitting round about,
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the third
By griefly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids
so vaine!

XLIX.

She them saluting there by them fate still,
Beholding how the thrids of life they span;
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of coming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos; "Bold Fay! that durst
"Come see the secret of the life of man,
"Well worthie thou to be of love accurst,
"And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder
"burst."

L.

Whereat she fore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth
brought,
And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordained by eternall Fate;
Which Clotho graunting, shewed her the same;
That when she saw, it did her much amate
To see their thrids so thin as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out short-
ly came.

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late;
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
And sayd, "Fond Dame! that deem'st of things
"divine
"As of humane, that they may altred bee,
"And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of
"thine:
"Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
"Not all the gods can chaunge, nor love him-
"selfe can free."

LII.

"Then since," quoth she, "the term of each
"man's life
"For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
"Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatal
"knife
"His line, which is the eldest of the three,
"Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
"Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
"And when the next shall likewise ended bee

" That both their lives may likewise be annex
 " Unto the third, that his may be so trebly
 " wext."

LIII.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
 Departed thence with full contented mynd;
 And comming home, in warlike fresh aray,
 Them found, all three according to their kynd;
 But unto them what destinie was affynd,
 Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
 But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,

She warned them to tend their safeties well,
 And love each other deare, whatever them befell,

LIV.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
 And never discord did amongst them fall,
 Which much augmented all their other praise;
 And now t' increase affection naturall,
 In love of Canasee they ioyned all;
 Upon which ground this fame great battell grew
 (Great matter growing of beginning small)
 The which for length I will not here pursew,
 But rather will reserve it for a Canto new,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee ;
Cambina, with true friendship's bond,
Doth their long strife agree.

I.

O WHY doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at Deathes gate ?
And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth
playne.

II.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine ;
Yet whilest they lived none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie ;
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree ;
Ne more renowned for their chivalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre
and nie.

III.

These three that hardie challenge took in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight ;
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keep aright :
That day (the dreddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine)
So soone as heaven's window shewed light,
These warlike champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field, the challenge to de-
fine.

IV.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away,
And at th' one side fixe iudges were dispos'd,
To vew and deeme the deedes of armes that day ;
And on the other side, in fresh aray
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthie wage
That could her purchase with his live's adventur'd
gage.

V.

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist :
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd ;
And marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble mayd :
The whiles shril trumpets and loud clarions sweat-
ly playd.

VI.

Which doen, the doughty challenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet,
Gainst whom Sir Priamond with equall worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew ; they both together met,
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly
spent.

vii.

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which hard it were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did flyde.

viii.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unlucky glaunce
Through Cambel's shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce;
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce,
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughty courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them
more to swell.

ix.

With that his poynant speare he fierce aventred
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arresting, readie way did yield
For blood to gush forth on the grassie field,
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right upreare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is feare,
At pufte of every storme doth stagger here and
there.

x.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove it at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight;
Where fast infixed, whilest he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde, with which despight
He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh, thus felly him be-
spake;

xi.

"Lo! Faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
"The meede of thy mischallenge and abet!
"Not for thine owne, but for thy sister's sake,
"Have I thus long thy life unto thee let;
"But to forbear doth not forgive the det."
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull bow,
And passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow, [bow.
That with the force it backward forced him to

xii.

Therewith asunder in the midst it brest,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his head-peece, Cambell fiercely rest,
And with such furie backe at him it hest,
That making way into his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget cleft;
Thence streames of purple blood issuing rife,
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of
strife.

xiii.

His wearie ghost, assoyld from fleshly band,
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,
Ne unto ayre did vanish presently,
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky;
But through traduction was estsoones derived,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

xiv.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sorrie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reversion of his brother's right,
And chalenging the virgin as his dew;
His foe was soone adrest; the trompet freshly
blew.

xv.

With that they both together fierfly met,
As if that each ment other to devoure,
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That nether plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But rived were like rotten wood asunder,
Whilest through their rift the ruddy blood did
showre,
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and
wonder.

xvi.

As when two tygers, prickt with hunger's rage,
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh
spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stirre up strife-full broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either sdeigns with other to partake;
So cruelly those knights strove for that ladies
fate.

xvii.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them too;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded, and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe:
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way,
And heav'd his murderous axe at him with mighty
fway.

xviii.

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
Where it was ment, so deadly it was ment,
The soule had sure out of his body rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent;
But Cambel's fate that fortune did prevent;
For seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
And so gave way unto his fell intent;

Who missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot
did flyde.

XIX.

As when a vulture, greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it de-
fend;

The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend,
His dreadfull soule avoydes, it shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend,
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse
might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarfe recovereth
flight.

XX.

Which faire adventure, when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower
From daunger's dread to ward his naked side,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he rest;
The headlesse trunk, as heedlesse of that flower,
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
Till feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

XXI.

They which that pitteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headlesse trunk to see
Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to wield,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
For life's succession in those brethren three;
For notwithstanding that one soule was rest,
Yet had the bodies not dismembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived est;
But finding no fit feat, the lifelesse corse it left.

XXII.

It left; but that same soule which therein dwelt,
Streight entering into Triamond, him fild
With double life and grieve; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of Steele that close his hart-bloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addrest;
Who him affronting, soone to fight was readie
prest.

XXIII.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight;
But had ye then him forth advauncing seene,
Some new-borne wight ye would him surely
weene,
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in fight;
Like as a snake, whom wearie winter's teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommer's
might,
Casts off his ragged skin, and freshly doth him
dight.

XXIV.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did restore

His weakened powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset;
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost?
Three such as able were to match a puissaunt host.

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie,
But sharply him assayld, and fore bestedde
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie.
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
And did his yron brond^{so} fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles against a rocke are
dasht.

XXVI.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes:
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent;
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward erst, now backward to retrate.

XXVII.

Like as the tide that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And over-ruling him in his own rayne,
Drives back the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seem to have some other fource;
But when the flood is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forst to re-disbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his soverayne.

XXVIII.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemd;
Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemd:
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers steemd,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

XXIX.

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to waste, ne powres emperisht,
Through that ring's vertue, that with vigour new
Still whenas he enfeebled was him cherisht,
And all his wounds and all his bruses guarisht;
Like as a withred tree through husband's toyle
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne a while,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

XXX.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame which did his hauberk
close,

Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight;

Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do that lose the living spright;
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

XXXI.

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers on
Him did behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth fight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard,
Till having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike, and save himselfe from
teene.

XXXII.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne followed on so fast, but rather fought
Himselfe to save, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend;
Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
He gan to faint toward the battel's end,
And that he should not long on foote endure,
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

XXXIII.

Whereof full blith, eftsoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand;
Which Cambell seeing come, was nothing slow
Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard,
Close underneath his shield, that scarfe did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike up-reard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the
wound appeard.

XXXIV.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And falling heavie on Cambelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely, that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest;
And sure had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest;
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

XXXV.

Which whenas all the lookers on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end;
And iudges rose, and marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend,
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest friend:
All suddenly they both upstart light,
The one out of the swownd which did him blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assayling gan afresh to fight.

XXXVI.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did
despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to have the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to save or spill,

Ne which of them did winne, ne which were
wonne;

So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long safeticill.

XXXVII.

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to define,
Confus'd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled theatres oft-times annoyes.

XXXVIII.

Thereat the champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment;
Lo! where they spyde with speedy whirling pace
One in a charet of straunge furniment
Towards them driving like a storme out sent;
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold, and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian monarks antique guise,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art devize.

XXXIX.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell,
Now made forget ther former cruell mood,
T'obey their rider's hest, as seemed good;
And therein fate a ladie passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of angels brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should have the greater
share.

XL.

Thereto she learned was in magicke leare,
And all the artes that subtil wits discover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other;
Who understaunding by her mightie art
Of th' evill plight in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife which caus'd so deadly smart.

XLI.

And as she passed through th' unruly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For hast did over-runne, in dust enrould;
That through rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some that would seeme wise their wonder
turnd to doubt.

XLII.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmly bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd,
Like to the rod which Maia's sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the belifh fiends he doth confound;

And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with nepenthe to the brim upfild.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devised by the gods for to assuage
Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage;
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd:
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof assynd,
But such as drinck eternal happinesse do fynd.

XLIV.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As love will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall
berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drinke hereof; whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie:
So did those old heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the gods were
plaste.

XLV.

Much more of price, and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscan penne;
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise;
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his
voice?

XLVI.

At last arriving by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to
ride.

Eftsoones out of her coch she gan availe,
And pacing fairely forth, did bid all haile
First to her brother, whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile,
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love
t' appeare.

XLVII.

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine)
And est them turned both againe to fight;
Which when she saw, downe on the bloody plaine
Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine,
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From bloody strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deere did them beseeke.

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XLVIII.

But whenas all might nought with them prevaile,
Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand,
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their
hand,
And they like men astonisht still did stand.
Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully dis-
traught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to themfor drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst ech drunke an harty
draught:

XLIX.

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
(Wonder it is that sudden change to see)
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulft, from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout alowd, that all the heaven
rings.

L.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her loftie chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld;
Where when she saw that cruell warre so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended,
And entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere,
Those warlike champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose;
And wise Cambina taking by her side
Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorified.

LII.

Where making ioyous feast, their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutual couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambell tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were each to other lief:
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found
• elsewhere.

Q

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a turneyment
For love of Florimell;
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

I.
It often fals (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell;
The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends;
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded
feeds.

II.
That well (me seemes) appeares by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stir'd up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befalls me here to tell;
Who having those two other knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their squire to have them both descride,
And eke those masked ladies riding them beside:

III.
Who backe returning, told as he had seene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded
name;
And those two ladies their two loves unseene;
And therefore wisht them, without blot or blame,
To let them passe at will, for dread or shame:
But Blandamour, full of vaine-glorious spright,
And rather stir'd by his discordfull dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

IV.
Yet nigh approaching he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To ladies love, wherefo he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface,
Whose sharpe provokement them incens'd so sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore;
For evill deedes may better then bad words be
bore.

V.
But faire Cambina, with perswasions myld,
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode;
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

VI.
To which folke-mote they all with one consent
(Sith each of them his ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent)
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try:
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening ere he nigh approacht, to have re-
prest.

VII.

Which th' other seeing, gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare estfoones to disadvaunce,
As if he sought but peace and pleasure ment,
Now false into their fellowship by chaunce,
Whereat they shewed courteous countenance;
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eye did on the lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side;
Whom sure he weend that he somewhere tofore
had eide.

VIII.

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne,
Whom he now seeing, her remembered well,
How having rest her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost; wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprise,
Which scornfull offer Blandamour gan soone
despize.

IX.

And said, "Sir knight, sith ye this lady clame,
" Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
" (For so to lose a lady were great shame)
" Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight;
" And lo! shee shall be placed here in fight,
" Together with this hag beside her set,
" That who so winnes her may her have by right;
" But he shall have the hag that is ybet,
" And with her alwaies ride till he another get."

X.

That offer pleased all the company;
So Florimell with Até forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily;
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an hag, that seemed worst then nought,
His person to imperill so in fight;
But if to match that lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

XI.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize,
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize;
And Até eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize:
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy;
For in base mind nor friendship dwells nor en-
mity.

XII.

But Cambell thus did shut up all in iest;
" Brave knights and ladies, certes ye do wrong
" To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
" That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
" Against the turnement, which is not long;
" When who so list to fight may fight his fill;
" Till then your challenge ye may prolong,
" And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
" Whether shall have the hag, or hold the lady
" still."

XIII.

They all agreed; so turning all to game
And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way;
And all that while, whereto they rode or came,
That masked mock-knight was their sport and
play:
Till that at length upon th' appointed day,
Unto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh array
Manie a brave knight, and manie a daintie dame
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

XIV.

There this faire crew arriving, did divide
Themselves asunder: Blandamour, with those
Of his, on th' one; the rest on th' other side:
But boastfull Braggadochio rather chose
For glorie vaine their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone:
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to every one;
The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt
attone.

XV.

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane;
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke;
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With perle and precious stone, worth many a
marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same which lately Florimell had lost.

XVI.

The same aloft he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might,
The which estfoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowe and wishes vaine;
Thrice happie ladie, and thrise happie knight,
Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the pain.

XVII.

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing himselfe all ready for the field:
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A painim knight that well in armes was skil'd,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Brancheval the bold, who fierfly forth did
ride.

XVIII.

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the other's force sustaine:
As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheors held,
Which neither able were to wag or once to weld.

XIX.

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyran,
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride,
With all the strength and stifnesse that he can :
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more forely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man ;
Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell ;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did
quell.

XX.

Which Braggadochio seeing, had no will
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next ; but stood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd ;
But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in hast themselves againe up-
reare.

XXI.

Which to avenge, Sir Devon him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the rest,
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight ;
And after him Sir Douglas him addrest,
And after him Sir Palimord forth prest ;
But none of them against his strokes could stand,
But all the more, the more his praise increst ;
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

XXII.

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay ;
And looking round about like one dismayd,
Whenas he saw the mercilesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht have beene then in so bad a
stead.

XXIII.

Esfoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons, which lay scattered all abroad,
And as it fell his steed he ready found,
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the anvile glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond ;
So dreadfull was his strokes, so deadly was his
hond.

XXIV.

With that at him his beamlike speare he aimed,
And thereto all his powre and might applide ;
The wicked Steele for mischief first ordained,
And having now Misfortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of blood his armour all bedide :
Much was he daunted with that direfull stownd,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a fownd.

XXV.

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine ;
Then gan the part of challengers anew
To range the field, and victor-like to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to ceate did them compell ;
So Satyrane that day was iudg'd to beare the
bell.

XXVI.

The morrow next the turney gan anew,
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Apper'd in place with all his noble crew :
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were that glorious prize to gain ;
But mongst them all was not Sir Triamond,
Unable he new battell to daraine
Through grievance of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve, when so himselfe he
found.

XXVII.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,
Ne done undoe, yet for to salve his name
And purchase honour in his friend's behalve,
This goodly counterfeisance he did frame ;
The shield and armes well knowne to be the
same
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight,
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdidd, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne, and so went forth
to fight.

XXVIII.

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iollity,
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground,
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t'avenge his friend's indignity :
A mighty speare estfoones at him he bent,
Who seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

XXIX.

They up againe themselves gan lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords themselves betake,
With which they wrought such wondrous marvels
there,
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake :
Now cussing close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take ;
As two wild boares together grappling go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo.

XXX.

So as they courtst, and tourneyed here and there,
It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through soddein
feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast ;
Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creakt,

That forced him to leave his loftie fell,
And rudely tumbling downe, under his horse-feete
fell.

xxx.

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed,
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victor's meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous fway
Of many swords, that lode on him did lay;
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray,
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner where he stood on
ground.

xxxii.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd upon them all,
And with his brond-iron round about him layd,
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunter's toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall:
But all in vaine; for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve
him fore.

xxxiii.

Whereof, when newes to Triamond was brought,
Thereas he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up, streight for his armour sought:
In vaine he sought, for their he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issued forth to take his lot:
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew
Leading his friend away, full forie to his vew.

xxxiv.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was be-
tweene,
Caried with fervent zeal; ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seene,
Like captive thral two other knights atweene;
There he amongst them cruell havock makes,
That they which lead him soone enforced beene
To let him loose to save their proper stakes:
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely
takes:

xxxv.

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friend's late harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight;
So both together give a new allarme,
As if but now the battell waxed warme.
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and ravine without all remorse;
So did these two through all the field their foes
enforce.

xxxvi.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprise,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best;

But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring t'advance the other's gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd;
So that the doome was to another day differd.

xxxvii.

The last day came, when all those knightes
again
Assembled were, their deedes of armes to shew:
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
But Satyrane bove all the other crew
His wondrous worth declard in all mens view;
For from the first he to the last endured,
And though some while Fortune from him with-
drew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with unwearied powre his party still as-
fured.

xxxviii.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmost prowesse there made knownen,
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
By shivred speares, and swords all under strowen,
By scattered shields, was easie to be showen.
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were overthrowen,
And squiers make hast to helpe their lords for-
donne;
But still the knights of Maidenhead the better
wonne.

xxxix.

Till that there entred on the other side
A straunger knight, from whence no man could
reed,
In queint disguise, full hard to be descride;
For all his armour was like salvage weed
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvageffe sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

xli.

He at his first in-comming charg'd his spere
At him that first appeared in his sight,
That was to weet the stout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was knownen to be a valiant knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight;
Him at the first encounter downe he smote
And over-bore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another knight that hote
Sir Brianor, so fore, that none him life behote.

xli.

Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven knights one after other as they came;
And when his speare was brust, his sword he
drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and flashing shields and helmets bright,
And beating downe whatever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull fight,
No lesse then Death itselfe in daungerous af-
fright.

XLII.

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name:
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguise,
It seemed him to terme the Salvage Knight;
But certes his right name was otherwise,
Tho knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtie knight that liv'd that day, and most
of might.

XLIII.

'Thus was Sir Satyrane, with all his band,
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout,
Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were and chased all about:
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening, that the sunne gan downward bend;
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend;
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

XLIV.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Arthegall, in midst of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his umbriere
So fore, that tombling backe he downe did flyde
Over his horse's taile above a stryde,
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe;
Which Cambell seeing, much the same envyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine,
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t'avenge the shame doen to his freend;
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond,
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend:
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased fore,

And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he sentred, and at him it bore,
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewise ran,
But all of them likewise dismounted were;
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of armes at-
chieved,

And overthrew whatever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore aggrieved,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieved,

XLVII.

Like as in sommer's day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beasts, forst to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may
lie,

And missing it, faine from themselves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

XLVIII.

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day,
Which else was like to have bene lost, and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away:
Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize shold win that pretious
spoyle:
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest
awhyle.

2

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO V.

The ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell;
Scudamour coming to Care's house,
Doth Sleepe from him expell.

I.

It hath been through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene,
And that for reasons speciall privitee;
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie:
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never
swerve.

II.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proove of prowesse ended well,
The controversie of beauties soveraine grace,
In which to her that doth most excell
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell;
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which ladies ought to love, and seeke for to ob-
taine.

III.

That girdle gave the vertue of chaste love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus' girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she usd to live in wively sort;
But layd aside whenso she usd her looser sport.

IV.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament they say did make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her love's first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections streightly to restraine,
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine,

V.

The same one day, when she herselfe disposd
To visite her beloved paramoure,
The God of Warre, she from her middle loofd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre,
On Acidalian mount where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play:
There Florimell in her first age's flowre
Was fostered by those Graces (as they say.)
And brought with her from thence that goodly
belt away.

VI.

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare;
No wonder then, if that to winne the same,
So many ladies fought, as shall appeare,
For pearelesse she was thought that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The iudges which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended,
To deeme this doubtfull case, for which they all
contended,

vii.

But first was question made, which of those
knights

That lately turneyd had the wager wonne?
There was it iudged by those worthie wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had donne,
For he last ended, having first begonne.
The second was to Triamond behight,
For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne;
For Cambell victor was in all men's sight,
Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

viii.

The third dayes prize unto that straunger knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene
Speare,

To Britomart was given by good right;
For that with puissaunt stroke she downe did
beare

The Salvage knight that victour was whileare,
And all the rest which had the best afore,
And to the last unconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best: to her, therefore,
The fayrest ladie was adiudged for paramore.

ix.

But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victor's meede,
And eke of honour, she did him forestall:
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,
But inly thought of that despitefull deede,
Fit time t' wait avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensue'd the paragon to see [see.
Of beauties praise, and yield the fayrest her due

x.

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina, covered with a veale,
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect
hew

And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their fight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale.
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding
light.

xi.

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Dueffa, that she might be seene,
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,
As diverse wits affected divers beene:
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene;
And after these an hundred ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-
goe.

xii.

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face;
For since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place; ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict Beauties queene,

By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see as here he might have
fought.

xiii.

At last the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open shew,
Whose face discovered, plainly did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew.
Well weened all which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away,
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display.
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest
dismay.

xiv.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that shone as Phœbe's light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw, with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare;
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see,
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as
shee.

xv.

As guilefull goldsmith, that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-sprede
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew;
So hard this idole was to be ared,
That Florimell herselfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest
shew.

xvi.

Then was that golded belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest dame;
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame;
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame:
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:

xvii.

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought as to their fancies came;
But she herselfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was
untide.

xviii.

Which when that scornfull Squire of Dames did
vew,
He loudly gan to laugh, and thus to iest;
"Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
"As like cannot be seene from east to west,
"Cannot find one this girdle to invest!"

" Fie on the man that did it first invent,
 " To shame us all with this *ungirt unblest* !
 " Let never ladie to his love assent,
 " That hath this day so many so unmanly shent."

XIX.

Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies lowre;
 Till that at last the gentle Amoret
 Likewise assayd to prove that girdle's powre;
 And having it about her middle set,
 Did find it fit withouten breach or let:
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie;
 But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
 And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
 The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie:

XX.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
 Yet nathelesse to her, as her dew right,
 It yielded was by them that iudged it,
 And she herselfe adiudged to the knight
 That bore the hebene speare, as wonne in fight:
 But Britomart would not thereto assent,
 Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light
 For that strange dame, whose beauties wonder-
 ment

She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuous govern-
 ment.

XXI.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
 They were full glad, in hope themselves to get
 her;
 Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse:
 But after that the iudges did arret her
 Unto the second best, that lov'd her better,
 That was the Salvage knight; but he was gone,
 In great displeasure that he could not get her.
 Then was she iudged Triamond his one;
 But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

XXII.

Tho unto Satyran she was adiudged,
 Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed;
 But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,
 And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
 That for to winne the saddle lost the steed.
 Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
 And thought t' appeale from that which was de-
 creed,
 To single combat with Sir Satyrane;
 Thereto him Até stird, new discord to main-
 taine.

XXIII.

And eke with these full many other knights
 She through her wicked working did incense
 Her to demaund, and challenge as their rights,
 Deserved for their perils recompense.
 Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense,
 Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
 Her claym'd by him in battell wonne long sents;
 Whereto herselfe he did to witnesse call;
 Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all.

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
 And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
 And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
 And at them both Sir Paridell did loure,

So all together stird up strifefull stoure,
 And readie were new battell to derraine;
 Each one profest to be her paramoure,
 And vow'd with speare and shield it to main-
 taine;

[straine.

Ne iudges powre, ne reason's rule mote them re-

XXV.

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
 He gan to cast how to appease the same,
 And to accord them all this meanes deviz'd:
 First, in the midst to set that fayrest dame
 To whom each one his challenge should disclame,
 And he himselfe his right would eke releasse;
 Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,
 He should without disturbance her possesse:
 Sweete is the love that comes alone with willing-
 nesse.

XXVI.

They all agreed; and then that snowy mayd
 Was in the midstest plact among them all:
 All on her gazing wisht, and vow'd, and pray'd,
 And to the Queene of Beautie close did call,
 That she unto their portion might befall.
 Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
 As though she wished to have pleas'd them all,
 At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
 She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld, they chaft and rag'd
 And woxe nigh mad for very hart's despight,
 That from revenge their willes they scarce af-
 swag'd:
 Some thought from him her to have rest by might;
 Some proffer made with him for her to fight;
 But he nought car'd for all that they could say,
 For he their words as wind esteemed light;
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
 But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

XXVIII.

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
 That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
 And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
 From wight unworthy of so noble meed.
 In which poursuit, how each one did succede,
 Shall else be told in order as it fell;
 But now of Britomart it here doth neede
 The hard adventures and straunge haps to tell,
 Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

XXIX.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide,
 But taking with her lovely Amoret,
 Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
 To seek her lov'd, making blind love her guide.
 Unluckie mayd to seek her enemye!
 Unluckie mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
 Whom, when he was unto hertelfe most nie,
 She through his late disguizement could him not
 descric!

XXX.

So much the more her grieve the more her toyle;
 Yet neither toyle nor grieve she once did speare,
 In seeking him that should her paine assioyle;
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfarc

Was Amoret, companion of her care;
Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
That stryfefull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell revenge was fully bent:

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Até kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poyfined arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst
For ought that Glauce could or doe or say;
For aye the more that she the same reherst
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote de-
fray.

XXXII.

So as they travelled, the drouping night,
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre,
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre.
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormy stowre,
Not farre away, not meete for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poor man's
nest,

XXXIII.

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the
banke,
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked fallowes grew in ranke;
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound,
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert
ground.

XXXIV.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent,
Who was to weete a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes fore-
spent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and grieſly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight
blent,
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or comely
sheare.

XXXV.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
With blistered hands emongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie, with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared:
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made:
Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds
invade.

XXXVI.

In which his worke he had fixe servants prest,
About the andvile standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never rest
From heaping stroakes which thereon soufed fore;
All fixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed:
So likewise did the hammers which they bore
Like belles in greatnes orderly succeed,
That he which was the last the first did farre ex-
ceede.

XXXVII.

He like a monstrous gyant seem'd in sight,
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for love's avengefull threate;
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive;
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his beat,
That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

XXXVIII.

Sir Scudamour there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke re-
fraine,
Ne let his speeches come into their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the northerne winde, that none could
heare;
Those Pensifenesse did move, and sighes the bel-
lows werre.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged dame, his faithfull squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest,
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

XL.

There lay Sir Scudamour, long while expecting
When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would close,
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe;
But wherefore he did himself dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech [changing
vaine.

XLI.

And evermore when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And evermore when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle,
About the house at scent of stranger guest;

And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle,
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very fowle.

XLII.

And if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heaue eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his head-peece with his yron mall,
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him suddenly did call:
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

XLIII.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest;
Yet in his soundest sleepe his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things that day most minds at night doe most
appeare.

XLIV.

With that the wicked carle, the maister smith,
A pair of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipr, that forst to wake,

He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slumber brake;
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did
flee.

XLV.

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne,
He all that night, that too long night did passe:
And now the day out of the ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse;
Then up he rose like heaue lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And guesse the man to be dismayd with gealout
dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged squire attone;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
The end whereof, and daungerous event,
Shall for another Canticle be spared;
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over-spent,
Shall breath itselfe a while after so long a went,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Artegall
Doe fight with Britomart;
He sees her face, doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

I.

WHAT equall torment to the grieve of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
What medicine can any leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,
For which Dan Phœbus selfe cannot a salve provide.

II.

Who having left that restless house of Care,
The next day as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare
Through misconcept, all unawares espide
An armed knight under a Forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he descrie,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

III.

Which Scudamour perceiving, forth issued
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,
And voide his course; at which so suddain case
He wondred much: but th' other thus can say;
"Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this
"day."

4

IV.

Whereto thus Scudamour; "Small harme it were
"For any knight upon a ventrous knight
"Without displeasance for to prove his spere:
"But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have hight,
"What is your owne, that I mote you requite?"
"Certes," sayd he, "ye mote as now excuse
"Me from discovering you my name aright;
"For time yet serves that I the same refuse,
"But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use."

V.

"Then this, Sir Salvage Knight," quoth he,
"areede;
"Or doe you here within this Forrest wonne,
"What seemeth well to answere to your weede)
"Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
"That rather seemes, sith knownen armes ye
"shonne."
"This other day," sayd he, "a stranger knight
"Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
"On whom I waite to wreake that foul despight,
"Whenever he this way shall passe by day or
"night."

VI.

"Shame be his meede," quoth he, "that meaneth
"shame:
"But what is he by whom ye shamed were?"
"A straunger knight," said he, "unknowne by
"name,
"But knowne by fame, and by an hebene speare,
"With which he all that met him downe did
"He in an open turney, lately held, [beare.
"Fro me the honour of that game did reare,

" And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
 " The fayrest ladie reft, and ever fince withheld."

VII.

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
 He wist right well that it was Britomart;
 The which from him his fairest love did beare:
 Tho gan he swell in every inner part
 For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart;
 That thus he sharply sayd; " Now by my head,
 " Yet is not this the first unknighly part
 " Which that same knight, whom by his lance I
 " read,
 " Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes
 " him dread:

VIII.

" For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
 " And eke defiled with foule villanie
 " The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
 " In shame of knighthood and fidelitie,
 " The which ere long full deare he shall abie;
 " And if to that avenge by you decreed
 " This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
 " It shall not fayle whenso ye shall it need."
 So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart
 agreed.

IX.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
 A knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
 Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray;
 Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine def-
 cryde
 To be the same for whom they did abyde.
 Sayd then Sir Scudamour, " Sir Salvage Knight,
 " Let me this crave, sith first I was desyde,
 " That first I may that wrong to him requite;
 " And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my
 " right."

X.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
 Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran;
 Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
 With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
 To dight, to welcome him well as she can;
 But entertained him in so rude a wise,
 That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
 Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on their common harmes together did devise.

XI.

But Artégall beholding his mischaunce,
 New matter added to his former fire,
 And est aventring his Steele-headed lance,
 Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
 That nought but spoyle and vengeance did re-
 quire;
 But to himselfe his felonous intent
 Returning, disappointed his desire,
 Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
 And found himselfe on ground in great amaze-
 ment.

XII.

Lightly he started up out of that stownd,
 And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
 Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
 Thrust to an hynd within some covert glade,

Whom without perill he cannot invade:
 With such fell greedines he her assayled;
 That though she mounted were, yet he her made
 To give him ground, (so much his force pre-
 vayled)
 And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no
 armes avayled.

XIII.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
 That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
 So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
 Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
 From foule mischaunce; ne did it ever rest,
 Till on her horse's hinder parts it fell,
 Where byting deepe, so deadly it imprest,
 That quite it chynd his backe behind the fell,
 And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

XIV.

Like as the lightning brond from riven skie,
 Throwne out by angry love in his vengeance,
 With dreadfull force falls on some steeple hie,
 Which battring downe, it on the church doth
 glance,
 And teares it all with terrible mischance:
 Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forfooke,
 And casting from her that enchanted lance,
 Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke,
 And therewithall at him right furiously she
 strooke.

XV.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
 Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse
 was,
 That she him forced backward to retreat,
 And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas;
 Whose raging rigour neither Steele nor bras
 Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
 And pour'd the purple blood forth on the gras,
 That all his mayle yriv'd and plates yrent,
 Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI.

At length whenas he saw her hastie heat
 Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
 He through long sufferance growing now more
 great,
 Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
 Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
 And lashing dreadfully at every part,
 As if he thought her foule to disentrayle.
 Ah! cruell hand, and thrife more cruell hart!
 That workst such wrecke on her to whom thou
 dearest art.

XVII.

What yron courage ever could endure
 To worke such outrage on so fayre a creature;
 And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
 To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,
 The Maker selfe resembling in her feature?
 Certes some hellish furie or some feend
 This mischief framd, for their first loves de-
 feature,
 To bath their hands in blood of dearest freend,
 Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives
 end.

xviii.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing and sometimes pursued,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto;
But toward th' end Sir Artégall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more de-
crewed.

At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on high,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her de-
stinie.

xix.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angel's face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie Morne appear'd in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating fore;
But somewhat redder than be seem'd aright,
Through toyle some heate and labour of her weary
fight:

xx.

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loofd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand;
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtil wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters there
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him
nere.

xxi.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme, benumbed with secret
feare,
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the Steele had sence,
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

xxii.

And he him selfe long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee,
And pardon her besought his error frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree;
Whilest trembling horror did his sence assaile,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to
quayle.

xxiii.

Nathelless she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand;
And bad him rise, or surely he should die:
But die or live, for nought he would upstand,

But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

xxiv.

Which whenas Scudamour, who now abrayd
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd,
And drawing nigh, whenas he plaine descride
That peerelesse paterne of Dame Nature's pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest him selfe, as one fore terrifide;
And turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

xxv.

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to asloyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle;
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriors truce awhile;
Which yeilded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they
were.

xxvi.

When Britomart, with sharpe avizfull eye,
Beheld the lovely face of Artégall,
Tempred with sterneesse and stout maiestie,
She gan estsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which in her father's hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw;
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft with-
draw.

xxvii.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler, which was turn'd to cold;
But ever when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to
scold;
Nathelless her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld, when she would
have mislayd.

xxviii.

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus bespake; " Certes, Sir Artégall,
" I ioy to see you lout so low on ground,
" And now become to live a ladies thrall,
" That whylome in your minde went to despise
" them all."

xxix.

Soone as she heard the name of Artégall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings
tremble
For sudden ioy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble
To succour it themselves gan there assemble,

That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeared, though she it would dis-
semble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the
flood.

xxx.

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upknit ;
" Ye gentle Knights ! whom Fortune here hath
" brought
" To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
" Which secret Fate hath in this ladie wrought
" Against the course of kind, ne mervaille nought,
" Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
" Hath troubled both your mindes with idle
" thought,
" Fearing least she your loves away should woo,
" Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants
" theretoo.

xxxI.

" And you, Sir Artégall, the Salvage Knight,
" Henceforth may not disdaine, that woman's
" hand
" Hath conquered you anew in second fight ;
" For whylome they have conquered sea and land,
" And heaven it selfe, that nought may them with-
" stand :
" Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
" That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
" Of noble minds derived from above,
" Which being knit with vertue never will re-
" move.

xxxII.

" And you, faire Ladie Knight ! my dearest dame,
" Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
" Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame,
" And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
" Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill
" The penance which ye shall to him empark ;
" For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell."
Thereat full inly blushed Britomart ;
But Artégall, close-smyling, ioyd in secret hart.

xxxIII.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary :
Besides, her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw ;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand
would refraine.

xxxIV.

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope, hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake ; " But, Sir, without offence
" Mote I request you tydings of my love,
" My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence,
" Where she captived long great woes did prove,
" That were ye left I may her seeke, as doth be-
" hove."

xxxV.

To whom thus Britomart ; " Certes, Sir knight,
" What is of her become, or whether rest,
" I cannot unto you aread aright ;
" For from that time I from enchaunter's theft
" Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
" I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
" And evermore from villenie her kept ;
" Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
" Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did
" beare :

xxxVI.

" Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
" We travelled, both wearie of the way,
" We did alight, and fate in shadow myld,
" Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay ;
" But whenas I did out of sleepe abray,
" I found her not where I her left whyleare,
" But thought she wandred was, or gone astray ;
" I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare,
" But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
" heare."

xxxVII.

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeared,
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare,
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare ;
Till Glauce thus : " Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
" With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare,
" For yet she may be safe, though somewhat
" strayd : [affraid.]
" Its best to hope the best, though of the worst

xxxVIII.

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare ; so fore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright,
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight ;
" Great cause of sorrow, certes, Sir ye have ;
" But comfort take ; for by this heaven's light
" I vow you dead or living not to leave,
" Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her
" reave."

xxxIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir Artégall ;
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

XL.

In all which time Sir Artégall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart ;
Which being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive ;
However she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive :
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lende an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he
pour'd,

And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her lord,
Till they with mariage might finish that accord.

XLII.

Tho when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall (who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound,
And unto her his congé came to take;
But her there-with full sore displeas'd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII.

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert;
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did ex-
pire.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, however malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind displeased.
So early on the morrow next he went

Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst knights, when on adventures they did
ride,
Save that she algates him awhile accompanide.

XLV.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that the time for to delay,
And of the perills whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray;
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take,
And est againe deviz'd somewhat to say
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make;
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

XLVI.

At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion sayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortune's government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind;
With whom she went to seek faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind;
For vertue's onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did
set.

XLVII.

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where forie Britomart had lost her late;
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none: but by what haplesse fate,
Or hard misfortune, she was thence conveyd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie Lust,
Belphebe saves from dread :
The Squire her loves, and being blam'd,
His daies in dole doth lead.

I.

GREAT God of Love ! that with thy cruell dart^s
Doeſt conquer greateſt conquerors on ground,
And ſetſt thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of kings and Keaſars, to thy ſervice bound,
What glorie or what guerdon haſt thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning ſo fore,
And adding anguiſh to the bitter wound,
With which their lives thou lanchedeſt long afore,
By heaping ſtormes of trouble on them daily more?

II.

So whylome diſt thou to faire Florimell,
And ſo and ſo to noble Britomart ;
So doeſt thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whoſe gentle hart,
Thou martyreſt with ſorow and with ſmart,
In ſalvage forreſts and in deſerts wide
With beares and tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide ;
That pittie is to heare the perils which ſhe tride.

III.

So ſoone as ſhe with that brave Britoneſſe
Had left that turneyment for beauty's priſe,
They travel'd long ; that now for wearineſſe
Both of the way and warlike exerciſe,
Both through a foreſt ryding did deviſe
T' alight, and reſt their wearie limbs awhile :
Their heavie ſleepe the eye-lids did ſurpriſe,
Of Britomart, after long tedious toyle,
That did her paſſed paines in quiet reſt aſſoyle.

IV.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought aſſeard,
Walkt through the wood for pleaſure or for need,

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When ſuddenly behind her backe ſhe heard
One ruſhing forth out of the thickeſt weed,
That ere ſhe backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her ſnatched up from ground ;
Feebly ſhe ſhriekt, but ſo feebly indeed,
That Britomart heard not the ſhrilling ſound,
There where through weary travel ſhe lay ſleep
ing ſound.

V.

It was to weet a wilde and ſalvage man ;
Yet was no man, but only like in ſhape,
And eke in ſtature higher by a ſpan,
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart ; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tuſked bore ;
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beaſts, and fed on fleſhly gore,
The ſigne whereof yet ſtain'd his bloody lips a-
fore.

VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beaſt,
But like a wide deepe poke, down hanging low,
In which he wont the reliques of his feaſt
And cruell ſpoyle, which he had ſpard, to ſtow ;
And over it his huge great noſe did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood,
And downe both ſides two wide long eares did
glow,
And raught downe to his waſte, when up he
ſtood,
More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus
flood.

R

VII.

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire, for Steele to be in sted:
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red;
But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres
fed.

VIII.

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the Forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day:
He stayd not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave, farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne
nought fearing.

IX.

For she (deare ladie!) all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt
Herselfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt:
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horreur where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swoond,
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

X.

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide;
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was; "Ah, wretched
" wight,
" That seekes to know another's griefe in vaine,
" Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
" Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight."

XI.

"Aye me!" said she, "where am I, or with
" whom,
" Emong the living, or emong the dead?
" What shall of me, unhappy maid! become?
" Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, a-
" read?"
"Unhappy mayd," then answer'd she, "whose
" dread
" Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try;
" Death is to him that wretched life doth lead
" Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie
" That lives a loathed life, and wishing, cannot
" die.

XII.

"This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
" And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
" Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
" The heavens abhorre, and into darknesse drive;
" For on the spoile of women he doth live,

" Whose bodies chaste, whenever in his powre
" He may them catch, unable to gaine-strive,
" He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
" And afterwarde themselves doth cruelly de-
" voure.

XIII.

"Now twenty daies (by which the sonnes of
" men
" Divide their workes) have past through heven
" sheene,
" Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
" During which space these fory eies have seen
" Seaven women by him slaine and eaten clene;
" And now no more for him but I alone,
" And this old woman here remaining beene,
" Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone,
" And of us three to-morrow he will sure eate
" one."

XIV.

"Ah! dreadfull tidings which thou doest de-
" clare,"
Quoth she, "of all that ever hath beene knowen!
" Full many great calamities and rare
" This feeble brest endured hath, but none
" Equall to this, whereever I have gone:
" But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
" Hath linckt with me in the same chain attone?"
"To tell," quoth she, "that which ye, see needs
" not;
" A woful wretched maid, of God and man for-
" got.

XV.

"But what I was it irkes me to reherse,
" Daughter unto a lord of high degree,
" That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverse,
" With guilefull Love, did secretly agree
" To overthrow my state and dignitie.
" It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
" Yet was he but a squire of low degree;
" Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
" By any ladies side for leman to have laine.

XVI.

"But for his meannesse and disparagement,
" My fire, who me too dearly well did love,
" Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
" But often did my folly fowle reprove;
" Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
" But whether will'd or nilled, friend or foe,
" I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove,
" And rather then my love abandon so,
" Both fire and friends, and all for ever, to for-
" go.

XVII.

"Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to
" worke
" Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
" To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
" Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
" So on a day unweeting unto wight,
" I with that squire agreede away to flit,
" And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
" Within a grove appointed him to meete;
" To which I boldly came upon my feeble secte.

XVIII.

"But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought,
 "For in that place where I him thought to find,
 "There was I found, contrary to my thought,
 "Of this accursed carle of hellish kind,
 "The shame of men, and plague of womankind;
 "Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,
 "Me hether brought with him as swifte as wind,
 "Where yet untouched till this present day,
 "I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Aemylia."

XIX.

"Ah! sad Aemylia," then sayd Amoret,
 "Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne;
 "But read to me by what devise or wit
 "Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne
 "Thine honour sav'd, though into thralldome
 "throwne."
 "Thro' helpe," quoth she, "of this old woman
 "here
 "I have so done, as she to me hath showne;
 "For ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
 "She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire."

XX.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
 And each did other much bewaile and mone,
 Loe where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes source,
 Came to the cave, and rolling thence the stone
 Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
 Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
 And spredding over all the flore alone,
 Gan dight himselfe unto his wonted sinne,
 Which ended, then his bloody banket should be-
 ginne.

XXI.

Which whenas fearefull Amoret perceived,
 She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
 But like a ghastly gelt, whose wits are reaved,
 Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
 For horroure of his shamefull villany;
 But after her full lightly he uprose,
 And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie;
 Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
 Ne feels the thorns and thickets pricke her tender
 toes.

XXII.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale, she staies,
 But over-leapes them all like robucke light,
 And through the thickest makes her nighest waies;
 And evermore, when with regardfull sight
 She looking backe espies that griesly wight
 Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
 And makes her fear a spur to hast her flight;
 More swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
 Or any of the Thracian nymphes in salvage chace.

XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
 Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
 But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
 Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
 It fortun'd Belphebe with her peares,
 The woody nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
 Was hunting then the libbards and the beares
 In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
 To banish sloth that oft doth noble minds annoy.

XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
 That each of them from other sundred were,
 And that same gentle squire arriv'd in place
 Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
 Pursuing that faire lady full of feare:
 And now he her quite overtaken had,
 And now he her away with him did beare
 Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad;
 That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be
 rad.

XXV.

Which drery sight the gentle squire espying,
 Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
 Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,
 And him assailes with all the might he may;
 Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand
 Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray;
 Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

XXVI.

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight;
 For ever when the squire his iavelin shooke,
 He held the lady forth before him right,
 And with her body, as a buckler, broke
 The puissaunce of his intended stroke;
 And if it chaunst (as needs it must in fight)
 Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
 That any little blow on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great de-
 light.

XXVII.

Which subtil sleight did him encumber much,
 And made him oft, when he would strike, for-
 beare;
 For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
 But that he her most hurt, or hazard neare:
 Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
 That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
 And therein left the pike-head of his speare;
 A streame of cole-blacke bloud thence gusht a-
 maine,
 That all her silken garments did with bloud be-
 staine.

XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
 And laying both his hands upon his glave,
 With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so fore,
 That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save;
 Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
 That scarce the squire his hand could once upreare
 But for advantage ground unto him gave,
 Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
 For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to
 beare.

XXIX.

Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
 Belphebe, raunging in that forest wide,
 The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
 And drew thereto, making her care her guide;
 Whom when that theefe approaching nigh espide,
 With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
 He by his former combate would not bide,

R ij

But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his death's sole instru-
ment.

xxx.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily pursewed
With winged feet, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow, to his deadly make desynde;
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengeance of her mother's great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobe's unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

xxxI.

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him over-caught,
And in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

xxxII.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to
rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft;
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull fowle,
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left,
Was fled to hell, furcharg'd with spoile and theft;
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And est admir'd his monstrous shape, and est
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there over-flowne seemd like a sodaine
flood.

xxxIII.

Thenceforth she past into this dreadfull den,
Where nought but darke some drerinesse she
found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft-groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under
ground
Lay hid in horror of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall
wight.

xxxIV.

Then forth the sad Aemylia issewed,
Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare,
And after her the hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare;
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the other's heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;
Who all to her at large as hapned, did relate.

xxxv.

Thence she them brought toward the place where
late
She left the gentle squire with Amoret;
There she him found by that new lovely mate,

Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get;
For of that carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be
seene.

xxxvi.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have
thrild

With that selfe arrow which the carle had kild;
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance
fore;

But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"Is this the faith?"—she said, and said no more;
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

xxxvII.

He seeing her depart, arose up light
Right fore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast; but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proofe;
And evermore when he did grace entreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to re-
treat.

xxxvIII.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of grieve nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heavy case;
And finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heaven's face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

xxxix.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight;
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne de-
spight.

xl.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew,
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment
sweet

To be embaum'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and grievely to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed,
That in short time his face they over-grew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uncath was to be
red.

XLI.

There he continued in his carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares;
For other food then that wilde Forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
Then running water, temptred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast,
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at
last.

XLII.

For on a day, by Fortune as it fell,
His own deare lord, Prince Arthure, came that
way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Having espide his cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne,
Weening therein some holy hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne,
Or else some woodman shrowded there from
scorching sunne.

XLIII.

Arriving there he found this wretched man,
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All over-grown with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne dear squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no
where,
Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like out-cast
thrall.

XLIV.

But to his speach he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,

As one with grieve and anguise over-cum,
And unto every thing did aunswere:—Mum;
And ever when the prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his
fate.

XLV.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
Which close appeared in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse,
Which he observ'd by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keen

XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every tree,
How he the name of one engraven had,
Which likly was his liefest love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was bestad,
Which was by him BELPHOEBE rightly rad;
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist,
Yet saw he often how he waxed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he
bliss:

XLVII.

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him chaunge his wonted
tenor,
Ne ought mote cease to mitigate his paine,
He left them there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe;
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will defer the end untill another tide.

R. iiij

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers;
Sclaunder her guests doth staine;
Corflambo chafeth Placidus,
And is by Arthure slaine.

I.

WELL said the wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Than death itselfe more dread and desperate;
For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed
lay.

II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne look so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He ever tasted, but with penaunce sad,
And pensive sorrow, pind and wore away;
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad,
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted blossome through heat doth languish
and decay.

III.

Till on a day, as in his wonted wife
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle-dove
To come, where he his dolours did devise
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove;
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart, [part.
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a

IV.

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournfull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name;
With that he forth would poure so plenteous
teares,
And beat his breast, unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perst the hearts of tiges and of
beares.

V.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,
Withouten dread of perill, to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare;
And every day for guerdon of her song
He part of his small feast to her would share,
That at the last of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI.

Upon a day, as she him fate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relicks did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew;
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

VII.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtle's necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind;
Which sodaine-accident him much dismayd,
And looking after long did marke which way she
 straid.

VIII.

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care:
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphœbe faire.

IX.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wearie toile, which she had tride
In salvage chafe, to rest as seem'd her meet:
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weete
The great tormenting grieve that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did per-
 take.

X.

She her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iuell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well, with colour'd ribbands
 drest;
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have rest away,
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

XI.

And ever when she nigh approcht, the dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away,
Till that at length into that Forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay:
In th' end, she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in langour did abide.

XII.

Estsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would have made him understand
His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd;
Whom when she saw in wretched weeds dis-
 guiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wight it were in her to doe him any grace.

XIII.

He her beholding at her feete downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water, which did well
From his moist eies, and like two streames pro-
 ceed;

Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment;
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull looks unto her sent
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case,
And by his person's secret seemlyhed,
Well weend that he had beene some man of
 place,

Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mov'd with ruth, she thus bespake;
"Ah! wofull Man! what heavens hard disgrace,
"Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
"Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched
 "make?"

XV.

"If Heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
"Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne;
"If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and
 "shame
"Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne;
"But if through inward grieve or wilfull scorne
"Of life it be, then better doe advise;
"For he whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
"The grace of his Creator doth despise,
"That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigar-
 "dise."

XVI.

When so he heard her say, estsoones he brake
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
"Then have they all themselves against me bent;
"For Heaven, first author of my languishment,
"Envyng my too great felicity,
"Did closely with a cruell one consent
"To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
"And make me loath this life, still longing for
 "to die.

XVII.

"Ne any but yourself, O dearest dred!
"Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse
 "wight
"Your high displeasure, through misdeeming
 "bred;
"That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
"Ye may redresse, and me restore to light."
Which fory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happy life with grace and good accord,
Fearelesse of Fortune's chaunge or Envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his own deare lord
The noble prince, who never heard one word

R. iij

Of tydings what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endlesse world did wander
wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him de-
feride;

xix.

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two ladies late,
Aemylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate,
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food, which in her duresse she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse
wound
With which the squire in her defence her fore
astound.

xx.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rewe
The evill case in which those ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous vew
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Estfoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew
Her wounds, that unto strength refter'd her soone
anew.

xxi.

Tho' when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes
befell?

To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide
Of that same wicked carle, by virgin's hond;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his cave in which they both were bond;
At which he wondred much when all those signes
he fond.

xxii.

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know what virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire
Where was her won, and how he mote her find?
But whenas nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did
reare,
(No service loathsome to a gentle kind)
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from
feare.

xxiii.

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell,
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts en-
tyre.

xxiv.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse,
For she was stufte with rancour and despight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe,
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly backbite: her name men Schlaunder
call.

xxv.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name;
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne ever thing so well was doene alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of dew praise
deprive.

xxvi.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind;
But noysome breath, and poynous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
Which passing through the eares, would pierce
the hart,
And wound the soule it selfe with grieve unkind;
For like the stings of aspes, that kill with smart,
Her spighfull words did pricke and wound the
inner part.

xxvii.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest princes' court would welcome
fayne,
But neede (that answers not to all requests)
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse mis-
fare.

xxviii.

Then all that evening (welcomed with cold
And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,
To be uniuersally blamd, and bitterly revilde.

xxix.

Here well I weene, whenas these rimes be red
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle ladies will misdeeme too light,
For thus conversing with this noble knight,
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright

For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare;
More hard for hungry steed t'abstaine from pleafant lare.

xxx.

But antique Age yet in the infancie
Of Time did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for itfelfe in foveraine awe;
Then loyall love had royall regiment,
And each unto his luft did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdrawe.

xxxI.

The lyon there did with the lambe confort,
And eke the dove fate by the faulcon's fide,
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride;
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
(Whereof it hight) and having fhortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all finnes the secrets to unfold.

xxxII.

Then beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatour's owne refemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse luft was lent,
And made the baite of beftiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grewe faire in fight,

And that which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vaffall of the victor's might;
Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

xxxIII.

And now it is fo utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth fcarfe remaine,
But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie foveraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient ftooke of princes ftaine,
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at firft was fure of heavenly feed.

xxxIV.

The foone as day discovered heaven's face
To finfull men with darknes over-dight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward foftly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth fight,
How all the way the prince on foot-pace traced,
The ladies both on horfe together faft embraced.

xxxv.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull hag, the flauder of her fexe,
Them follow'd faft, and them reviled fore,
Him calling theefe, them whores, that much did vex
His noble hart; thereto she did annexe
Fafle crimes and facts, fuch as they never ment,

That thofe two ladies much afham'd did wexe;
The more did she purfue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyfon fpent.

xxxVI.

At laft, when they were paffed out of fight,
Yet she did not her fpightfull fpeech forbear,
But after them did barke, and ftill backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:

Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The ftone which paffed ft raunger at him threw;
So she them feeing paff the reach of care,
Against the ftones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the ft ing, which in her tong's end grew.

xxxVII.

They paffing forth kept on their readie way,
With eafie ft eps fo foft as foot could ft r yde,
Both for great feebleffe, which did oft affay
Fa ire Amoret, that fcarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes, which fore annoyd

The prince on foot, not wanted fo to fare;
Whofe ft eadie hand was faine his ft eede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to fpare;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

xxxVIII.

At length they fpide where towards them with fpeed

A fquire came gallopping, as he would flie,
Bearing a little dwarfe before his ft eed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That feem'd his fhrikes would rend the brafen fkie,

Whom after did a mightie man purfew,
Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
Of ft ature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew.

xxxIX.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,

Shooting forth farre away two flaming ftreames,
Full of fad powre, that poyfnous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And fecretly his enemies did flay:
Like as the bafilifke, of ferpent feede,
From powrefull eyes clofe venom doth convey
Into the looker's hart, and killeth farre away.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that fame fquire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curfes vaine, in his avengefull ire;
But none of them (fo faft away he flew)
Him overtooke before he came in vew:
Where when he faw the prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his cafe to rew,
And refcue him, through fuccour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him purfewd in fight.

xli.

Estfoones the prince tooke downe those ladies
twaine,
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead,
Came to that squire, yet trembling every vaine;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
Who as he gan the fame to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble prince his readie stroke re-
prest:

xlii.

Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head before the harme came neare:
Nathlesse it fell with so dispiteous dreare
And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare;
Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tumble
downe
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse
frowne.

xliii.

Whereat the prince fell wrath, his strong right
hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And stroke the pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And sure had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

xliv.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be flaine.
With that his murderous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the use thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might;
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child, with readie quick foresight
Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded
light.

xlv.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine
So furiously, that ere he wist he found
His head before him tombling on the ground,
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his god that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian
ream.

xlvi.

Which when that squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine;
But that same dwarfe right forie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his lord there flaine,
And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for
paine.

Then gan the prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire?
All which was thus to him declared by that
squire:

xlvii.

"This mightie man," quoth he, "whom you have
"flaine,
"Of an huge geaunteffe whylome was bred,
"And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
"Of many nations into thraldome led,
"And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
"Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
"Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
"But by the powre of his infectious fight,
"With which he killed all that came within his
"might.

xlviii.

"Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
"But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought;
"Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore;
"Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
"Unto his bay, and captived her thought;
"For most of strength and beautie his desire
"Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto
"nought,
"By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
"From his false eyes into their harts and parts
"entire.

xlix.

"Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
"Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,
"Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
"The faire Pæana, who seemes outwardly
"So faire as ever yet saw living eie;
"And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
"She were as faire as any under skie;
"But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
"And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too
"light.

l.

"So as it fell, there was a gentle squire
"That lov'd a lady of high parentage,
"But for his meane degree might not aspire
"To match so high; her friends with counsell
"fage
"Dissuaded her from such a desparage;
"But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
"Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
"But firmly following her first intent,
"Resolv'd with him to wend gainst all her friends
"consent.

li.

"So twixt themselves they pointed time and
"place;
"To which when he according did repaire,
"An hard mishap and disadventrous case
"Him chaunst; instead of his Aemylia faire,
"This gyant's sonne, that lies there on the laire
"An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught,
"And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire,
"Him wretched thrall unto his dungeon brought,
"Where he remaines of all unsuccour'd and un-
"fought.

LII.

" This gyant's daughter came upon a day
 " Unto the prison in her ioyous glee,
 " To view the thralls which there in bondage lay;
 " Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
 " This lovely swaine, the Squire of Low Degree,
 " To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
 " And wooed him her paramour to bee:
 " From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
 " And for his love him promist libertie at last.

LIII.

" He, though affide unto a former love,
 " To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
 " Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
 " But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
 " Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
 " To win her grace his libertie to get;
 " Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
 " Fearing least if she should him freely fet,
 " He would her shortly leave, and former love
 " forget.

LIV.

" Yet so much favour she to him hath hight
 " Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
 " And walke about her gardens of delight,
 " Having a keeper still with him in place;
 " Which keeper is this dwarfe, her dearling base,
 " To whom the keyes of every prison-dore
 " By her committed be of speciall grace,
 " And at his will may whom he list restore,
 " And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.

LV.

" Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
 " (Full inly forie for the fervent zeale
 " Which I to him as to my soul did beare)
 " I thether went, where I did long conceale
 " Myselfe, till that the dwarfe did me reveale,
 " And told his dame her Squire of Low Degree
 " Did secretly out of her prison steale:
 " For me he did mistake that squire to bee;
 " For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI.

" That was I taken and before her brought,
 " Who through the likenesse of my outward hew,
 " Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
 " Gan blame me much for being so untrew
 " To seeke by flight her fellowship t' eschew,
 " That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive:
 " Thence she commanded me to prison new;
 " Whereof I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,
 " But suffred that same dwarfe me to her dongen
 " drive.

LVII.

" There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
 " In heavy plight and sad perplexitie,
 " Whereof I forrie, yet myselfe did bend
 " Him to recomfort with my companie;
 " But him the more agreev'd I found thereby;
 " For all his ioy, he said, in that distresse,
 " Was mine and his Aemylia's libertie;
 " Aemylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;
 " Yet greater love to me than her he did pro-
 " fesse.

LVIII.

" But I with better reason him aviz'd,
 " And shew'd him how through error and mis-
 " thought
 " Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
 " Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought:
 " Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
 " Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
 " Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
 " Till fortune did perforce it so decree;
 " Yet over-ruld at last he did to me agree.

LIX.

" The morrow next about the wonted howre,
 " The dwarfe cald at the door of Amyas
 " To come forthwith into his ladies bowre;
 " Instead of whom forth came I Placidus,
 " And undiscerned forth with him did pas:
 " There with great ioyance and with gladsome
 " glee
 " Of faire Pœana I received was,
 " And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
 " And with kind words accoyd, vowing great
 " love to mee.

LX.

" Which I, that was not bent to former love,
 " As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
 " Did well accept, as well it did behove,
 " And to the present neede it wisely usd;
 " My former hardnesse first I faire excusd,
 " And after promist large amends to make.
 " With such smooth termes her error I abusd,
 " To my friend's good more then for mine owne
 " sake,
 " For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

LXI.

" Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand;
 " That to her dwarfe, which had me in his
 " charge,
 " She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
 " And graunt more scope to me to walke at
 " large.
 " So on a day, as by the flowry marge
 " Of a fresh streame I with that elfe did play,
 " Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
 " But if that dwarfe I could with me convay,
 " I lightly snatcht him up, and with me bore
 " away.

LXII.

" Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
 " The tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
 " And me pursuw'd; but nathemore would I
 " Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
 " But have perforce him hether brought away."
 " Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
 " Those ladies two, yet doubtful through dismay,
 " In presence came, desirous t' understand
 " Tydings of all which there had hapned on the
 " land.

LXIII.

Where soon as sad Aemylia did espie
 Her captive lover's friend, young Placidus,
 All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
 She to him ran, and him with straight embras

Enfolding said, "And lives yet Amyas?"
 "He lives," quoth he, "and his Aemylia loves."
 "Then lesse," said she, "by all the woe I pas,
 "With which my weaker patience Fortune proves;
 "But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe re-
 "moves?"

lxiv.

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
 And tell the course of his captivitie,

That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
 And sigh full fore, to heare the miserie
 In which so long he mercilesse did lie:
 Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent;
 She deare besought the prince of remedie;
 Who thereto did with readie will consent,
 And well perform'd, as shall appear by this e-
 vent.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK IV. CANTO IX.

The Squire of Low Degree releast
Pæana takes to wife;
Britomart fightes with many knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

I.

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weete,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet;
But of them all the band of vertuous mind
Me seemes the gentle hart should most assured
bind:

II.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame;
But faithfull friendship doth them both supresse,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame:
For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
And all the service of the bodie frame,
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
No lesse than perfect gold surmounts the meanest
brasse.

III.

All which who list by tryall to assay,
Shall in this storie find approved plaine; [sway
In which this squire's true friendship more did
Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of fairest ladie could constrain;
For though Pæana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdain
For his friend's sake her offred favours scorne,
And she herselfe her syre of whom she was
yborne,

IV.

Now after that Prince Arthur graunted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
He gan advise how best he mote derryne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrant's tronke he reard from
ground,
And having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found,

V.

Then did he take that chaced squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approached neare:
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him unhard;
Whom straight the prince ensuing, in together
far'd.

VI.

There did he find in her delitious boure
The faire Pæana playing on a rote,
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
The prince half rapt began on her to dote,
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by
might.

VII.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceiv'd
Her own deare fire, she cald to him for aide;
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him sencelesse by the squire unstaide,
She weened well that then she was betraide;
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe and waile,
And that same squire of treason to upbraide;
But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevaile,
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

VIII.

Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thralls which there he
held:

Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of knights and squires to him unknowne afore;
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore;
Amongst the rest that Squire of Low Degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe
to bee.

IX.

Whom soon as faire Aemylia beheld
And Placidus, they both unto him ran.
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;
That faire Pœana them beholding both,
Gan both envy and bitterly to ban,
Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were
loth.

X.

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceived through great likenesse of their face;
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneath discerned whether whether weare.

XI.

And eke the prince, whenas he them avized,
Their like resemblance much admired there,
And mazd how Nature had so well disguised
Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere
She had them made a paragone to be;
Or whether it through skill or error were:
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he,
So did the other knights and squires which him
did see.

XII.

Then gan they ransacke that same castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threa-
sure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure;
Upon all which the Briton prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile

To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker ladies after weary toile,
To whom he did divide part of his purchast
spoile.

XIII.

And for more ioy that captive lady faire,
The faire Pœana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frolicke, nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasaunt glee,
But grieved was for losse both of her fire
And eke of lordship, with both land and fee;
But most she touched was with griefe entire
For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.

XIV.

But her the prince through his well-wonted grace
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat,
From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface,
And that same bitter cor'sive which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat;
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat,
For though she were most faire and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

XV.

And for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him life,
Till he had made of her some better priefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yeelded and her tooke; so stinted all their
strife.

XVI.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private iarre, ne spite of enemies,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state;
And she whom Nature did so faire create,
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake
her praise.

XVII.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and setled rest,
Himselfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde
Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former guest;
And taking leave of all, with him did beare
Fairst Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII.

Feare of her safety did her not constraine;
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person late in perill did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond;
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing herselfe all soly succourlesse,

Left in the victor's powre, like vassal bond,
Whose will her weakenesse could no way re-
presse.
In case his burning lust should breake into ex-
cesse.

XIX.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forfall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reason's lore,
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their loves disperfed diversly,
Yet neither shewd to other ther hart's privity.

XX.

At length they came whereas a troupe of knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed;
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best beseemed,
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
Those foure were they from whom false Florimell
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed,
To weete sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell.
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

XXI.

Druon's delight was all in single life,
And unto ladies love would lend no leasure;
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure:
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at plesure
Would change his liking, and new lemans prove;
But Paridell of love did make no threasure,
But lusted after all that did him move:
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

XXII.

But those two other, which beside them stode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their implacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corpes, and their lives de-
prive.

XXIII.

As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
Upon the sea to wreak his fell intent,
They breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full fore,
And tesse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore,
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

XXIV.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in turneyment of late;
And seeking long to weete which way she straid,
Met here together; where through lewd up-
braide
Of Arté and Dueffa they fell out,

And each one taking part in other's aide,
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt:

XXV.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment,
Till that uneath they forced were for lacke
Of breath their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves, for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI.

There gan they change their sides and new parts
take;
For Paridell did take to Druon's side
For old despight, which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide;
So all afresh gan former fight renew;
As when two barkes, this carried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
If wind and tide doe chaunge, their courses change
anew.

XXVII.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeill blood out
sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne;
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen
bee.

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide;
By fortune in that place did chaunce to light;
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonnesse had to them donne
In that late turney for the snowey maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them
wonne.

XXIX.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge in their malicious mood,
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud
Against those two let drive as they were wood;
Who wondring much at that so fodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well with-
stood;

Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

XXX.

The warlike dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell, and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:

Foure charged two, and two furcharged one;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duly weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

xxxI.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for ought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to nought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast:
So litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

xxxII.

Whom when the Briton prince asfarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest;
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest pleace,
Divided them, however loth to rest,
And would themaine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly
peace:

xxxIII.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which hovers under skie,
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and
flect,

First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
And then another, till that likewise flect;
And so from side to side till all the world it
weet.

xxxIV.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The prince yet being fresh untoucht afore,
Who them with speeches milde gan first dissuade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore;
Till seeing them through suffrance hardned more,
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharply and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger, to relent too
late.

xxxv.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'assuage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise;
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat;

xxxvi.

And told at large how that same errant knight,
To weete faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,

Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled
And also of their private loves beguyled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft:
But she that wrongfull challenge soone asfoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that lady rest,
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking
left.

xxxvII.

To whom the prince thus goodly well replied;
" Certes, Sir knight, ye seemen much to blame
" To rip up wrong, that battell once hath tried,
" Wherein the honour both of armes ye shame,
" And eke the love of ladies foule defame;
" To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
" That of their loves choise they might freedom
" clame,
" And in that right should by all knights be shielded;
" Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully
" have wielded."

xxxvIII.

" And yet," quoth she, " a greater wrong re-
" maines;
" For I thereby my former love have lost:
" Whom, seeking ever since with endlesse
" paines,
" Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost;
" Aye me to see that gentle maide so tost!"
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus saide;
" Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
" Whose right she is, wherever she be straide,
" Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes
" waide:

xxxIX.

" For from the first that I her love profest,
" Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
" I never ioyed happinesse nor rest;
" But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
" I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
" In wretched anguise and incessant woe,
" Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
" That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
" I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."

XL.

Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake;
" Now were it not, Sir Scudamour, to you
" Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
" Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
" Is now so well accorded all anew,
" That as we ride together on our way,
" Ye will recount to us, in order dew,
" All that adventure which ye did assay
" For that faire ladies love: past perils well
apay."

xLI.

So gan the rest him likewise to require;
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that paine; whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell;
And all those daungers unto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus' temple is describ'd,
And lovers life forth set.

I.

" True he it said, whatever man it sayd,
" That love with gall and hony doth abound;
" But if the one be with the other wayd,
" For every dram of hony therein found
" A pound of gall doth over it redound:
" That I too true by triall have approved;
" For since the day that first with deadly wound
" My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
" I never ioyed howre, but still with care was
" moved.

II.

" And yet such grace is given them from above,
" That all the cares and evill which they meet
" May nought at all their settled mindes remove,
" But seeme gainst common sence to them most
" sweet;
" As boasting in their martyrdomes unmeet:
" So all that ever yet I have endured
" I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
" Since of my love at length I rest assured,
" That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

III.

" Long were to tell the travell and long toile
" Through which this shield of Love I late have
" wonne,
" And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
" That harder may be ended then begone;
" But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
" Then hearke, ye gentle knights and ladies free!
" My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;
" For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
" Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the
" fee.

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IV.

" What time the fame of this renowned prise
" Flew fast abroad, and all mens cares posselt,
" I having armes then taken, gan avise
" To winne me honour by some noble gest,
" And purchase me some place amongst the best.
" I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are
" bold)
" That this fame brave emprize for me did rest,
" And that both shield and she whom I behold,
" Might be my lucky lot, sith all by lot we
" hold.

V.

" So on that hard adventure forth I went,
" And to the place of perill shortly came,
" That was a temple faire and auncient,
" Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
" And farre renowned through exceeding fame;
" Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
" Or that in Cyprius, both long since this fame,
" Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
" And all the other's pavement were with yvory
" spilt:

VI.

" And it was seated in an island strong,
" Abounding all with delices most rare,
" And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong,
" That none mote have access, nor inward fare,
" But by one way that passage did prepare:
" It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
" With curious corbes and pendants graven faire;
" And arched all with porches, did arise
" On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke
" guise:

S

VII.

" And for defence thereof on th' other end
 " There reared was a castle faire and strong,
 " That warded all which in or out did wend,
 " And flanked both the bridge's sides along,
 " Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong;
 " And therein wonned twenty valiant knights,
 " All twenty tride in warres experience long,
 " Whose office was against all manner wights
 " By all meanes to maintain that castel's ancient
 " rights.

VIII.

" Before that castle was an open plaine,
 " And in midst thereof a pillar placed,
 " On which this shield, of many fought in vaine,
 " The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath
 " graced,
 " Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced,
 " And in the marble stone was written this,
 " With golden letters well enchaced,
 " *Blessed be the man that well can use this blis;*
 " *Whoſeuer be the ſhield, faire Amoret be his.*

IX.

" Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
 " And pant with hope of that adventure's hap,
 " Ne ſtayed further newes thereof to learne,
 " But with my ſpeare upon the ſhield did rap,
 " That all the caſtle ringed with the clap:
 " Streight forth iſſewd a knight all arm'd to
 " prooſe,
 " And bravely mounted to his moſt miſhap,
 " Who ſtaying nought to queſtion from aloofe,
 " Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunſt from his
 " horſe's hoofe.

X.

" Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
 " And by good fortune ſhortly him unſeated:
 " Eſtfoones out ſprung two more of equall mould,
 " But I them both with equall hap defeated;
 " So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
 " And left them groning there upon the plaine;
 " Then preaching to the pillour, I repeated
 " The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
 " And taking downe the ſhield, with me did it
 " retaine.

XI.

" So forth without impediment I paſt,
 " Till to the bridge's utter gate I came,
 " The which I found ſure lockt and chained faſt:
 " I knockt, but no man answer'd me by name;
 " I cald, but no man answerd to my clame;
 " Yet I perſever'd ſtill to knocke and call,
 " Till at the laſt I ſpide within the ſame,
 " Where one ſtood peeping through a crevis ſmall,
 " To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII.

" That was to weet the porter of the place,
 " Unto whoſe truſt the charge thereof was lent;
 " His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
 " Th' one forward looking, th' other backward
 " bent,
 " Therein reſembling Ianus auncient
 " Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare;
 " And evermore his eyes about him went,

" As if ſome proved perill he did feare,
 " Or did miſdoubt ſome ill whoſe cauſe did not
 " appeare.

XIII.

" On th' one ſide he, on th' other ſate Delay,
 " Behind the gate, that none her might eſpy;
 " Whoſe manner was all paſſengers to ſtay,
 " And entertaine with her occaſions fly,
 " Through which ſome loſt great hope unheedily,
 " Which never they recover might againe,
 " And others quite excluded forth did ly,
 " Long languiſhing there in unpittied paine,
 " And ſeeking often entraunce afterwards in
 " vaine.

XIV.

" Me when as he had privily eſpide
 " Bearing the ſhield which I had conquered late,
 " He kend it ſtreight, and to me opened wide:
 " So in I paſt, and ſtreight he cloſed the gate.
 " But being in, Delay in cloſe awaite
 " Caught hold on me, and thought my ſteps to
 " ſtay,
 " Feigning full many a fond excuſe to prate,
 " And time to ſteale, the treaſure of man's day,
 " Whoſe ſmalleſt minute loſt, no riches render
 " may.

XV.

" But by no meanes my way I would forſlow,
 " For ought that ever ſhe could doe or ſay,
 " But from my lofty ſteede diſmounting low,
 " Paſt forth on foote, beholding all the way
 " The goodly workes and ſtones of rich aſſay
 " Caſt into ſundry ſhapes by wondrous ſkill,
 " That like on earth no where I reckon may;
 " And underneath the river rolling ſtill,
 " With murmure ſoft, that ſeem'd to ſerve the
 " workman's will.

XVI.

" Thence forth I paſſed to the ſecond gate,
 " The Gate of Good Deſert, whoſe goodly pride
 " And coſtly frame were long here to relate;
 " The ſame to all ſtoode alwaies open wide
 " But in the porch did evermore abide
 " An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
 " That ſtopt the entraunce with his ſpacious
 " ſtride,
 " And with the terrour of his countenance bold
 " Full many did affray, that elſe faine enter
 " would:

XVII.

" His name was Daunger, dreaded over all,
 " Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
 " From fearefull cōwards entrance to forſtall,
 " And faint-heart ſooles, whom ſhew of perill
 " hard
 " Could terrifie from Fortune's faire adward;
 " For oftentimes faint hearts at firſt eſpiall
 " Of his grim face were from approaching ſcard;
 " Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
 " Excludes from faireſt hope withouten further
 " triall.

XVIII.

" Yet many doughty warriours often tride
 " In greater perils to be ſtout and bold,

" Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide;
 " But soone as they his countenance did behold,
 " Began to faint, and feele their corage cold:
 " Againe some other, that in hard assaies
 " Where towards knowne, and little count did hold
 " Either through gifts, or guile, or such like
 " waies,
 " Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the
 " kaies.

XIX.

" But I, though meanest man of many moe,
 " Yet much disdainig unto him to lout,
 " Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
 " Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
 " And either beat him in or drive him out.
 " Estfoones advauncing that enchaunted shield,
 " With all my might I gan to lay about,
 " Which when he saw, the glaive which he did
 " wield
 " He gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me
 " yield.

XX.

" So as I entred I did backward looke
 " For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there,
 " And loe his hind-parts, whereof heed I tooke,
 " Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly, were
 " Then all his former parts did earst appere;
 " For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,
 " With many moe lay in ambushment there,
 " Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight,
 " Which did not them prevent with vigilant
 " foresight.

XXI.

" Thus having past all perill, I was come
 " Within the compasse of that island's space,
 " The which did seeme unto my simple doome
 " The onely pleasant and delightfull place
 " That ever trodden was of footing's trace;
 " For all that Nature by her mother wit
 " Could frame in earth, and forme of substance
 " base,
 " Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
 " Art, playing second Nature's part, supplied it.

XXII.

" No tree that is of count in greenewood growes,
 " From lowest iuniper to cedar tall,
 " No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
 " And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
 " But there was planted or grew naturall;
 " Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
 " But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
 " Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
 " But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

XXIII.

" In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
 " It seem'd a second Paradise to ghesse,
 " So lavishly enricht with Nature's treasure,
 " That if the happie soules which doe possesse
 " Th' Elysian Fields, and live in lasting blesse,
 " Should happen this with living eye to see,
 " They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
 " And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
 " That in this ioyous place they mote have ioy-
 " ance free.

XXIV.

" Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray,
 " Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew,
 " Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphes
 " did play,
 " Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle slumber
 " drew,
 " High-reared mounts, the lands about to view,
 " Low-looking dales, disloign'd from common
 " gaze,
 " Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew,
 " Falle labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze,
 " All which by Nature made did Nature selfe
 " amaze.

XXV.

" And all without were walkes and alleyes dight,
 " With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes,
 " And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
 " And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
 " To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes;
 " And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
 " Praying their God, and yielding him great
 " thanks,
 " Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt.
 " Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

XXVI.

" All these together by themselves did sport,
 " Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves con-
 " tent;
 " But farre away from these another sort
 " Of lovers lincked in true hart's consent,
 " Which loved not as these for like intent,
 " But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
 " Farre from all fayned blandishment;
 " Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
 " Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore
 " aspire.

XXVII.

" Such were great Hercules and Hylus deare;
 " True Ionathan and David trustie tryde,
 " Stout Theseus, and Perithous his feare;
 " Pylades, and Orestes by his fyde;
 " Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde;
 " Damon and Pythias, whom death could not
 " sever;
 " All these, and all that ever had been tyde
 " In bands of friendship, there did live for ever,
 " Whose lives, although decay'd, yet loves decayed
 " never.

XXVIII.

" Which whenas I that never tasted blis,
 " Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
 " I thought there was none other heaven then
 " this,
 " And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
 " That being free from feare and gealosye,
 " Might frankly there their loves desire possesse,
 " Whilest I through pains and perious ieopardie
 " Was forst to seeke my life's deare patronesse:
 " Much dearer be the things which come through
 " hard distresse.

XXIX.

" Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
 " Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright

" Unto that purposed place I did me draw;
 " Whereas my love was lodged day and night,
 " The temple of great Venus, that is hight
 " The Queene of Beautie, and of Love the mother,
 " There worshipped of every living wight;
 " Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
 " That ever were on earth; all were they set to-
 " gether.

xxx.

" Not that same famous Temple of Diane,
 " Whose hight all Ephesus did over-see,
 " And which all Asia sought with vows pro-
 " phane,
 " One of the world's seven wonders sayd to bee,
 " Might match with this by many a degree;
 " Nor that which that wise king of Iurie framed
 " With endlesse cost, to be the Almightyes see;
 " Nor all that else through all the world is named
 " To all the heathen gods, might like to this be
 " clamed.

xxxI.

" I much admyring that so goodly frame,
 " Unto the porch approcht, which open stood,
 " But therein sate an amiable dame,
 " That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
 " And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood;
 " Strange was her tyre, for on her head a crowne
 " She wore much like unto a Danisk hood,
 " Poudred with perle and stone, and all her
 " gowne
 " Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low
 " adowne.

xxxII.

" On either side of her two young men stood,
 " Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
 " Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood
 " Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
 " Though of contrarie natures each to other:
 " The one of them hight Love, the other Hate;
 " Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
 " Yet was the younger stronger in his state
 " Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all
 " debate.

xxxIII.

" Nathelesse that dame so well them tempred
 " both,
 " That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
 " Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
 " And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
 " Unwilling to behold that lovely band;
 " Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 " That her commaundment he could not with-
 " stand,
 " But bit his lip for felonous despight,
 " And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing
 " sight.

xxxIV.

" Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
 " Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;
 " They both her twins, both borne of heavenly
 " feed,
 " And she herselfe likewise divinely grew,
 " The which right well her workes divine did
 " shew;

" For strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,
 " And strife, and warre, and anger, does subdew;
 " Of little much, of foes she maketh frends,
 " And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

xxxv.

" By her the heaven is in his course contained,
 " And all the world in state unmoved stands,
 " As their almightie Maker first ordained,
 " And bound them with inviolable bands;
 " Else would the waters over-flow the lands,
 " And fire devour the ayre, and hell them quight,
 " But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
 " She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
 " And unto Venus' grace the gate doth open right.

xxxvi.

" By her I entring, halfe dismayed was,
 " But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
 " And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pas;
 " But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
 " And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
 " Had not the ladie with her powerfull speech
 " Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;
 " And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
 " Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

xxxvII.

" Into the inmost temple thus I came,
 " Which fuming all with frackensence I found,
 " And odours rising from the altar's flame:
 " Upon an hundred marble pillors round
 " The roof up high was reared from the ground,
 " All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and gir-
 " lands gay,
 " And thousand pretious gifts worth many a
 " pound,
 " The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay,
 " And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as
 " fresh as May.

xxxvIII.

" An hundred altars round about were set,
 " All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
 " That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
 " Which, rould in clouds, to heaven did aspire,
 " And in them bore true lovers vowes entire;
 " And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright
 " To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
 " Every of which was to a damzell hight;
 " For all the priests were damzels in soft linen
 " dight.

xxxix.

" Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand,
 " Upon an altar of some costly masse,
 " Whose substance was uneath to understand,
 " For neither pretious stone, nor duresull brasse,
 " Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay, it was;
 " But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
 " Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse;
 " Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme,
 " But being faire and bricke likest glasse did
 " seeme.

xl.

" But it in shape and beautie did excell
 " All other idoles which the heathen adore,
 " Farre passing that which by surpassing skill
 " Phidias did make in Paphos' isle of yore,

" With which that wretched Greeke, that life
 " forlore,
 " Did fall in love; yet this much fairer shined,
 " But covered with a slender veile afore;
 " And both her feete and legs together twyned
 " Were with a snake, whose head and tail were
 " fast combyned.

XLI.

" The cause why she was covered with a veile
 " Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
 " From people's knowledge labour'd to conceale;
 " But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
 " Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
 " But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
 " Both male and female, both under one name:
 " She fyre and mother is herselfe alone,
 " Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other
 " none.

XLII.

" And all about her necke and shoulders flew
 " A flocke of little Loves, and Sports, and Ioyes,
 " With nimble wings of gold and purple hew,
 " Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall
 " boyes,
 " But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
 " The whilest their eldest brother was away,
 " Cupid, their eldest brother, he enjoyes
 " The wide kingdome of Love with lordly sway,
 " And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

XLIII.

" And all about her altar scattered lay
 " Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
 " Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
 " Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
 " Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
 " As every one had cause of good or ill:
 " Amongst the rest some one through loves con-
 " strayingning,

" Tormented fore, could not containe it still, [fill:
 " But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did

XLIV.

" Great Venus! queene of beautie and of grace,
 " The ioy of gods and men, that under skie
 " Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
 " That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
 " The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
 " Thee, Goddesse! thee the windes, the clouds
 " doe feare;

" And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on hie,
 " The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
 " And heavens laugh, and al the world shews
 " ioyous cheare:

XLV.

" Then doth the dædale Earth throw forth to
 " thee
 " Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres;
 " And then all living wights, soone as they see
 " The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
 " They all do learn to play the paramours:
 " First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
 " Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
 " Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
 " And thee their mother call to coole their kindly
 " rages,

XLVI.

" Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
 " Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted
 " food;
 " The lyons rore, the tygers loudly bray,
 " The raging buls rebellow through the wood,
 " And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest
 " flood,

" To come where thou doest draw them with
 " desire:

" So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
 " Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
 " In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII.

" So all the world by thee at first was made,
 " And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre;
 " Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 " Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre
 " But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.

" Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
 " Great God of men and women, queene of
 " th'ayre,
 " Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,
 " O graunt that of my love at last I may not
 " misse."

XLVIII.

" So did he say; but I with murmure soft,
 " That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
 " Yet inly groning deepe, and sighing oft,
 " Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
 " And to my wound her gracious help impart.
 " Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye
 " I spyde where at the idoles feet apart
 " A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
 " Wayting whenas the antheme should be sung on
 " hye.

XLIX.

" The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
 " And graver countenance then all the rest;
 " Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
 " Yet unto her obeyed all the best:
 " Her name was Womanhood; that she exprest
 " By her sad semblant and deameanure wyfe;
 " For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 " Ne rov'd at random after gazers guyse,
 " Whose luring bates oftymes doe heedlesse harts
 " entyle.

L.

" And next to her fate goodly Shamfastnesse,
 " Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
 " Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
 " As if some blame of evill she did feare,
 " That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare;
 " And her against sweet Cherefulnesse was placed,
 " Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening
 " cleare

" Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors
 " chaced, [graced.
 " And darted forth delights, the which her goodly

LI.

" And next to her fate sober Modestie,
 " Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
 " And her against fate comely Courtesie,
 " That unto every person knew her part;

S iij

" And her before was seated overthwart
 " Soft Silence, and submisſe Obedience,
 " Both linckt together never to diſpart,
 " Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
 " Both girlonds of his ſaints againſt their foes
 " offence.

LII.

" Thus fate they all around in ſeemely rate,
 " And in the miſt of them a goodly mayd,
 " Even in the lap of Womanhood there ſate,
 " The which was all in lilly white aray'd,
 " With ſilver ſtreames amongſt the linnen ſtray'd;
 " Like to the Morne, when firſt her ſhining face
 " Hath to the gloomy world itſelf bewray'd;
 " That ſame was fayreſt Amoret in place,
 " Shyning with beauties light, and heavenly ver-
 " tues grace.

LIII.

" Whom ſoon as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
 " And wade in doubt what beſt were to be
 " done,

" For ſacrilege me ſeem'd the church to rob,
 " And folly ſeem'd to leave the thing undone,
 " Which with ſo ſtrong attempt I had begonne;
 " Tho ſhaking off all doubt and ſhameſt feare,
 " Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
 " Mongſt men of worth, I to her ſtepped neare,
 " And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare,

LIV.

" Therat that formoſt matrone me did blame,
 " And ſharpe rebuke, for being over-hold;
 " Saying it was to knight unſeemely ſhame,
 " Upon a recluſe virgin to lay hold,
 " That unto Venus' ſervices was ſold.
 " To whom I thus, Nay, but it fitteth beſt
 " For Cupid's man with Venus' mayd to hold,
 " For ill your goddeſſe ſervices are dreſt
 " By virgins, and her ſacrifices let to reſt.

LV.

" With that my ſhield I forth to her did ſhow,
 " Which all that while I cloſely had conceald;

" On which when Cupid with his killing bow
 " And cruell ſhafts emblazond ſhe beheld,
 " At ſight thereof ſhe was with terror queld,
 " And ſaid no more; but I, which all that
 " while,
 " The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
 " Like warie hynd within the weedie ſoyle,
 " For no intreatie would forgoe ſo glorious
 " ſpoyle.

LVI.

" And evermore upon the goddeſſe face
 " Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence;
 " Whom when I ſaw with amiable grace
 " To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
 " I was emboldned with more confidence,
 " And nought for niceneſſe nor for envy ſparing,
 " In preſence of them all forth led her thence,
 " All looking on, and like aſtoniſht ſtaring,
 " Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them
 " daring.

LVII.

" She often pray'd, and often me beſought,
 " Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
 " Sometime with witching ſmyles; but yet for
 " nought

" That ever ſhe to me could ſay or doe,
 " Could ſhe her wiſhed freedome fro me wooe;
 " But forth I led her through the temple gate,
 " By which I hardly paſt with much adoe;
 " But that ſame ladie which me friended late
 " In entrance, did me alſo friend in my retrate.

LVIII.

" No leſſe did Daunger threaten me with dread,
 " Whenas he ſaw me, maugre all his powre,
 " That glorious ſpoyle of beautie with me lead,
 " Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
 " His leman from the Stygian prince's boure:
 " But evermore my ſhield did me defend
 " Againſt the ſtorme of every dreadful ſtoure;
 " Thus ſafely with my love I thence did wend.
 " So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV.

CANTO XI.

Marinell's former wound is heald;
He comes to Proteus' hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.

i.
But ah for pittie! that I have thus long
Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne:
Now well away! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne,
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her
free

By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

ii.
Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That virgin's love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw;
For whenas neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

iii.
Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres nor brasen locke
Did neede to gard from force or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have rest;
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and
ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;

Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

iv.
And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darknesse dredd, that never view'd day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones away
(Old Styx, the grandame of the gods) doth lay:
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne morning's ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres
divide.

v.
All this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despys'd (ah! who would her despyse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse,
For of a woman's hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave when he did her pro-
voke.

vi.
Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother fought,
And many salves did to his fore applic,
And many herbes did use; but whenas nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladic,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,

(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

VII.

So well that leach did hearken to her request,
And did so well employ his careful paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe,
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse, proved over
all.

VIII.

It fortun'd then a solemne feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed,
But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led,
Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

IX.

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the gods in Proteus' house be made,
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes do wade;
All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse, I had,
And endlesse memorie, that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

X.

Helpe, therefore, O thou sacred Imp of Iove!
The nourling of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
And all those nymphes which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid a-
bodes.

XI.

First came great Neptune with his three-forkt
mace,
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his diadem imperiall;
And by his side his queene with coronall,
Faie Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for
her prepare.

XII.

These marched farre afore the other crew,
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iolymment,
That made the rockes to roare as they were rent;

And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent;
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to
tame:

XIII.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood
By whom those old heræes wenne such fame,
And Glaucus, that wise southsayer understood;
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mother's blame,
Now hight Palemon, and his saylers frend;
Great Brontes, and Astræus, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend;

XIV.

The rich Cteatus, and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor, and Caicus strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphæmus, that upon them goth
As on the ground without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx, and Alebins, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottom tread;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoary head.

XV.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possesse;
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,
And Inachus, renownd above the rest;
Phoenix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old,
Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britaine islands
hold:

XVI.

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
Who for the prooffe of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might,
And there his mortall part by great mischaunce
Was slaine; but that which is th' immortall
spright
Lives still, and to his feast with Neptune's seed
was dight.

XVII.

But what do I their names seeke to reherse,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
Let them record them that are better skild
And know the monuments of passed age;
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfilled,
T' expresse some part of that great equipage,
Which from Great Neptune do derive their pa-
rentage.

XVIII.

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame,
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest,
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterwards both sea and land possesse

Of all which Nereus th' eldest and the best
Did first proceed, then which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest,
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle de-
spight,
Doing himselfe, and teaching others to doe right.

xix.

Thereto he was expert in prophesies,
And could the ledden of the gods unfold,
Through which, when Paris brought his famous
prile,

The faire Tindarid lasse, he him foretold
That her all Greece, with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priam's towne: so wise is Nereus old,
And so well skild; nathelasse he takes great ioy
Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport
and toy.

xx.

And after him the famous rivers came
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie;
The fertile Nile, which creatures now doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the
skie;

Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus, glistering with his golden flood,
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may
be withstood;

xxi.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates;
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate;
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides;
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus' fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame;
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge river which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the
same.

xxii.

Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdom hold;
And shame on you, O Men! which boast your
strong

And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and
bold,

Yet quaille in conquest of that land of gold,
But this to you, O Britons! most pertaines
To whom the right hereof itself hath sold,
The which for sparing litle cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

xxiii.

Then was there heard a most celestial sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue
Before the spouse, that was Arion crownd,
Who playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That even yet the dolphin which him bore
Through the Ægean seas from pirates view
Stood still, by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for ioy forget to rore.

xxiv.

So went he playing on the watery plaine;
Soone after whom the lovely bridegroome came,
The noble Thamias, with all his goodly traine;
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife than he,
The Ouze, whom men doe lhis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blinde through eld, that scarce her
way could see.

xxv.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal groomes, which by their names were
hight

The Churne and Charwell, two small streames
which pained

Themselves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight;
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay,
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward fight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe al-
way.

xxvi.

And eke somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire city, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abroad,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sister's broode:
Ioy to you both, ye double nursery
Of arts! but Oxford! thine doth Thame most
glorify.

xxvii.

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or trew;
And on his head like to a coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

xxviii.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charret wents to ride,
Whan to love's pallace she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, arrayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant;
With such as one was Thamias beautifide,
That was to weete the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

xxix.

And round about him many a pretty page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little rivers which owe vassalage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay;
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray;
The morish Cole, and the soft-sliding Breane;
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,

And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant
streame.

xxx.

Then came his neighbour flouds which nigh him
dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about,
Ne none disdained low to him to lout;
No, not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout,
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him
fall.

xxxI.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines,
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it
glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence de-
clines
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines;
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he build-
ed hath.

xxxII.

And there came Stoure, with terrible aspect,
Bearing his fixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains
direct,
And washeth Windborne meades in season drye;
Next to him went Wylibourne with passage flye,
That of his wylineffe his name doth take,
And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby;
And Mole, that like a noufling mole doth make
His way still under ground till Thamis he over-
take.

xxxIII.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods,
Like a wood god and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify;
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwich wall,
And with him brought a present ioyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which the
Ruffins call.

xxxIV.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the
Rowne,
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned
wit.

xxxv.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old sawes prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beames;
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streams.

xxxvi.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they do call;
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany; and Eden though but small,
Yet often staine with blood of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his
strand.

xxxvII.

Then came those fixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant knights, of one faire nymph yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people
dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werse, and Oze, the most of
might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell,
All whom a Scythian King, that Humber hight
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite:

xxxvIII.

But past not long, ere Brutus' warlicke sonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his own pate;
For in the selfe same river where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate,
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still re-
maine.

xxxix.

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Lancaster his name doth lend,
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth
send

Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus' hall.

xl.

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were,
Sith no less famous than the rest they bee,
And ioynd in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place,
Though I them all according their degree

Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read their salvage countries thorough which
they pace.

XLI.

There was the Liffy rolling down the lea,
The fandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasaunt Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffier deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo, tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught
to weep.

XLII.

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire nimph Rheusa wandring there;
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her, and by force deflowr'd,
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth
powrd,
In three great rivers ran, and many countries
scowrd.

XLIII.

The first the gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next the stubborne Newre, whose waters
gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossepoonte boord;
The third the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which long fundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one ere to the sea they come;
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleasaunt Bandon, crown'd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an island fayre
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood,
And balefull Oure, late staine'd with English blood;
With many more whose names no tongue can tell:
All which that day, in order seemly good,
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull service as to them befell.

XLV.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknownen geare,
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver sprincked here and there,
With glitterings spangs that did like starres ap-
peare,
And wav'd upon like water chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayed it selfe, to let men plainly wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was
not.

XLVI.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw

To all about, and all her shoulders spread
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne a-
dore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane,
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spreading traine,
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day;
And her before there paced pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which pre-
par'd her way.

XLVIII.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene
hare,
Whom of their sire Nereides men call,
All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,
The grey-eyde Doris, all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had;
Swift Proto, mild Eucrate, Thetis faire;
Soft Spio, sweete Endore, Sao sad;
Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad;

XLIX.

White-hand Eunice, proud Dynamene;
Ioyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Pasithée, kinde Eulimene;
Light-foote Cymothoe, and sweete Melite;
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white;
Wondred Agave, Poris, and Nesea;
With Erato that doth in love delite,
And Panopæ, and wise Protomedæa,
And snowy-necked Doris, and milke-white Ga-
lathæa;

L.

Speedy Hippothoe, and chaste Actæa;
Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage;
Euagore, and light Pontoperea;
And she that with her least word can assuage
The surging seas when they doe forestrage,
Cymodoce, and stout Autonoe;
And Neso, and Eione well in age,
And seeming still to smile Glauconome,
And she that hight of many heastes Polynome;

LI.

Fresh Alimeda, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo, with salt bedewed wrests;
Laomedia, like the christall sheene;
Liagore, much praisd for wise behests,
And Psamathe for her brode snowy brests;
Cymo, Eupompe, and Themiste iust;
And she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Euarna, and Menippe true in trust,
And Nemertea, learned well to rule her lust.

LII.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,

To rule his tides, and farges to up-rere,
 To bring forth stormes, or fast them to up-
 binde,
 And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde;
 And yet besides three thousand more there were
 Of th' Oceans seede, but love's and Phœbus'
 kinde,
 The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
 And all mankinde doe nourish with their waters
 clere,

LIII.

The which more eath it were for mortall wight
 To tell the fands, or count the starres on hye,
 Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right;
 But well I wote that these which I descry
 Were present at this great solemnity;
 And there amongst the rest the mother was
 Of lucklesse Marinell, Cymodoce;
 Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
 Unto another Canto I will over-pas.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life;
The nymph his mother getteth her,
And gives to him for wife.

I.

O WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny!
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in the azure sky;
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas posterity;
So fertile be the fouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their
nation.

II.

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred,
For that the seas by her are most augmented,
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red:
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers yet unred;
For though their numbers do much more sur-
mount,
Yet all those fame were there which erst I did re-
count.

III.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus' house they filld even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodoce,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see [be.
The manner of the gods when they at banquet

IV.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall fire, though of immortal wombe,
He might not with immortal food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall gods to banquet come;
But walkt abroad, and round about did come
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home,
Where as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

V.

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclofd to none,
But to herselfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That truth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the
maine:

VI.

" Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold,
" And count my cares, when none is nigh to
" heare,
" Yet hoping griefe may lessen being told,
" I will them tell, though unto no man neare;
" For heaven, that unto all lends equall care,
" Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight,
" And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
" Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight,
" And greedy seas do in the spoile of life de-
" light.

VII.

" Yet loe the seas I see by often beating
 " Doe perce the rockes, and hardest marble
 " weares ;
 " But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
 " Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he
 " heares,
 " Is hardned more with my abundant teares ;
 " Yet though he never list to me relent,
 " But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
 " Yet will I never of my love repent,
 " But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII.

" And when my weary ghost, with grieve out-
 " worne,
 " By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
 " Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
 " That blame it is to him that armes profest,
 " To let her die whom he might have redrest."
 There did she pause, inforced to give place
 Unto the passion that her heart opprest,
 And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
 She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case :

IX.

" Ye gods of seas ! if any gods at all
 " Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
 " By one or other way me woefull thrall
 " Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
 " In which I daily dying am too long ;
 " And if ye deeme me death for loving one
 " That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
 " But let me die, and end my daies attone,
 " And let him live unlov'd, or love himselfe alone.

X.

" But if that life ye unto me decree,
 " Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
 " And of my life's deare love beloved be ;
 " And if he should through pride your doome
 " undo,
 " Do you by dureffe him compell thereto,
 " And in this prison put him here with me ;
 " One prison fittest is to hold us two :
 " So had I rather to be thrall then free ;
 " Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely
 " be.

XI.

" But O vaine iudgment, and conditions vaine,
 " The which the prisoner points unto the free ;
 " The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his
 " paine,
 " He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me ;
 " So ever loose, so ever happy be :
 " But wherefo loose or happy that thou art,
 " Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee."
 With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
 Would quite have burst though great abundance
 of her smart.

XII.

All which complaint, when Marinell had heard,
 And understood the cause of all her care
 To come of him for using her so hard,
 His stubborne heart, that never felt misfate,
 Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare,
 That even for grieve of minde he oft did grone,

And inly wisht that in his powre it weare
 Her to redresse ; but since he meanes found none,
 He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
 Was toucht, and mighty courage mollified,
 Dame Venus' sonne (that tameth stubborne youth
 With yron bit, and maketh him abide,
 Till like a victor on his backe he ride)
 Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
 That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride ;
 Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
 And learne to love, by learning lovers paines to
 rew.

XIV.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
 How from that dungeon he might her enlarge ;
 Some while he thought by faire and humble wife
 To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge ;
 But then he fear'd his mother's former charge
 Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine ;
 Then gan he thinke perforce with sword and
 targe

Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine ;
 But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

XV.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
 And with him beare where none of her might
 know :

But all in vaine ; for why ? he found no way
 To enter in, or issue forth below.
 For all about that rocke the sea did flow :
 And though unto his will she given were,
 Yet without ship or bote her thence to row
 He wist not how her thence away to bere,
 And daunger well he wist long to continue
 there.

XVI.

At last, whenas no meanes he could invent,
 Backe to himselfe he gan returne the blame,
 That was the author of her punishment,
 And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
 To damne himselfe by every evil name,
 And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
 That had despisde so chaste and faire a dame,
 Which him had fought through trouble and long
 strife,
 Yet had refusde a god that her had fought to
 wife.

XVII.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
 And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
 As he had lost himselfe, he wist not where,
 Oft listening if he mote her here againe,
 And still bemoaning her unworthy paine :
 Like as an hynde, whose calfe is false unwares
 Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
 An hundred times about the pit side fares,
 Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

XVIII.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
 And every one gan homeward to resort ;
 Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
 That his departnce should be so short,

And leave his love in that sea-walled fort ;
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way,
And all the way did inly mourne like one astray.

XIX.

Being returned to his mother's bowre,
In solitary silence, far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre
In which his wretched love lay day and night
For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight ;
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight ;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and langisht, and alone
did weepe :

XX.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight ;
His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in fight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

XXI.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine ;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne ;
Which griev'd her more, that she it could not
mend :

To see an helpelesse evill double grieve doth lend.

XXII.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease :
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis.
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not thoroughly healed,
But closely rankled under th'orifis :
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,

That love it was which in his hart lay unrevealed.

XXIII.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
That sayld the trust which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,
Who now was false into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured ;
So backe he came unto her patient,
Where searching every part, her well assured,
That it was no old sore which his new paine
procured :

XXIV.

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grieve unknowne, which he could not discerne ;
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,

5

And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings
sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale : who still her answered there was
nought.

XXV.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide ;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
Apollo came ; who soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out finde
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind ;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living
kind.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve ;
And coming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chide at him, that made her misbelieve ;
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooc with faire entreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so fore did mieve,
For sure she weend it was some one of those
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he
chose.

XXVII.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware,
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For love of nymphes she thought she need not
care,

But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine :
So he her told ; but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd :
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him that is life denayd ;
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.

XXIX.

To Proteus' selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of ner woe,
Nor unto any meaner to complaine,
But unto great King Neptune selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his maiestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruell tyrant, had presumptuouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to
die.

XXX.

To whom god Neptune, softly smyling, thus ;
" Daughter ! me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,

"Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us;
 "For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
 "To none but to the seas sole soverayne.
 "Read, therefore, who it is which this hath
 " wrought,
 "And for what cause; the truth discover plaine;
 "For never wight so evill did or thought,
 "But would some rightfull cause pretend, though
 rightly nought."

xxxI.

To whom she answer'd, "Then it is by name
 "Proteus, that hath ordain'd my sonne to die,
 "For that a waift, the which by fortune came
 "Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie;
 "And yet nor his nor his in equitie,
 "But your's the waift by high prerogative;
 "Therefore I humbly crave your maiestie
 "It to replevie, and my sonne reprove,
 "So shall you by one gift save all us three
 " alive."

xxxII.

He graunted it, and streight his warrant made,
 Under the sea-god's scale authentically,
 Commaunding Proteus straight t'enlarge the
 mayd,
 Which wandering on his seas imperiall
 He lately tooke, and thence kept as thrall:
 Which she receiving, with meeke thankfulnessse
 Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
 Who reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
 Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

xxxIII.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But unto her delivered Florimell.
 Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
 Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well;
 For she all living creatures did excell;
 And was right ioyous that she gotten had
 So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell:
 So home with her she straight the virgin lad,
 And shewed her to him then being fore bestad.

xxxIV.

Who soone as he beheld that angel's face,
 Adorn'd with all divine perfection;
 His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
 Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
 And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
 As withered weed through cruell Winter's time,
 That feelles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
 Liftes up his head that did before decline,
 And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sun-
 shine.

xxxV.

Right to himselfe did Marinell upreare,
 When he in place his dearest love did spy,
 And though his limbs could not his body beare,
 Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
 Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
 Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
 But that she masked it with modestie,
 For feare she should of lightnesse be detected,
 Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL, OR OF JUSTICE.

I.

So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas man's age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed course,
And being once amisse, growes daily worse and
worse :

II.

For from the Golden Age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one ;
And men themselves, the which at first were
framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone,
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione ;
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenerated.

III.

Let none then blame me if, in discipline
Of vertue and of civill use's lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted fore,
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for itselfe desired,

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And all men fought their owne, and none no
more ;

When iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

IV.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice ; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all :
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are chaunged quight ;
Ne wonder, for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

V.

For who so list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first
tooke

Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares,
They all are wandred much ; that plaine appears
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plapt of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa
bore :

VI.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne,
So hardly butted those two twinnes of love,

T

That they have crusht the Crab, and quight him borne

Into the great Nemæan Lion's grove :
So now all range and doe at Random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,
And all this creatures from their course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

vii.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres
In better case, ne keepses his course more right,
But is miscarried with the other spheres ;
For since the terme of fourteen hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the southerne lake,
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

viii.

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old
(Which in star-read were wont have best insight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told,
That since the time they first tooke the sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in fight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth west,
And wested twise where he ought rise aright ;
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

ix.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound ;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found ;
No warre was knowne, no dreadful trompet's sound ;

Peace universal rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grow out of the ground :
Iustice fate high ador'd with solemn feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred behests :

x.

Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might,
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious fight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

xi.

Dread soverayne Goddesse ! that dost highest sit
In seate of iudgment in the Almightyes stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doe'st to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest nations fills with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read
As thy great iustice prayfed over all,
The instrument whereof, loe here thy Artegalli.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK V. CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in iustice lore
Irenaes quest persewed;
He doeth avenge on Sanglier
His ladies bloud embrewed.

I.

THOUGH vertue then were held in highest price
In those old times of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked feede of vice
Began to spring, which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat;
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did
deface.

II.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' East, before untam'd, did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne;
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne:
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed,
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre en-
dewed.

III.

And such was he of whom I have to tell,
The champion of true Iustice, Artegall,
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did them befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was to succoure a distressed dame,
Whom a strong tyrant did uniuistly thrall,

And from the heritage which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold; Grantorto was
his name.

IV.

Wherefore the lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redresse:
That soveraine queene, that mightie emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patronesse,
Chose Artegall to right her to restore,
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous
lore.

V.

For Artegall in iustice was upbrought,
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Astræa with great industrie,
Whilest here on earth she lived mortallie;
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

VI.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport,
Who seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speeches milde

T ij

To wend with her, so thence him farre she
brought
Into a cave, from compaine exile,
In which she nourished him till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

VII.

There she him taught to weigh both right and
wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
Whenso it needes with rigour to dispence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their
kind.

VIII.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of man's yeares he raught,
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull
fight,

And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in
fight,

Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whenso he list in wrath list up his steely brand:

IX.

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her flight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In love's eternall house, unwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heaven; Chrysaor it was hight;
Chrysaor! that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when love those
gyants quelled:

X.

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade,
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue than of fame;
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would peirce or cleave wherefo it came,
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But wheresoever it did light it throughly shard.

XI.

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astraea lothing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she
found,
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race,
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes which nightly we do
see
The heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace,
And is the Virgin, fixt in her degree,
And next herselfe her righteous Ballance hanging
bee.

XII.

But when she parted hence she left her groome,
An yron man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus; made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end,
Who in his hand an yron flae did hould.
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth
fould.

XIII.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aid, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell tyrant which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed:
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they saw a squire, in squallid weed,
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred
eyne.

XIV.

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse ladie lying him beside,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die:
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight,
And, flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other
wight?

XV.

"Ah! wee is me, and well away!" quoth hee,
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke,
"That ever I this dismall day did see!"
"Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
"Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
"If I should grant that I have doen the same,
"That I mote drinke the cup whereof she drank;
"But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
"The which another did, who now is fled with
"shame."

XVI.

"Who was it then," sayd Artegall, "that
"wrought?"
"And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
"A knight," said he, "if knight he may be
"thought
"That did his hand in ladies blood embrew,
"And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
"This day as I in solace fate hereby
"With a faire love, whose losse I now do rew,
"There came this knight, having in companie
"This lucklesse ladie which now here doth head-
"lesse lie.

XVII.

"He whether mine seem'd fairer in his eye,
"Or that he waxed weary of his owne,
"Would change with me; but I did it denye,
"So did the ladies both, as may be knowne;
"But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,

" Would not so rest contented with his right,
 " But having from his courser her downe throwne,
 " Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,
 " And on his steed her set, to beare her out of
 " fight.

XVIII.

" Which when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
 " And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
 " Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
 " But rather of his hand besought to die;
 " With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
 " And at one stroke cropt off her head with
 " scorne,
 " In that same place where as it now doth lie :
 " So he my love away with him hath borne,
 " And left me here both his and mine owne love
 " to morne."

XIX.

" Aread," sayd he, " which way then did he
 " make ?
 " And by what markes may he be knowne
 " againe ?"
 " To hope," quoth he, " him soone to overtake,
 " That hence so long departed, is but vaine ;
 " But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
 " And as I marked bore upon his shield,
 " By which it's easie him to know againe,
 " A broken sword within a bloodie field,
 " Expressing well his nature which the same did
 " wield."

XX.

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
 His yron page, who him pursued so light,
 As that it seemd above the ground he went ;
 For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
 And strong as lyon in his lordly might.
 It was not long before he overtooke
 Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that knight)
 Whom at the first he ghesped by his looke,
 And by the other markes which of his shield he
 tooke.

XXI.

He bad him stay, and backe with him retire ;
 Who full of scorne to be commaunded so,
 The lady to alight did eft require,
 Whilest he reformed that uncivell so,
 And streight at him with all his force did go ;
 Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a
 rocke
 Is lightly stricken with some stone's throw,
 But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
 That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse
 bloke.

XXII.

But ere he could himselfe recure againe,
 Him in his iron paw he seized had,
 That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
 He found himselfe unwist so ill bestad,
 That lim he could not wag ; thence he him lad,
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall,
 The sight whereof the lady fore adrad,
 And tain'd to fly for feare of being thrall ;
 But he her quickly slayd, and forst to wend
 withall.

XXIII.

When to the place they came where Artegall
 By that same carefull squire did then abide,
 He gently gan him to demanda of ail
 That did betwixt him and that squire betide ;
 Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
 Did answere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
 And his accuser thereupon deside ;
 For neither he did shed that ladies blood,
 Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper
 good.

XXIV.

Well did the squire perceive himselfe too weake
 To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
 And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
 Then to approve his right with speare and shield
 And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield :
 But Artegall, by signes, perceiving plaine
 That he it was not which that lady kild,
 But that strange knight, the fairer love to gaine,
 Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to
 straine ;

XXV.

And sayd, " Now sure this doubtfull cause's right
 " Can hardly but by sacrament be tride,
 " Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight,
 " That ill perhaps mote fall to either side ;
 " But if ye please that I your cause decide,
 " Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
 " So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide."
 Thereto they both did franckly condescend,
 And to his doome with listfull cares did both
 attend,

XXVI.

" Sith then," sayd he, " ye both the dead deny,
 " And both the living lady claime your right,
 " Let both the dead and living equally
 " Devided be betwixt you here in fight,
 " And each or either take his share aright.
 " But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
 " He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
 " Beare for his penance that same ladies head,
 " To witnesse to the world that she by him is
 " dead."

XXVII.

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
 And offred streight the lady to be slaine ;
 But that same squire to whom she was more dere,
 Whenas he saw she should be cut in twaine,
 Did yield she rather should with him remaine
 Alive then to himselfe be shared dead ;
 And rather then his love should suffer paine,
 He chose with shame to beare that ladies head :
 True love despiseth shame, when life is cald in
 dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved,
 " Not so, thou squire !" he sayd, " but thine I
 " deeme
 " The living lady, which from thee he reaved ;
 " For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
 " And you, Sir knight, that lovd so light ef-
 " teeme,
 " As that ye would for little leave the same,

T iij

" Take here your own that doth you best be-
 " seeme,
 " And with it beare the burden of defame,
 " Your owne dead ladies head to tell abroad your
 " shame."

XXIX.

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
 And sternly gan repine at his beheast,
 Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
 To beare that ladies head before his breast,
 Untill that Talus had his pride represt,
 And forced him maulgre it up to reare;
 Who when he saw it bootlesse to resist,

He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
 As rated spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX.

Much did that squire Sir Artégall adore
 For his great iustice, held in high regard,
 And as his squire him offred evermore
 To serue for want of other meete reward,
 And wend with him on his adventure hard;
 But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
 But leaving him, forth on his iourney far'd;
 Ne weight with him but onely Talus went;
 They two enough t'encounter an whole regiment.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell;
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies; drownes lady Munera;
Does race her castle quight.

I.

NOUGHT is more honourable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great herōes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the gods on hy:
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice' sake pro-
ceedes:

II.

To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a dwarfe in hasty course,
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse:
Loth was the dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse,
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Ma-
rinell.

III.

For this was Dony, Florimel's owne dwarfe,
Whom having lost, (as ye have heard why-
leare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare;
But of her health when Artégall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridal cheare
Should be solemniz'd? for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

IV.

"Within three daies," quoth he, "as I doe heare,
It will be at the Castle of the Strond;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To doe her service, so as I am bond;
But in my way, a little here beyond,
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a bridge's passage by strong hond,
And many errant knights hath there fordonne,
That makes all men for feare that passage for
"to shonne."

V.

"What mister wight," quoth he, "and how far
"hence
Is he that doth to travellers such harmes?"
He is," said he, "a man of great defence,
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes,
And more embolden by the wicked charmes
With which his daughter doth him still support,
Having great lordships got, and goodly farmes,
Through strong oppression of his powre extort,
By which he stil them holds, and keepes with
"strong effort.

VI.

"And dayle he his wrongs encreaseth more;
For never wight he lets to passe that way,
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay,
Els he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pils and pils the poore in piteous wize,
But he himsele upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

" His name is hight Pollente, rightly so
 " For that he is so puissant and strong,
 " That with his powre he all doth over-go
 " And makes them subject to his mighty wrong,
 " And some by sleight he eke doth underfong;
 " For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
 " Which is but narrow, but exceeding long,
 " And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
 " Through which the rider downe doth fall through
 " oversight.

VIII.

" And underneath the same a river flowes,
 " That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall,
 " And in the which whomso he overthrowes,
 " All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
 " But he himselve through practise usuall
 " Leapes forth into the floud, and their affaies
 " His foe confused through his sodaine fall;
 " That horse and man he equally dismaies,
 " And either both them drownes, or trayterously
 " slaies.

IX.

" Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
 " And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby,
 " Who all that comes doth take, and therewith
 " fill

" The coffers of her wicked threasury,
 " Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy,
 " That many princes she in wealth exceeds,
 " And purchast all the countrey lying ny
 " With the revenue of her plenteous meedes;
 " Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes;

X.

" Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
 " With golden hands and silver feete beside,
 " That many lords have her to wife desired,
 " But she them all despiseth for great pride."
 " Now by my life," sayd he, " and God to guide,
 " None other way will I this day betake,
 " But by that bridge whereas he doth abide,
 " Therefore me thether lead." No more he
 spake.

But thitherward forthright his ready way did
 make.

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
 Where on the bridge he ready armed saw
 The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile,
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
 A villaine to them came with skull all raw,
 That passage-money did of them require,
 According to the custome of their law;
 To whom he answered wroth, " Lo there thy
 " hire:"

And with that word him strooke, that streight he
 did expire.

XII.

Which when the pagan saw, he waxed wroth,
 And streight himselve unto the fight addrest;
 Ne was Sir Artegall behind: so both
 Together ran with ready speares in rest.
 Right in the midst, wheras they brest to brest
 Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall

Into the floud; streight leapt the carle unblest,
 Well weening that his foe was false withall;
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the floud,
 They each at other tyrannously flew,
 Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
 But rather in them kindled choler new:
 But there the paynim, who that use well knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew;
 And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe
 bestrad.

XIV.

Which oddes whenas Sir Artegall espide,
 He saw no way but close with him in haft;
 And to him driving strongly downe the tide,
 Uppon his iron collar griped fast,
 That with the straint his weland nigh he braist.
 There they together strove and struggled long,
 Either the other from his steed to cast;
 Ne ever Artegall his griple strong
 For any things would slacke, but still upon him
 hong.

XV.

As when a dolphin and a sele are met
 In the wide champain of the ocean plaine,
 With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
 The maysterdome of each by force to gain,
 And dreadfull battaile twixt them to darraine;
 They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage,
 they rore,
 That all the sea disturbed with their traine,
 Doth drie with fume above the furies hore;
 Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

XVI.

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
 His horse's backe for dread of being drown'd,
 And to his handy swimming him betake.
 Estsones himselve he from his hold unbown'd,
 And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
 For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water fownd;
 So ought each knight, that use of perill has,
 In swimming be expert, through waters force to
 pas.

XVII.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
 Uncertaine whether had the better side,
 For both were skild in that experiment,
 And both in armes well traint and throughly
 tride;
 But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
 And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
 That his faint foe no longer could abide
 His puissance, ne beare himselve upright;
 But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

XVIII.

But Artegall pursu'd him still so neare
 With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
 That as his head he gan a litle reare
 Above the brincke to tread upon the land
 He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand,

It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on
him dight.

XIX.

His corps was carried downe along the lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned;
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned,
Where many yeares it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contained,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse
pen.

XX.

That done, unto the castle he did wend,
In which the paynim's daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend,
Of whom he entrance sought but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy deside,
Beaten with stones downe from the batilement,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endanger-
ment.

XXI.

Eftsoones his page drew to the castle gate,
And with his iron flae at it let flie,
That all the warders it did fore amate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie;
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great
uprore.

XXII.

With noise thereof the lady forth appeared
Uppon the castle-wall; and when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she
feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow,
And gan intreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought,
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powre of charms, which she against him
wrought,
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for
ought.

XXIII.

But whenas yet she saw him to proceede,
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede,
And causde great sackes, with endlesse riches
fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the castle wall,
That she might win sometime, though dearly
bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall;
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted there-
withall;

XXIV.

But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile;
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight against his powre themselves to reare;
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
And hid themselves in corners here and there,
And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide herselfe
for feare.

XXV.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they
finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away;
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
And all things secret wisely could bewray,
At length found out whereas she hidden lay
Under an heape of gold; thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and sowlly did array
Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
That Artégall himselfe her seemelesse plight did
rew.

XXVI.

Yet for no pittie would he chaunge the course
Of iustice which in Talus' hand did lye,
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissively;
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,
Which sought unrighteousnesse, and iustice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them
behold.

XXVII.

Herselfe then tooke he by the sclender wast,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud;
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her fire had scrapt by hooke and
crooke,
And burning all to ashes, powr'd it downe the
brooke.

XXVIII.

And, lastly, all that castle quite he raced,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artégall undid the evill fashion,
And wicked customes of that bridge reformed;
Which done, unto his former iourney he re-
toured.

XXIX.

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew,
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crow,
Whose great assembly they did much admire,

For never there the like resort they knew;
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.

xxx.

There they beheld a mighty gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great pair of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted, in his surquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys;
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys;
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and
boys.

xxxI.

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake,
And all the sea, divided each from either;
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether;
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell toge-
ther,

And all that did within them all containe,
Of all whose wight he would not misse a fether;
And looke, what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same
again.

xxxII.

For why? he sayd they all unequal were,
And had encroched upon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth; so did the fire the aire;
So all the rest did others parts empaire;
And so were realmes and nations run awry:
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently,
And all things would reduce unto equality.

xxxIII.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony-crooke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see, and heare
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In feignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or
feare;

xxxIV.

"Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
"And all things to an equall to restore,
"Instead of right, me seemes great wrong dost
"shew,
"And far above thy forces pitch to fore;
"For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
"In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
"What was the poyse of every part of yore,
"And looke then how much it doth overflow,
"Or faile thereof; so much is more then iust I
"trow.

xxxv.

"For at the first they all created were
"In goodly measure by their Maker's might,
"And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
"That not a dram was missing of their right:

"The earth was in the middle centre pight,
"In which it doth immoveable abide,
"Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
"And they with aire, that not a drop can slide;
"Al which the heavens containe, and in their
"cours'es guide.

xxxvi.

"Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
"That every one doe know their certaine bound,
"In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
"And mongst them al no change hath yet beene
"found;
"But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in
"pound,
"We are not sure they would so long remaine;
"All change is perillous, and all chaunce un-
"found;
"Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
"Till we may be assur'd they shall their course
"retaine."

xxxvII.

"Thou foolishhe Elfe," said then the gyant wroth,
"Seest not how badly all things present bee,
"And each estate quite out of order goth?
"The sea itsel'fe, dost thou not plainly see
"Encroch upon the land there under thee?
"And th' earth itsel'fe how daily its increast
"By all that dying to it turned be?
"Were it not good that wrong were then sur-
"ceast,
"And from the most that some were given to the
"least?"

xxxvIII.

"Therefore I will throw downe these mountains
"hie,
"And make them levell with the lowly plaine;
"These towring rocks, which reach unto the
"skie,
"I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
"And as they were them equalize againe.
"Tyrants, that make men subiect to their law,
"I will suppress, that they no more may raine,
"And lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
"And all the wealth of rich men to the poore
"will draw."

xxxix.

"Of things unseene how canst thou deeme
"aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
"Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
"What though the sea with waves continuall
"Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
"Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;
"For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
"Is with the tide unto another brought;
"For there is nothing lost that may be found if
"sought.

xl.

"Likewise the earth is not augmented more
"By all that dying into it doe fade,
"For of the earth they formed were of yore;
"However gay their blossome or their blade
"Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
"What wrong then is it if that when they die

" They turne to that whereof they first were
 " made?
 " All in the powre of their great Maker lie;
 " All creatures must obey the voice of the Most
 " Hie.

XLI.

" They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
 " Ne ever any asketh reason why.
 " The hils doe not the lowly dales disdain;
 " The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
 " He maketh kings to sit in soverainty;
 " He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
 " He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
 " He gives to this, from that he takes away;
 " For all we have is his: what he list doe he
 " may.

XLII.

" Whatever thing is done, by him is donne,
 " Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
 " Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
 " Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast
 " band;
 " In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
 " To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
 " Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand,
 " Sith of things subiect to thy daily vew
 " Thou doest not know the causes nor their courses
 " dew.

XLIII.

" For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
 " And weigh the winde that under heaven doth
 " blow;
 " Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise,
 " Or weigh the thought that from mans mind
 " doth flow:
 " But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
 " Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth
 " fall:
 " For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
 " That doest not know the least thing of them all?
 " Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the
 " small."

XLIV.

Therewith the gyaunt, much abashed, sayd,
 That he of little things made reckoning light;
 Yet the least word that ever could be layd
 Within his ballaunce, he could way aright,
 " Which is," sayd he, " more heavy then in
 " weight,
 " The right or wrong, the false or else the
 " trew?"

He answered that he would try it streight;
 So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
 But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce
 flew.

XLV.

Wroth wext he then, and sayd that words were
 light,
 Ne could within his ballaunce well abide;
 But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
 " Well, then," sayd Artegall, " let it be tride;
 " First in one ballance set the true aside."
 He did so first, and then the false he layd
 In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide.

And by no meane could in the weight be stayd;
 For by no meanes the false will with the truth be
 wayd.

XLVI.

" Now take the right likewise," sayd Artegale,
 " And counterpeise the same with so much
 " wrong."
 So first the right he put into one scale,
 And then the gyant strove, with puissance strong,
 To fill the other scale with so much wrong;
 But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
 Might it not peise; yet did he labour long,
 And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way;
 Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe
 way.

XLVII.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage
 And almost would his balances have broken;
 But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
 And said, " Be not upon thy balance wroken,
 " For they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
 " But in the mind the doome of right must bee,
 " And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
 " The eare must be the ballance, to decree
 " And iudge whether with truth or falshood they
 agree.

XLVIII.

" But set the truth and set the right aside,
 " For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
 " And put two wrongs together to be tride,
 " Or else two falses, of each equall share,
 " And then together doe them both compare;
 " For truth is one, and right is ever one."
 So did he; and then plaine it did appeare
 Whether of them the greater were attone;
 But right sat in the midst of the beame alone.

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
 For it was not the right which he did seeke;
 But rather strove extremities to way,
 Th' one to diminish, the other for to eeke,
 For of the meane he greatly did misleeke;
 Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
 Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke,
 He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
 And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him
 drownd.

L.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
 Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
 Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
 And spoyleing all her geares and goodly ray,
 Does make herselfe Misfortune's piteous pray;
 So downe the cliffe the wretched gyant tumbled;
 His battred ballances in peeces lay,
 His timbred bones all broken rudely rumbled;
 So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine
 humbled.

LI.

That when the people, which had there about
 Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
 They gan together in tumultuous rout,
 And mutining to stirre up civill faction
 For certaine losse of so great expectation;

For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation;
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

LII.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In warlike wise when Artégall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do,
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire.
He fear'd least they with shame would him pur-
few;

Therefore he Talus to them sent t'inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

LIII.

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side,

Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dis-
may;

But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarm of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his
vew.

LIV.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule, dismayd with dreadful fight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about;
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
To Artégall he turn'd, and went with him
throughout.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO III.

The spoufals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights;
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the ladies fights.

I.

AFTER long stormes and tempests over-blowne,
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare;
So whenas Fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisful houres at last must needes appeare,
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire:
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne:

II.

Who being freed from Proteus' cruell band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie Land,
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore,
To which there did resort from every side
Of lords and ladies infinite great store;
Ne any knight was absent that brave courage
bore.

III.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull fights,
The bridegroome's state, the bride's most rich array,
The pride of ladies and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an herauld, not for me;
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted
beg.

IV.

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinckes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and prooffe of chevalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furniture deviz'd:
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him fixe knights more, which enter-
priz'd
The challenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

V.

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble knight, and tride in hard assayes;
The second had to name Sir Bellifont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes;
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted knight:
All six well seene in armes, and prov'd in many
a fight.

VI.

And them against came all that list to giust,
From every coast and cuntry under sunne;
None was debard, but all had leave that lust.
The trompets sound; then all together ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell, yet little lost or wonne;
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the heralds loud re-
founded.

VII.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame,
Yet whether side was victor not be ghest;
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best:
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

VIII.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great decdes of armes did shew,
And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
Rashing off helmets, and rying plates asonder,
That every one his daunger did eschew:
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did
wonder.

IX.

But what on earth can alwaies happy stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd, whilest they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegall into the tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his snowy dame;
Where when he understood by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And straight that boaster prayd, with whom he
rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the bet-
ter hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array,
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
Th' other stayd behind to gard the pray;
But he ere long the former fistic bet,
And from th' other fistic soone the prisoner set.

XII.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They brought together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew,
Whom with sore havocke soone they overthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew:
So were they left lords of the field alone;
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore;
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store,
That his false ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and iudges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour
bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by
those.

XIV.

And thether also came in open fight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall:
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield;
Who came not forth; but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the sunne brode blazed in a golden
field.

XV.

The fight whereof did all with gladnesse fill;
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that triumph: then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochio's name resounded thrise;
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise:
And then to him came sayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yield, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

XVI.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did scornfull answere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell;
And further did uncomely speaches crake:
Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he
did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele;
Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,
With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell herselfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar ha

XVIII.

Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise;
But like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd,
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

xix.

As when two funnes appear in th' azure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus' charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each man's
eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Nature's worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright;
So stood Sir Marinell when he had scene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties
queene.

xx.

All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well had vewed,
And saw that boaster's pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth islewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed;
And to the boaster said, "Thou lossest base!"
"That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe en-
dewed,
"And others worth with leasings doest deface,
"When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in
"disgrace.

xxi.

"That shield which thou doest beare was it in-
"deed
"Which this dayes honour fav'd to Marinell;
"But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
"Which didst that service unto Florimell;
"For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
"What strokes, what dreadfull stoure it stir'd
"this day,
"Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
"Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest
"fway
"So sharpe a battel, that so many did dismay.

xxii.

"But this the sword which wrought those cruell
"stounds,
"And this the arme the which that shield did
"beare,
"And these the signes, (so shewed forth his wounds)
"By which that glory gotten doth appeare.
"As for this ladie which he sheweth here,
"Is not (I wager) Florimell at all,
"But some fayre franion, fit for such a fere,
"That by misfortune in his hand did fall;"
For prooffe whereof he bad them Florimell forth
call.

xxiii.

So forth the noble ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace,
Whereto her bashful shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face,
As roses did with lillies interlace;
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace,
Whom whenas all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did
shew.

xxiv.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,

Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall whether should the honor get:
Streightway so soone as both together met,
The enchaunted damzell vanish into nought;
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie girdle which about her wast was
wrought.

xxv.

As when the daughter of Thaumanthes faire,
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride,
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide;
So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe ere one could it bewray.

xxvi.

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horrou
quell'd,
To see the thing that seem'd so excellent
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became none understood;
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.

xxvii.

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left,
Which was not her's, as many it mistooke,
But Florimell's owne girdle, from her rest
While she was flying, like a weary west,
From that foule monster which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft,
Presented to the fairest Florimell;
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

xxviii.

Full many ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit,
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd;
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no woman's wast
By any skill or labour it would fit,
Unlesse that she were continent and chaste,
But it would lose or break, that many had disgrast.

xxix.

Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolen, to
clame;
And th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword; for with the same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to have smit;
And had he not beene held, he nought had sayld
of it.

xxx.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse:

For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
And Guyon would him algates have perforce,
Or it approve uppon his carrion corse:
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew, to stay th' avenger's force,
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by flight de-
ceaved.

xxxI.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About the woefull couple which were slaine;
And their young bloodie babe, to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine
His horse purloyned was by subtile traine,
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine,
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his
right.

xxxII.

Which Artegall well hearing (though no more
By law of armes there neede one's right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie)
Yet further right by tokens to descric,
He askt what privie tokens he did beare?
"If that," said Guyon, "may you satisfie,
"Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
"Shapt like a horse's shoe, who list to seeke it
"there."

xxxIII.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke,
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke:
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke,
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder
split.

xxxIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore (so was he hight)
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Esteemes he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see;
And whenas he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flond aloft, and louted low on
knee.

xxxv.

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed,
That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd,
"Lo there, Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
"As he with golden saddle is arayd,
"And let that losell, plainly now displayd,
"Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have
"gayned."

But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned
That iudgement so uniuert against him had or-
dayned.

xxxvi.

Much was the knight incens'd with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny,
And thrise did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby;
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, "Sir Knight it would dishonour bee
"To you that are our iudge of equity,
"To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee;
"It's punishment enough that all his shame doe
"see."

xxxvii.

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Upon him did inflict this punishment;
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent,
Then from him rest his shield, and it renuert,
And blotted out his armes with falschood blent,
And him selfe baffuld, and his armes unherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour
sperst.

xxxviii.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away,
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie,
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defame;
For oft their lewdness blotteth good deserts with
blame.

xxxix.

Now when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
To think with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtil flights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their
fights.

xl.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights;
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward
send.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren hat do strive;
Saves Terpin from the gallow-tree,
And doth from death reprive.

I.
Whoso upon himselfe will take the skill
True iustice unto people to divide,
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride;
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iustice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might;
For powre is the right hand of iustice truly
hight.

II.
Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of iustice given was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust;
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust,
Of rude oblivion and long time's decay,
Then this of Artégall, which here we have to
say.

III.
Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the castle of the Strond,
To follow his adventure's first intent,
Which long ago he taken had in hond;

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Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and go-
vernment :

IV.
With whom as he did passe by the sea-shore,
He chaunst to come whereas two comely squires,
Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires;
And them beside two seemly damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good:
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more
increast their mood.

V.
And there before them stood a coffer strong,
Fast bound on every side with yron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt upon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands:
Seem'd that for it these squires at odds did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands;
But evermore those damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

VI.
But firmly fixt they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustify;
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;

When Artegall arriving happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickeringment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

VII.

To whom the elder did this answer frame;
"Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
"To whom our fire, Milesio by name,
"Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
"Two islands, which ye there before you see
"Not farre in sea, of which the one appeares
"But like a little mount of small degree,
"Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
"As that same other isle, that greater bredth now
"beares.

VIII.

"But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
"And this devouring sea, that nought doth
"spare,
"The most part of my land hath washt away,
"And throwne it up unto my brother's share,
"So his increased but mine did empaire.
"Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
"That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
"With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
"And should have ioyned bene to her in wed-
"lock's knot.

IX.

"Then did my yonger brother Amidas
"Love that same other damzell, Lucy bright,
"To whom but little dowre allotted was;
"Her vertue was the dowre that did delight:
"What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
"But now when Philtra saw my lands decay,
"And former livel'od fayle, she left me quight,
"And to my brother did clope straight way,
"Who taking her from me, his owne love left
"astray.

X.

"She seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
"Through dolorous despayre, which she con-
"ceyved,
"Into the sea herselfe did headlong throw,
"Thinking to have her grieve by death bereaved;
"But see how much her purpose was deceived!
"Whist thus amidst the billowes beating of her,
"Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
"She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
"Which to her in that daunger hope of life did
"offer.

XI.

"The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
"Whenas the paine of death she tasted had,
"And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
"Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
"For any death to chaunge life, through most
"bad;
"And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
"(The lucky pylot of her passage sad)
"After long tossing in the seas distrest,
"Her weary barke at last uppon mine isle did
"rest:

XII.

"Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore
"Did her espy, and through my good endeavour

"From dreadfull mouth of death, which threat-
"ened fore

"Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save
"her.

"She then in recompence of that great favour
"Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
"The portion of that good which Fortune gave
"her,

"Together with herselfe in dowry free;
"Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

XIII.

"Yet in this coffer which she with her brought,
"Great threasure sithence we did finde contained,
"Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought;
"By this same other damzell since hath fained
"That to herselfe that threasure appertained,
"And that she did transport the same by sea,
"To bring it to her husband now ordained,
"But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way;
"But whether it be so or no I cannot say.

XIV.

"But whether it indeede be so or no,
"This doe I say, that whatso good or ill,
"Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
"(Not wronging any other by my will)
"I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still:
"And though my land he first did winne away,
"And then my love (though now it little skill)
"Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;
"But I will it defend whilst ever that I may."

XV.

So having sayd, the younger did ensue;
"Full trew it is whatso about our land
"My brother here declared hath to you;
"But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
"But for this threasure throwne uppon his strand;
"Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall;
"To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
"Known by good markes and perfect good ef-
"piall;
"Therefore it ought be rendred her without de-
"niall."

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the knight began;
"Certes your strife were easie to accord,
"Would ye remit it to some righteous man."
"Unto yourselfe," said they; "we give our
"word
"To bide what iudgement ye shall us afford."
"Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
"Under my foot let each lay downe his sword,
"And then you shall my sentence understand."
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his
hand.

XVII.

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd;
"Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
"Your brother's land which the sea hath layd
"Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
"By what good right doe you withhold this
"day?"
"What other right," quoth he, "should you
"esteem,
"But that the sea it to my share did lay?"

"Your right is good," sayd he, "and so I deeme,
"That what the sea unto you sent your own
"should seeme."

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd;
"Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be shewne;
"Your brother's threasure, which from him is
"strayd,
"Being the dowre of his wife well knowne,
"By what right doe you claime to be your
"owne?"
"What other right," quoth he, "should you es-
"teeme,
"But that the sea hath it unto me throwne?"
"Your right is good," sayd he, "and so I deeme,
"That what the sea unto you sent your own
"should seeme."

XIX.

"For equall right in equall things doth stand;
"For what the mighty sea hath once posselt,
"And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
"Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
"Or else by wracke, that wretches hath distrest,
"He may dispose by his imperiall might,
"As thing at random left, to whom he list.
"So Amidas, the land was your's first hight;
"And so the threasure your's is, Bracidas, by
"right."

XX.

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased;
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgment seased.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
Whenas their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did
call.

XXI.

So as he travelled upon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A route of many people farre away,
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide;
To whom when he approached neare in fight
(An uncouth fight) he plainly then descrie
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to
fight:

XXII.

And in the midst of them he saw a knight,
With both his hands behind him pinneed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow-tree prepar'd:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was underneath was to descry;
And with full heavy heart with them he fard,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

XXIII.

But they like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Reioyced at his miserable case,

And him reviled, and reproched fore
With bitter taunts and terms of vile disgrace.
Now whenas Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did ask what cause brought that man to decay?
They round about him gan to swarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous as-
say.

XXIV.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe, deceived their intent;
Yet though himselfe did shame on womankind,
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wreeke on them their follies hardiment;
Who with few sowces of his yron sle
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vain prowesse turned to their proper
bale:

XXV.

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit;
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for knight unfit,
Who more than losse of life ydreaded it;
And him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom some as he beheld he knew, and thus be-
hight;

XXVI.

"Sir Turpine! haplesse man! what make you
"here?
"Or have you lost yourselfe and your discretion,
"That ever in this wretched case ye were?
"Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
"Of womens powre, that boast of mens sub-
"iection?
"Or else what other deadly dismal day
"Is false on you by Heaven's hard direction,
"That ye were runne so fondly far astray
"As for to lead yourselfe unto your owne de-
"cay?"

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he himselfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus; "Most haplesse well ye may
"Me iustly terme, that to this shame am brought,
"And made the scorne of knighthood this same
"day;

"But who can scape what his own Fate hath
"wrought?
"The worke of Heaven's will surpasseth humaine
"thought."

XXVIII.

"Right true; but faulty men use oftentimes
"To attribute their folly unto Fate,
"And lay on Heaven the guilt of their own
"crimes."

But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amaze
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?"

U ij

"Then sith ye needs," quoth he, "will know
 "my shame,
 "And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
 "I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
 "In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my
 "blame.

XXIX.

"Being desirous (as all knights are woont)
 "Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
 "And after fame and honour for to hunt,
 "I heard report, that farre abroad did fly,
 "That a proud Amazon did late defy
 "All the brave knights that hold of Maidenhead,
 "And unto them wrought all the villany
 "That she could forge in her malicious head,
 "Which some hath put to shame, and many done
 "be dead.

XXX.

"The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
 "Is for the sake of Bellodant the Bold,
 "To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
 "And wooed him by all the waies she could;
 "But when she saw at last that he ne would
 "For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
 "She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
 "And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
 "Which she could doe to knights, which now she
 "doth fulfill.

XXXI.

"For all those knights, the which by force or
 "guile
 "She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate;
 "First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
 "And cloth in womens weedes, and then with
 "threat
 "Doth them compell to worke to earne their
 "meat,
 "To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
 "Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
 "But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
 "Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII.

"But if through stout disdain of manly mind
 "Any her proud observance will withstand,
 "Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,
 "She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand,
 "In which condition I right now did stand;
 "For being overcome by her in fight,
 "And put to that base service of her band,
 "I rather chose die in live's despight,
 "Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a
 "knight."

XXXIII.

"How hight that Amazon," sayd Artegall,
 "And where and how far hence does she abide?"
 "Her name," quoth he, "they Radigund doe call,
 "A princeesse of great powre and greater pride,
 "And Queen of Amazons, in armes well tride
 "And fundry battels which she had atchieved
 "With great successe, that her hath glorified,
 "And made her famous more than is believed,
 "Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it
 "prieved."

XXXIV.

"Now sure," said he, "and by the faith that I
 "To Maidenhead and noble knighthood owe,
 "I will not rest it till I her might doe trie,
 "And venge the shame that she to knights doth
 "show:
 "Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
 "This squalid weede, the patterne of despaire,
 "And wend with me, that ye may see and
 "know
 "How fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
 "And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she
 "would empaire."

XXXV.

With that like one that hopelesse was repyv'd
 From Deathes dore at which he lately lay,
 Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
 The badges of reproch, he threw away,
 And nimble did him dight to guide the way
 Unto the dwelling of that Amazone;
 Which was from thence not past a mile or tway:
 A goodly citty and a mighty one,
 The which of her owne name she called Reda-
 gone.

XXXVI.

Where they arriving, by the watchmen were
 Descried streight, who all the citty warned
 How that three warlike persons did appeare,
 Of which the one him seem'd a knight all arm'd,
 And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
 Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
 And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed;
 Ere long their queene herselfe, arm'd like a man,
 Came forth into the rout, and them t' array be-
 gan.

XXXVII.

And now the knights being arrived neare,
 Did beat upon the gates to enter in,
 And at the porter, scorning them so few,
 Threw many threats, if they the town did win,
 To teare his flesh in pieces for his sin;
 Which whenas Radigund their comming heard,
 Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
 She bad that straight the gates should be un-
 bard,
 And to them way to make with weapons well
 prepard.

XXXVIII.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
 They pressed forward, entraunce to have made;
 But in the middle way they were ymet
 With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which thena
 staid,
 And better bad advise, ere they affaid
 Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
 Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,
 And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
 And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not
 abide.

XXXIX.

But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
 Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit,
 So cruell doale amongst her maides divide,

T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours
knew.

XL.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudg'ment breake:
As when a beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and a while doth pause
To heare the piteous beast pleading her pleintiffe
cause.

XLI.

Whom whenas Artegall in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloody slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse;
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught
her,
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly
eye.

XLII.

Like to an eagle, in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath
spide
A goshauxe, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle that should her feast pre-
pare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his souce, which none endure dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey
doth rive.

XLIII.

But soone as she her fence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herselfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pride half
mad,
For never had she suffred such despight;
But ere she could ioine hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far asunder cast;
But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening
last.

XLIV.

And every while that mighty yron man
With his straunge weapon, never wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and court, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting
marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;

But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre,
For dread of their devouringemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him
flie.

XLV.

But whenas daies faire shinie beame yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warp'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund, with sound of trompe on hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from fight,
And gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her fight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be convayed in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted the Elfin knight,
Wearie of toile and travel of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city-gate in open fight,
Where he himselfe did rest in safety,
Together with Sir Terpin, all that night;
But Talus usde in times of ieopardy
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII.

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing grieve
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe,
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd herselfe in single fight
To try her fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disadventerous
fight.

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd;
"Goe, Damzell, quickly doe thyselfe addresse
"To doe the message which I shall expresse:
"Goe thou unto that stranger Faery knight,
"Who yesterday drove us to such distresse,
"Tell that to-morrow I with him will fight,
"And try in equall field whether hath greater
"might.

XLIX.

"But these conditions doe to him propound,
"That if I vanquish him, he shall obay
"My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
"And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
"Whatever he shall like to doe or say:
"Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse it
"Sixe of thy fellows of the best array;
"And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
"And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall hun-
"gry sit."

L.

The damzell streight obeyd; and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the town-gate went;
Where sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent,

U iij

Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpet's founding ment;
Where that fame damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shewd that with his lord she would emper-
launce make.

LI.

So he them streight conducted to his lord,
Who as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their meassage word by word;

Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertayned with curt'sies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight;
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their
feete;

But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the nixt daies
fight.

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK V.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdew'd by guyle;
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarin's wile.

I.

So soone as day forth dawning from the East
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens with-
drew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast,
Commaunded them their daily workes renew,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursue
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselves thereto preparte in order dew;
The knight as best was seeming for a knight,
And th' Amazon as best it likt herselfe to dight.

II.

All in a camis light of purple filke,
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught,
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham, but when she list it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with hends of gold on every side,
And mailles betweene, and laced close afore;
Uppon her thigh her cemitare was tide
With an embroidered belt of mickle pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield bedeckt
Uppon the bossie with stones that shined wide,
As the faire moone in her most full aspect,
That to the moone it mote be like in each respect.

IV.

So forth she came out of the citty-gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzells that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from
hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens hight;
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich pavillion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin the
fight.

V.

Then forth came Artégall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter;
Soone after eke came she with fell intent,
And countenance fierce, as having fully bent
her
That battel's utmost triall to aduenter.
The lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how Fortune would resolve that dange-
rous dout.

VI.

The trumpets sounded and the field began:
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended;
But he, that had like tempests often tride,

U iij

From that first flaw himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on every
side.

VII.

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
Which sayling, he gan fiercely her pursew:
Like as a smith, that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he fees it mollifie with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it
beat.

VIII.

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steele armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene;
But with her shield so well herselfe she warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded,
But he that helpe from her against her will dis-
carded:

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side itselfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mighty sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew;
And like a greedie beare unto her pray,
With her sharp cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh, the purple bloud
forth drew.

X.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbraid that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well,
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to pieces round about the
plaine.

XI.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In senselesse swoone, as if her life forooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke;
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sun-shynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have
raced.

XII.

But whenas he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of Nature's goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,

But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight
Bewrayed the signes of feature excellent;
Like as the moone in foggie winter's night
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkened be
her light.

XIII.

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Curfing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie,
By this upstarting from her swoone, she star'd
Awhile about her with confused eye,
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlie.

XIV.

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse;
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd,
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie pray'd
Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance to
have stayd.

XV.

Like as a puttoke, having spyde in fight
A gentle faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill,
The foolish kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still;
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble knight, and sorely him con-
straine.

XVI.

Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield;
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word
To be her thrall, and service her afford;
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
No sayrer conquest then that with goodwill is
gayned.

XVIII.

Tho' with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassal him to thraldome tooke;
But Terpene, borne to a more unhappy howre,

As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She causd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t'abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reskew fled,
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

XIX.

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so fondred,
Whose presence all their troops so much encom-

bred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and
flay,

Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred;
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne lord, but thought it iust
t'obay.

XX.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whilome he gotten had great fame;
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
Instead of curiets and bases fit for fight.

XXI.

So being clad, she brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was field
With monuments of many knights decay,
By her subdew'd in victorious fray;
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray,
And broke his sword for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre up battailous
alarmes.

XXII.

There entred in, he round about him saw
Many brave knights, whose names right well he
knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazon's proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew:
But they were forst through penurie and pyne
To doe those workes to them appointed dew;
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting
linnen twyne

XXIII.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A fordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a woman's slave!
Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassal to become if she him wonne in fight.

XXIV.

Who had him seene imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,

How for Iolas' sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed,
His lyon's skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse
toyed.

XXV.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
T'obay the heasts of man's well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie;
But vertuous women wisely understand
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the Heavens them list to lawfull sove-

raintie.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true subiection,
However it his noble heart did gall
T'obay a woman's tyrannous direction
That might have had of life or death election;
But having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captive straunge.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night;
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
To serve the lowly vassal of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne lord:
So great her pride, that she such basenesse much
abhor'd.

XXVIII.

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke
hart,
And still the more she strove it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoup, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysance of Love's mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her
paine.

XXIX.

Unto herselfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did
trust,
And to her sayd, "Clarinda, whom of all
"I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first,
"Now is the time that I untimely must
"Thereof make tryall in my greatest need:
"It is so hapned that the Heavens unist,
"Spithing my happie freedome, have agreed
"To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to
"breed."

xxx.

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning
flashed,

Decking her cheeke with a vermillion rose;
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe;

"This griefes deepe wound I would to thee
disclose,

"Thereto compelled through hart-murdring
paine,

"But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still
restraine."

xxxi.

"Ah, my deare Dread!" said then the fearefull
mayd,

"Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart with-
hold,

"That many hath with dread of death dismayd,

"And dare even Deathes most dreadfull face
behold?

"Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold:

"Doth not your handmayd's life at your foot
lie?"

Therewith much comforted, she gan unfold

The cause of her conceived maladie,

As one that would confesse, yet faine would it
denie.

xxxii.

"Clarinda," sayd she, "thou seest yond Fayry
knight,

"Whom not my valour, but his owne brave
mind

"Subiected hath to my unequall might;

"What right is it that he should thraldome find

"For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,

"That for such good him recompence with ill?

"Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,

"And by his freedome get his free goodwill;

"Yet so as bound to me he may continue still:

xxxiii.

"Bound unto me, but not with such hard bands

"Of strong compulsion and streight violence,

"As now in miserable state he stands;

"But with sweet love and sure benevolence,

"Voide of malicious mind or foule offence:

"To which if thou canst win him any way

"Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,

"Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,

"And eke with gratefull service me right well
apay.

xxxiv.

"Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,

"Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant
bee,

"And token true to old Eumenias,

"From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,

"That in and out thou mayst have passage free.

"Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits advise,

"And all thy forces gather unto thee,

"Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,

"With which thou canst even love himselfe to
love entise."

xxxv.

The trustie mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
Give her great comfort and some hart's content;
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour,
By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
With th' Elfin knight, her ladies best beloved;
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus
him proved:

xxxvi.

"Unhappy Knight! upon whose hopelesse state

"Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,

"And cruell Heavens have heapt an heavy fate,

"I rewe that thus thy better dayes are drowned

"In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned

"In stupid sorrow, sith thy iuster merit

"Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:

"Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit

"To thinke how this long death thou mightest
disinherit."

xxxvii.

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speech,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t'appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life be-
reave;

Both which to barre he with this answer met
her;

"Fairst Damzell! that with ruth, as I perceive,

"Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,

"For such your kind regard I can but rest your
dettor.

xxxviii.

"Yet weete ye well, that to a courage great

"It is no lesse befeeming well to beare

"The storme of Fortune's frowne or Heaven's
threat,

"Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare

"Timely to ioy and carrie comely cheare;

"For though this cloud have now me overcast,

"Yet doe I not of better times despayre;

"And though (unlike) they should for ever last,

"Yet in my truthe assurance I rest fixed fast."

xxxix.

"But what so stonie mind," she then replyde,

"But if in his owne powre occasion lay,

"Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,

"And to his fortune's helpe make readie way?"

"Unworthy sure," quoth he, "of better day,

"That will not take the offer of good hope,

"And eke pursue, if he attaine it may."

Which speeches she applying to the scope

Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope:

xl.

"Then why dost not, thou ill-advised man,

"Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,

"And try if thou by faire intreatie can

"Move Radigund? who though she still have
worne

"Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not
borne

" Of beares and tygres, nor so salvage mynded,
 " As that albe all love of men she scorne,
 " She yet forgets that she of men was kynded;
 " And sooth oft seene that proudest harts base
 " love hath blynded."

XLII.

" Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,"
 Sayd he, " nor obstinate disdainfull mind,
 " I have forbore this duetie to fulfill;
 " For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
 " That she a queene, and come of princely kynd,
 " Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
 " Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,
 " And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
 " And als of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto!"

XLIII.

" But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
 " From seeking favour where it doth abound,
 " Which if I might by your good office get,
 " I to yourselfe should rest for ever bound,
 " And ready to deserve what grace I found."
 She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
 Yet doubting least his hold was but unfound,
 And not well fastened, would not strike him strait,
 But drew him on with hope, fit leisure to awayt.

XLIV.

But, foolish mayd! whyles heedlesse of the hooke,
 She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
 Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
 And there was caught to her confusion;
 For seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
 She wounded was with her deceipt's own dart,
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
 Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
 To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

XLV.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
 Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being fdayned,
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
 For feare her mistresse should have knowledge
 gayned,
 But to herselfe it secretly retayned
 Within the closet of her covert brest;
 The more thereby her tender hart was payned:
 Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
 And fayrely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

XLVI.

One day her ladie, calling her apart,
 Gan to demand of her some tydings good,
 Touching her love's successe, her lingring smart;
 Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
 As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
 But quickly she it overpast, so soone
 As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood;
 Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
 And all the wayes she sought his love for to have
 wonne:

XLVII.

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
 Scorning her offers and conditions vaine,
 Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
 So fond a lesson as to love againe;
 Die rather would he in penurious paine,
 And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,

Then his foe's love or liking entertaine:
 His resolution was both first and last,
 His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plapt.

XLVIII.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
 She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
 For very fell despight, which she conceived,
 To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
 Whose life did lie in her least eye-lid's fall;
 Of which she vow'd with many a curst threat,
 That she therefore would him ere long forfall:
 Nathlesse when calmed was her furious heat,
 She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan
 entreat:

XLIX.

" What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
 " That we may compasse this our enterprize?
 " Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
 " And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
 " With which he dares our offers thus despize;
 " Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
 " And more my gracious mercie by this wize,
 " I will a while with his first folly beare
 " Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him
 " more neare.

L.

" Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
 " Leave nought unpromist that may him per-
 " swade,
 " Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
 " With which the gods themselves are mylder
 " made:

" Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
 " The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
 " With which in case thou canst him not invade,
 " Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavy arme:
 " Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made
 " stoupe with harme.

LI.

" Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
 " For I him find to be too proudly fed:
 " Give him more labour, and with streighter
 " law,
 " That he with worke may be forwearied:
 " Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
 " That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
 " And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
 " Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
 " And let whatever he desires be him denide.

LII.

" When thou hast all this doen, then bring me
 " newes
 " Of his demeane; thenceforth not like a lover,
 " But like a rebell stout I will him use;
 " For I resolve this siege not to give over
 " Till I the conquest of my will recover."
 So she departed full of grieve and sdaine,
 Which inly did to great impatience move her;
 But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
 Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall re-
 maine.

LIII.

There all her subtile nets she did unfold,
 And all the engins of her wit display

In which she ment him warelesse to unfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray:
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her ladie and herselfe withall,
And eke the knight, attonce she did betray;
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad nurse, which fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to herselfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyle;
Even so Clarinda her owne dame beguylde,
And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde
To feeding of her private fire, which boyled
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

For comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her queene, his freedome to have gayned,
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade:
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore;
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

And more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,

Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Gan yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie,
And with sayre words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good meanes he might deserve such
grace.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew;
Ne ever did deceitfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather how she mote him faster tye;
Therefore unto hir mistresse, most unkind,
She daily told her love he did desye;
And him she told her dame his freedome did
denye.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarfe diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow;
Yet to her dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but little friended,
Untill his own true love his freedome gayned,
Which in another Canto will be best containd.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegall's mishap;
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

I.
SOME men I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent command of womens will,
That all his former praise doth fowly spill;
But he the man that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens
snare.

II.
Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state,
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtile bait
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved,
Whose character in th' adamantin mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engraved,
That no new love's impression ever could
Bereave it thence; such blot his honour blemish
should.

III.
Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarce so conceived in her ialous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart,
In woman's bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely Houre, ere it was sought:
For after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne she waited hard for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that love-sicke faucies faine to
fynde,

IV.
Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares opprest;
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with ialous feare,
Least some new love had him from her posselt;
Yet loth she was since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill, yet could she not forbear.

V.
One while she blam'd herselfe, another whyle
She him condemn'd as truffleffe and untrew;
And then her grieve with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew:
For houres but dayes; for weekes that passed were
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more
few;
Yet when she reckned them still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth
a yeare.

VI.
But whenas yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne
As her own selfe, to ease herselfe of dout.
Now she deviz'd amongst the warlike rout
Of errant knights to seeke her errant knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose ladies lapped in delight;
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did
spight.

VII.

One day whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened west,
Towards which coast her love his way addrest;
There looking forth, she in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unrest.
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then
wind,
To beare unto her love the message of her mind.

VIII.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede;
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her love indeede:
Who when he nigh approacht, she mote arede:
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome;
Whereat her hart was fild with hope and drede:
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to know his tidings
somme.

IX.

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun;
"And where is he thy lord? and how far hence?"
"Declare at once; and hath he lost or won?"
The yron man, albe he wanted fence
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stude still mute as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then himselfe it
spake.

X.

Till she againe thus sayd; "Talus, be bold,
"And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
"That from thy tongue thy heart's intent doth
"hold."

To whom he thus at length; "The tidings sad,
"That I would hide, will needs I see be rad.
"My lord (your love) by hard mishap doth lie
"In wretched bondage, wofully bestad."
"Ay me," quoth she, "what wicked destinie!
"And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?"

XI.

"Not by that tyrant, his intended foe,
"But by a tyrannesse," he then replide,
"That him captived hath in haplesse woe."
"Cease thou, bad newes-man; badly dost thou
"hide

"Thy maister's shame, in harlots bondage tide;
"The rest myselfe too readily can spell."
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII.

There she began to make her moanefull plaint
Against her knight for being so untrew,
And him to touch with falshood's fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rewe
For yeelding to a straunger's love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;

And evermore she did him sharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly
plight.

XIII.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last;
And then againe she did herselfe torment,
Inflicting on herselfe his punishment.
Awhile she walkt and chaust; awhile she threw
Herselfe upon her bed, and did lament;
Yet did she not lament with lowde alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighs and sin-
guls few.

XIV.

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurse's might,
But kicks and squals, and shriekes, for fell def-
pight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darknesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing
Such was this ladies fit in her love's fond ac-
cusing.

XV.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Herselfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine,
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cause of Artegall's detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were
woo'd?

XVI.

"Ah! wellaway!" sayd then the yron man,
"That he is not the while in state to woo,
"But lies in wretched thraldome, weak and wan,
"Nor by strong hand compelled thereunto;
"But his owne doome, that none can now undoo."
"Sayd I not then," quoth she, "ere-while aright,
"That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
"Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
"Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in
"fight?"

XVII.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late;
All which when she with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad
With sodaine stounds of wrath and grief attone;
Ne would abide till she had answer made;
But streight herselfe did dight, and armour don,
And mounting to her steede, bad Talus guide
her on.

XVIII.

So forth she rode upon her ready way
To seeke her knight, as Talus her did guide,
Sadly she rode, and never word did say,

Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right downe, and in her thought did
hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that woman's pride
Which had her lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had
blent.

xix.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete, toward the even-tide,
A knight that softly paced on the plaine,
As if himselfe to solace he were faine :
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needlesse trouble to constraîne,
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no evill ment.

xx.

He comming neare gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the most comely wize ;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Than termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then the kindnesse would despize,
She would herselfe displease so him requite.
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd
light :

xxi.

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delighfull bee ;
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gave none other place : which when as
hee

By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to use lothfull speech,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampes had dimd the heaven's reach,
To lodge with him that night, unles good cause
empeach.

xxii.

The championesse, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request,
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by west,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest ;
Where soone arriving, they received were
In seemely wise, as them befeemed best ;
For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
And talkt of pleasant things, the night away to
weare.

xxiii.

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,
Where groomes awayted her to have undrest ;
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much be-
sought ;
For she had vow'd, she say'd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes till the revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe,
Which she would sure performe, betide her wele
or wo.

xxiv.

Which when her host perceiv'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment ;
Yet taking leave of her he did depart :
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieved,
Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved ;
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight re-
prieved.

xxv.

" Ye guilty eyes," said she, " the which with
" gyle
" My heart at first betrayed, will ye betray
" My life now too, for which a little while
" Ye will not watch ? false watches, wellaway !
" I wote when ye did watch both night and day
" Unto your loose ; and now needes will ye sleepe ?
" Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
" Now will ye sleepe ? ah ! wake, and rather
" weepe
" To thinke of your night's want, that should yee
" waking keepe."

xxvi.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease ;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease,
Like to a spaniel wayting carefully,
Least any should betray his lady treacherously.

xxvii.

What time the native belman of the night,
The bird that warn'd Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell t'each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall ;
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was rais'd againe, that no man could it
spie.

xxviii.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment ;
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men, comming with close intent
Towards her chamber ; at which dreadfull sound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about
her bound.

xxix.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two knights all armed ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight ;
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threshier ready keight ;

They seeing that let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

xxx.

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
'Then backe returning where his dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

xxxii.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly
burning
'To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst t'abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practice should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

xxxiii.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,
A man of subtile wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much less honour, by that warlike kinde
Of life; for he was nothing valorous,
But with flie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

xxxiiii.

He had three sonnes, all three like father's sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes;
The eldest of the which was flaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

xxxv.

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine,
And therefore meant him surely to have flaine;
But by God's grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from that traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnessse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eye-lids to oppresse.

xxxvi.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yflew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family;
And comming down to seeke them where they
wond,

Nor fire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie;
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty
fond;

They all were fled for feare, but whether nether
kond.

xxxvii.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steed, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight;
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall o'er
the lidge.

xxxviii.

There they did thinke themselves on her to
wreake,
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
"Thou recreant false Traytor! that with lone
"Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet knight art
"none,
"No more shall now the darknesse of the night
"Defend thee from the vengeance of thy sone,
"But with thy blood thou shalt appease the
"spright
"Of Guizor, by thee flaine, and muredred by thy
"flight."

xxxix.

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare,
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared;
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever gla-
red,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a silver censer sparkle
bright.

xl.

She stay'd not to advise which way to take,
But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Upon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the bridge's further end she past,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releast;
The other over side the bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

xli.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight,
The engin fiercely flying forth doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire
doth beare;

The other it with force doth overthrow
Upon one side, and from his rootes doth reare;
So did the championesse those two there strow,
And to their fire their carcasses left to bestow.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis church,
Where she strange visions sees;
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I.

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define;
For th' heavens themselves, whence mortal men
implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest love, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferior gods, and evermore
Therewith contains his heavenly common-weale;
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth re-
veale.

II.

Well therefore did the antique world invent,
That Iustice was a god of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place,
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian kings that whylome were,
With fayned colours shading a true case,
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare.

III.

His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of iustice which is equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently;
Unto whose temple whenas Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

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IV.

There she received was in goodly wize
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrificize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd,
And on their heads, with long locks comly kemd,
They wore rich mitres, shaped like the moone,
To shew that Isis doth the moone portend,
Likeas Osyris signifies the sunne,
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

V.

The championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the temple led,
Whose goodly building when she did behold
Borne upon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workman's passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red,
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her
fill.

VI.

Thenceforth unto the idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine;
Uppon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things divine;
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did en-
fold.

X

VII.

One foot was set uppon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force; and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddesse; whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe uppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward fence defining;
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And ioyous light the house of love forsooke;
Which when she saw, her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altar's side herselfe to slumber plaste.

IX.

For other beds the priests there used none,
But on their mother Earth's deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stone,
T'enure themselves to sufferance thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify;
For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life, that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine they say is blood,
Even the bloud of gyants; which were flaine
By thundring love in the Phlegrean plaine;
For which the Earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did
rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them
swell:

XI.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosom, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine, whose liquor bloudy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within Reason's rule her madding mood containe.

XII.

There did the warlike maide herselfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night,
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight;
Where whiles her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senselesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implice
The course of all her fortune and posteritye.

XIII.

Her seem'd as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deckt with mitre on her hed,
And linnen stole, after those priestes guise;
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moone-like mitre to a crowne of gold,
That even she herselfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Herselfe adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

XIV.

And in the midst of her felicity
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the temple sodainely,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Uppon the ground, which kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in icopardy
Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity.

XV.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the idol's feete in searelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre,
And gaping greedy wide, did streight devoure
Both flames and tempest; with which growen
great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse
powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat;
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe
did beat.

XVI.

Tho turning all his pride to humblese meeke,
Himselfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke;
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew:
With that she waked full of searefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that uncouth
fight.

XVII.

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-listed in the porch of heaven hie;
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow mas,
Whom she saluting faire, faire re-saluted was.

XVIII.

But by the change of her unchearefull looke
They might perceive she was not well in plight,
Or that some pensiveness to heart she tooke;
Therefore thus one of them who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake; "Sir Knight, it seemes to me
" That thorough evill rest of this last night,
" Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be; [see.]
" That by your change of cheare is easie for to

XIX.

" Certes," sayd she, " sith ye so well have spide
 " The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
 " I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
 " But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
 " Your aide to guide me out of errour blind."
 " Say on," quoth he, " the secret of your hart;
 " For by the holy vow which me doth bind,
 " I am adiur'd best counsell to impart
 " To all that shall require my comfort in their
 " smart."

XX.

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
 Of all that vision which to her appeard,
 As well as to her minde it had recourse:
 All which when he unto the end had heard,
 Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
 Through great astonishment of that strange sight,
 And with long locks up-standing stiffly, stared
 Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright;
 So fild with heavenly fury thus he her behight;

XXI.

" Magnificke Virgin! that in queint disguise
 " Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
 " So to pursue a perillous emprise,
 " How couldst thou weene through that disguised
 " hood
 " To hide thy state from being understood?
 " Can from th' immortall gods ought hidden bee?
 " They doe thy lineage, and thy lordly brood,
 " They doe thy fire lamenting fore for thee,
 " They doe thy love forlorne in womens thral-
 " dome see.

XXII.

" The end whereof, and all the long event,
 " They doe to thee in this same dreame discover;
 " For that same crocodile doth represent
 " The righteous knight that is thy faithfull lover,
 " Like to Ofyris in all iust endever;
 " For that same crocodile Ofyris is,
 " That under Isis' feete doth sleepe for ever;
 " To shew that clemence oft' in things amis
 " Restraines those sterne behests and cruell doomes
 " of his.

XXIII.

" That knight shall all the troublous stormies af-
 " swage,
 " And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
 " To hinder thee from the iust heritage
 " Of thy fire's crowne, and from thy cuntry
 " deare;
 " Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
 " And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme;
 " And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
 " That lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
 " So blesse thee God, and give thee ioyance of thy
 " dreame."

XXIV.

All which when she unto the end had heard,
 She much was eased in her troublous thought,
 And on those priests bestowed rich reward,
 And royall gifts, of gold and silver wrought,
 She for a present to their goddesse brought:
 Then taking leave of them, she forward went

To seeke her love, where he was to be fought,
 Ne rested till she came without relent
 Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
 Not with amaze as women wonted bee,
 She was confused in her troublous thought,
 But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
 As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
 Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
 That she the face of her new foe might see;
 But when they of that yron man had told,
 Which late her folke had flaine, she bad them
 forth to hold.

XXVI.

So therewithout the gate, as seemed best,
 She caused her pavilion be pight,
 In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
 Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
 All night likewise they of the towne in fright
 Uppon their wall good watch and ward did
 keepe;

The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
 Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
 The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe:

XXVII.

And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
 To warne her foe to battell soone be prest,
 Who long before awoke (for she full ill
 Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
 Did closely harbour such a iealous guest)
 Was to the battell whylome ready dight.
 Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
 Did forth issue, all ready for the fight;
 On th' other side her foe appeared soone in fight.

XXVIII.

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
 Began the streight conditions to propound,
 With which she used still to tie her sone
 To serve her so, as she the rest had bound;
 Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
 For high disdain of such indignity,
 And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound;
 For her no other termes should ever tie
 Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

XXIX.

The trumpets sound, and they together run
 With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
 Ne either sought the other's strokes to shun,
 But through great fury both their skill forgot,
 And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
 Their daintie parts, which Nature had created
 So faire and tender, without stain or spot,
 For other uses then they them translated,
 Which they now hackt and hewd, as if such use
 they hated.

XXX.

As when a tygre and a lionesse
 Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
 Both challenge it with equall greedinesse,
 But first the tygre clawes thereon did lay,
 And therefore loth to loose her right away,
 Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond;
 To which the lion strongly doth gaine say,

X ij

That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond,
And therefore ought it have wherever she it fond.

XXXI.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully fore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And then repaide again with double more.
So long they fought that all the grassie flore
Was filld with bloud, which from their sides did
flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did
strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should
grow.

XXXII.

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said; "This token beare
"Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare,
"And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest."
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; "Lewdly thou my love de-
"pravest,
"Who shortly must repent that now so vainely
"bravest."

XXXIII.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit
Unto the bone, and made a grievous wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce uphold, yet soone she it requit;
For having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the
plaine.

XXXIV.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britoness
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe;
But in revenge both of her love's distresse
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft;
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one, of sence bereft,
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left;

XXXV.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin,
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach;
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may
empeach.

XXXVI.

And now by this the noble conquereffe
Herselfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengefull vow she did professe,

Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make
Of slaughtred carcasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to flake;
For else he sure had left not one alive,
But all in his revenge of spirite would deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd,
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire;
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight.

XXXVIII.

At last whenas to her owne love she came,
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame,
She turn'd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so sad,
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Icalous suspect as true untruly drad;
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She fought with ruth to salve his sad misfortune
fore.

XXXIX.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chaste Penelope possesse,
To see her lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his favours likeliness,
For many scarres and many hoary heares;
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine
feares,

XL.

"Ah! my deare Lord! what sight is this?" quoth
she,
"What May-game hath Misfortune made of you?
"Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
"Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'
"embrew
"In bloud of kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
"Could ought on earth, so wondrous change have
"wrought,
"As to have robde you of that manly hew?
"Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
"Then farewell fleshly force, I see thy pride is
"nought."

XLI.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight,
And in their steede for other rayment fought
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene rest from many a noble knight,
Whom that proud Amazon subdewd had,
Whilest Fortune favoured her successe in fight,
In which whenas she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and ioyd much in his semblance
glad.

XLII.

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale;
During which space she there as princes rained;
And changing all that forme of common-weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt, and them restoring
To men's subiection, did true iustice deale;
That all they as a goddesse her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to her
loring;

XLIII.

For all those knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free,
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee;
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall;
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposed to proceed, whatso befall,
Upon his first adventure, which him forth did
call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of grieve;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventure's priefe,
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did repress,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

XLV.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase;
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat
ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble lord, Sir Artegall,
Went on his way, ne ever howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that lady thrall;
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare :
They slay the Soudan; drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

I.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawing with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish Iwaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his leman's traine;
So also did that great Oeteian knight
For his love's sake his lion's skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule for Cleopatra's fight :
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world
reiect.

III.

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane,
But left his love (albe her strong request)
Faire Britomart, in languor and unrest,
And rode himselſe uppon his first intent;
Ne day or night did ever idly rest,
Ne wight but only Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous govern-
ment,

IV.

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heede
A damzell flying on a palfrey fast
Before two knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaste,
In hope to have her overhent at last;
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent,
And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent.

V.

Soone after this he saw another knight,
That after those two former rode apace
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might;
So ran they all as they had bene at bace,
They being chased that did others chace :
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
However loth he were his way to flake.
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere
make.

VI.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearfull mayd,
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for nought her speede passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall, to whom she streight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enemy;
Who seeing her approach, gan forward set
To save her from her fear, and him from force to
let.

VII.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight have over-

went :

So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met ; but Artegail was stronger,
And better skild in tilt and turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
Then two speares length ; so mischief overmatcht
the wronger :

VIII.

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke,
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead : meane while the other
knight

Defeated had the other saytor quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast ;
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow pagan, which before him past.

IX.

Instead of whom finding there ready prest
Sir Artegail, without discretion
He at him ran with ready speare in rest ;
Who seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe ; so both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke,
And broke their speares ; yet neither has forgon
His horse's backe, yet to and fro long shooke,
And tottered like two towres which through a
tempest quooke.

X.

But when again they had recovered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had sayld of their pretence ;
Which when the damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both do heare what she to them will say.

XI.

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to
speake ;
“ Ah ! gentle knights, what meane ye thus unwise
“ Upon yourselves another's wrong to wreake ?
“ I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprize
“ Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise ;
“ Witnesse the paynims both, whom ye may see
“ There dead on ground : what do ye then devise
“ Of more revenge ? if more, then I am shee
“ Which was the roote of all ; end your revenge
“ on me.”

XII.

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
To weete if it were true as she had told ;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,
And ventailes reare, each other to behold :
Tho whenas Artegail did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,

5

He much admired both his hart and hew,
And, touched with intire affection, nigh him
drew ;

XIII.

Saying, “ Sir knight, of pardon I you pray,
“ That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus fore,
“ Suffring my hand against my hart to stray ;
“ Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
“ Yeeld for amends myselfe your's evermore,
“ Or whatso penaunce shall be by you red ”
To whom the prince ; “ Certes me needeth more,
“ To crave the fame, whom error so misled,
“ As that I did mistake the living for the ded :

XIV.

“ But sith ye please that both our blames shall die
“ Amends may for the trespassse soone be made,
“ Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.”
So can they both themselves full eath perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either other's cause to maintaine mutually.

XV.

Then Artegail gan of the prince enquire
What were those knights which there on ground
were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chafed so that mayd ?
“ Certes I wote not well,” the prince then sayd,
“ But by adventure found them sayring so,
“ As by the way unweetingly I strayd,
“ And lo the damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
“ Of whom we may at will the whole occasion
“ know.”

XVI.

Then they that damzell called to them nie,
And asked her what were those two her sone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie ;
And what was she herselfe, so woe begonne,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone ?
To whom she thus ; “ Then wote ye well that I
“ Doe serve a queene that not far hence doth
wone,
“ A princeesse of great powre and maiestie,
“ Famous through all the world, and honor'd far
“ and nie :

XVII.

“ Her name Mercilla most men use to call,
“ That is a mayden queene of high renowne,
“ For her great bounty knowen over all
“ And soveraine grace, with which her royall
“ crowne
“ She doth support, and strongly beateh downe
“ The malice of her foes which her envy,
“ And at her happinesse do fret and frowne ;
“ Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
“ And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII.

“ Mongst many which maligne her happie state,
“ There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
“ That with most fell despight and deadly hate
“ Seekes to subvert her crowne and dignity,
“ And all his powre doth thereunto apply ;

X iiii

“ And her good knights (of which so brave a
band,
“ Serves her as any princeſſe under ſky)
“ He either ſpoiles, if they againſt him ſtand,
“ Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX.

“ Ne him ſufficeth all the wrong and ill
“ Which he unto her people does each day,
“ But that he ſeekes by trayterous traines to ſpill
“ Her perſon, and her ſacred ſelfe to ſlay;
“ That, O ye Heavens! defend, and turne away
“ From her unto the miſcreant himſelfe,
“ That neither hath religion nor fay,
“ But makes his god of his ungodly pelfe,
“ And idoles ſerves; ſo let his idols ſerve the elfe.

XX.

“ To all which cruell tyranny, they ſay,
“ He is provokt, and ſtird up day and night
“ By his bad wife, that hight Adicia,
“ Who counſels him, through confidence of might,
“ To breake all bonds of law and rules of right;
“ For ſhe herſelfe profeſſeth mortall foe
“ To juſtice, and againſt her ſtill doth fight,
“ Working to all that love her deadly woe,
“ And making all her knights and people to doe
“ ſo.

XXI.

“ Which my liege lady ſeeing, thought it beſt
“ With that his wife in friendly wiſe to deale,
“ For ſtint of ſtrife and ſtabliſhment of reſt
“ Both to herſelfe and to her common-weale,
“ And all forepaſt diſpleaſures to repeale;
“ So me in meſſage unto her ſhe ſent,
“ To treat with her by way of enterdeale
“ Of finall peace and faire attonement,
“ Which might concluded be by mutuall conſent.

XXII.

“ All times have wont ſafe paſſage to afford
“ To meſſengers that come for cauſes juſt;
“ But this proud dame diſdayning all accord,
“ Not onely into bitter termes forth bruſt,
“ Reviling me, and rayling as ſhe luſt,
“ But, laſtly, to make proove of utmoſt ſhame,
“ Me like a dog ſhe out of dores did thruſt,
“ Miſcalling me by many a bitter name,
“ That never did her ill, ne once deſerved blame.

XXIII.

“ And, laſtly, that no ſhame might wanting be,
“ When I was gone, ſoone after me ſhe ſent
“ Theſe two falſe knights, whom there ye lying
“ ſee,
“ To be by them diſhonoured and ſhent;
“ But thank be God, and your good hardiment,
“ They have the price of their owne folly payd.”
So ſayd this damzell, that hight Samient,
And to thoſe knights for their ſo noble ayd
Herſelfe moſt gratefull ſhewd, and heaped thanks
repayd.

XXIV.

But they now having throughly heard and ſeene
All thoſe great wrongs the which that mayd com-
plained
To have bene done againſt her lady queene
By that proud dame, which her ſo much diſdayned,

Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke avengement ſtrong
Uppon the Souldan ſelfe, which it mayntained,
And on his lady, th’ author of that wrong,
And uppon all thoſe knights that did to her be-
long.

XXV.

But thinking beſt by counterſet diſguiſe
To their deſeigne to make the eaſier way,
They did this complot twixt themſelves deviſe;
Firſt that Sir Artégall ſhould him array
Like one of thoſe two knights which dead there
lay,

And then that damzell, the ſad Samient,
Should as his purchaſt prize with him convey
Unto the Souldan’s court, her to preſent
Unto his ſcornefull lady, that for her had ſent.

XXVI.

So as they had deviz’d, Sir Artégall
Him clad in th’ armour of a pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquiſht thrall,
That damzell, led her to the Souldan’s right;
Where ſoone as his proud wife of her had ſight,
Forth of her window as ſhe looking lay,
She weened ſtreight it was her paynim knight,
Which brought that damzell as his purchaſt pray,
And ſent to him a page that mote direct his way:

XXVII.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offerd his ſervice to diſarme the knight;
But he reſuſing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be diſcovered by his ſight,
Kept himſelfe ſtill in his ſtraunge armour dight:
Soone after whom the prince arrived there,
And ſending to the Souldan in diſpight
A bold deſyance, did of him requere
That damzell whom he held as wrongfull prifonere.

XXVIII.

Wherewith the Souldan, all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning moſt blaſphemioſly,
Commanded ſtreight his armour to be brought,
And mounting ſtreight uppon a charret hye,
With yron wheelles and hookes arm’d dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell ſteedes which he had fed
With fleſh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He ſlaughtered had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beaſtes for provender did
ſpred.

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burniſht with bloudie ruſt; whiles on the greene
The Briton prince him readie did awayte,
In gliftering armes right goodly well beſeene,
That ſhone as bright as doth the Heaven ſheene;
And by his ſtirrup Palas did attend,
Playing his page’s part, as he had bene
Before directed by his lord, to th’ end
He ſhould his ſlaile to finall execution bend.

XXX.

Thus goe they both together to their geare
With like fierce minds, but meanings different;
For the proud Souldan with preſumptuous cheare
And countenance ſublime and insolent,
Sought onely ſlaughter and avengement;

But the brave prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his cause's truth he trusted then in
might.

XXXI.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torn in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharpe wheelles in his first rage's heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained
scorne.

XXXII.

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistless rigour did eschew;
Yet as he passed by, the pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfix'd or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more
remorse.

XXXIII.

Oft drew the prince unto his charret nigh
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare,
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed coursers him did beare
So fast away, that ere his readie speare
He could aduance, he farre was gon and past;
Yet still he him did fellow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

XXXIV.

Again the pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore;
The wicked shaft, guyded through th' ayrie wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a grievous wound in his driven side.

XXXV.

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
That opened had the wellspring of his blood,
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood;
That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsman's hand,
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughs hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming
brand.

XXXVI.

Still when he sought t'approch unto him ny,
His charret wheelles about him whirled round,
And made him backe again as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,

So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound
For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place
to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they traft and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach,
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Where by his strengthes assay he might him
teach:

At last from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach,
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did
shew.

XXXVIII.

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away;
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew;
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew,
From which like mazed deer dismayfully they
flew.

XXXIX.

Fast did they fly, as them their feete could beare,
High over hilles and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare:
In vaine the pagan bannes, and sweares, and
rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought
awayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they list; their guide they have
forlore.

XL.

As when the fire-mouthed steedes, which drew
The sunnes bright wayne to Phaëton's decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew,
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knownen courses they forwent,
And leading th' ever burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firma-
ment.

XLI.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infant's sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scorn'd all former law;
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines, they
did draw

The yron charet, and the wheelles did teare,
And tost the paynim without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying
heare.

XLII.

Yet still the prince pursew'd him close behind,
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found
 No easie meanes according to his mind :
 At last they have all overthrowne to ground
 Quite topside turvey, and the pagan hound
 Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
 That no whole piece of him was to be seene,
 But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the
 greene.

XLIII.

Like as the cursed sonne of Theseus,
 That following his chace in dewy morne,
 To fly his stepdame's love outrageous,
 Of his own steedes was all to peeces torne,
 And his fair limbs left in the woods forlorne,
 That for his sake Diana did lament,
 And all the woody nymphes did wayle and mourne;
 So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
 That of his shape appear'd no litle monument.

XLIV.

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
 Though nothing whole, but all to brudd and
 broken,
 He up did take, and with him brought away,
 That mote remaine for an eternall token
 To all, mongst whom this storie should be spo-
 ken,

How worthily by Heaven's high decree
 Iustice that day of Wrong herselfe had wroken,
 That all men which that spectacle did see,
 By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV.

So on a tree before the tyrant's dore
 He caused them be hung in all men's sight,
 To be a monument for evermore :
 Which when his ladie from the castle's hight
 Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright;
 Yet not as women wont, in dolefull fit,
 She was dismayd, or fainted through affright,
 But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
 And gan eftsoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
 That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
 With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
 To wreake her on that mayden messengere
 Whom she had cauld be kept as prisonere
 By Artegall, misween'd for her owne knight,
 That brought her backe; and coming present
 there,

She at her ran with all her force and might,
 All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husband's murdered infant out;
 Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
 Her brother's bones she scattered all about;
 Or as that madding mother mongst the rout
 Of Bacchus' priests her owne deare flesh did teare:
 Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
 Nor all the Mænades so furious were,
 As this bold woman when she saw that damzell
 there.

XLVIII.

But Artegall being thereof aware,
 Did stay her cruel hand ere she her raught,
 And as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
 Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught :
 With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
 She forth did come whether her rage her bore,
 With franticke passion and with furie fraught,
 And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
 Unto the wilde wood ranne, her dolours to de-
 plore.

XLIX.

As a mad bytch, whenas the franticke fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
 Snatching at every thing, doth wreake her wrath
 On man and beast that commeth in her path :
 There they doe say that she transformed was
 Into a tigre, and that tigris scath
 In cruelty and outrage she did pas,
 To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

L.

Then Artegall himselfe discovering plaine,
 Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
 Of Knights and armed men, which did main-
 taine
 That ladies part, and to the Souldan lout;
 All which he did assault with courage stout,
 All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
 And like wyld goates them chaced all about,
 Flying from place to place with cowheard shame,
 So that with final force them all he overcame.

LI.

Then caused he the gates be opened wide;
 And there the prince, as victour of that day,
 With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
 Presenting him with all the rich array
 And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious
 wrong
 Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay;
 So both for rest there having stayd not long,
 Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another
 song.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth dismay;
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.

I.

WHAT tygre or what other salvage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itselfe with
might?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wild beasts and salvage woods to
dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake devoure,
And they that most in boldness doe excell
Are dredded most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

II.

There let her wonne farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III.

Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldan's late delight,
They both resolving now to leave the place,
Both it, and all the wealth therein, behight
Unto that damzell in her ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way;
But she them woo'd by all the meanes she might,

And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her ladie, thence not farre a-
way.

IV.

By whose entreatie both they overcommen,
Agree to go with her, and by the way,
As often falles, of sundry things did commen;
Mongst which that damzell did to them bewray
A straunge adventure which not far thence lay,
To weete, a wicked villaine bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the country thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could
get it out.

V.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, she sayd,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde;
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face;
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knownen by his feates, and famous over all.

VI.

Through these his flights he many doth confound;
And eke the rocke, in which he wents to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell,
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell;

And all within it full of wyndings is
 And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by
 smell
 Can follow out those false foot-steps of his,
 Ne none can backe returne that once are gone
 amis.

VII.

Which when those knights had heard, their hearts
 gan earne
 To understand that villain's dwelling place,
 And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
 And by which way they towards it should trace.
 "Were not," said she, "that it should let your
 "pace
 "Towards my ladies presence by you ment,
 "I would you guyde directly to the place."
 "Then let not that," sayd they, "stay your in-
 "tent,
 "For neither will one foot, till we that carle
 "have hent."

VIII.

So forth they past, till they approched ny
 Unto the rocke where was the villain's won;
 Which when the damzell neare at hand did spy,
 She warn'd the knights thereof; who thereupon
 Gan to advize what best were to be done:
 So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
 Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
 Wayling, and rayling pittifull uprore,
 As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

IX.

With noyse whereof whenas the caytive carle
 Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
 They in wayt would closely him ensnarle,
 Ere to his den he backward could recoyle;
 And so would hope him easily to foyle.
 The damzell straight went, as she was directed,
 Unto the rocke, and there upon the soyle
 Having herselfe in wretched wize abiected,
 Gan weepe and wayle, as if great grieve had her
 affected.

X.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave,
 Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
 With hope of her some wishful boot to have:
 Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
 Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
 And long curl'd locks, that downe his shoulders
 shagged,
 And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
 Made of straunge stufte, but all to worne and
 ragged,
 And underneath his breech was all to torne and
 iagged.

XI.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
 Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
 Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke,
 And ever round about he cast his looke;
 Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
 With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
 But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore, [store.
 Of which he in faire weather went to take great

XII.

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
 So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
 And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride;
 But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
 He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
 To banish feare; and with Sardonian smyle
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade;
 Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
 That from herselfe unwares he might her steale
 the whyle.

XIII.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pipe
 Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
 That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe
 How he his nets doth for their ruin lay;
 So did the villaine to her prate and play,
 And many pleasant trickes before her show,
 To turne her eyes from his intent away;
 For he in flights and iuggling feates did flow,
 And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

XIV.

To which whylest she lent her intentive mind,
 He suddenly his net upon her threw,
 That overspared her like a puffie of wynd;
 And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
 Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
 Crying for helpe aloud; but whenas ny
 He came unto his cave, and there did vew
 The armed knights stopping his passage by,
 He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly.

XV.

But Artégall him after did pursew,
 The whiles the prince there kept the entrance
 still:
 Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
 Like a wild goat, leaping from hill to hill,
 And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will,
 That deadly danger seem'd in all mens sight
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
 Ne ought awayled for the armed knight
 To think to follow him that was so swift and
 light.

XVI.

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
 To follow him, for he was swift in chace:
 He him persewd wherever that he went,
 Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place,
 Wherefo he fled, he followed him apace,
 So that he shortly forst him to forsake
 The hight, and downe descend unto the base:
 There he him courtst afresh, and soone did make
 To leave his proper forme, and other shape to
 take.

XVII.

Into a foxe himselfe he first did tourne,
 But he him hunted like a foxe full fast;
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last
 Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand;
 But he then stones at it so long did cast,
 That like a stone it fell upon the land;
 But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

xviii.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of flights;
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw;
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward
drew,

xix.

But whenas he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayne,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past;
So did deceipt the selfe deceiver fayle:
There they him left a carrion outcast,
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their
repast.

xx.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle mayd
To see her ladie, as they did agree;
To which when she approached, thus she sayd;
"Loe now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye
"bee

"Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see;
"There shall ye see my soverayne lady queene,
"Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
"That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
"Or that with diademe hath ever crowned
"beene."

xxi.

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
The prayes of that prince so manifold,
And passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had
told,

With many towres and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge be-
holders eye.

xxii.

There they alighting, by that damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night,
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That fate thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
To keepe out Guyle and Malice, and Despight,
That under shew oft-times of fayned semblance,
Are wont in princes courts to worke great scath
and hindrance:

xxiii.

His name was Awe; by whom they passing in,
Went up the Hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were
some
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome;

By whom they passing through the thickest
preasse,
The Marshall of the Hall to them did come,
His name hight Order; who commaunding
peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their
clamors cease.

xxiv.

They ceast their clamours upon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray;
For never saw they there the like array,
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,
Dealing iust iudgments, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threatens of any to be wroken.

xxv.

There as they entred, at the scriene they saw
Some one whose tongue was for his trespassse
vyle

Nayld to a post, adiudged so by law,
For that therewith he falsely did revyle,
And foule blaspheme that queene for forged
guyle,

Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had
sprad.

xxvi.

Thus there he stood, whylest high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon fons; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in;
So now *Mal font* was plainly to be red,
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him
shed.

xxvii.

They passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gracious queene;
Who fate on high that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device,
And all embost with lyons and with flourdelice.

xxviii.

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tiffew nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spreading wings did wyde un-
fold;

Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny
beames,
Gliftring like gold amongst the plights enrold
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept litle angels through the glit-
tering gleames.

XXIX.

Seemed those litle angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimbleffe
bold;

Besides a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate;
She angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall state,
Whylest kings and kesar at her feet did them
prostrate.

XXX.

Thus she did sit in soveraine maiestie,
Holding a scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand;
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand,
Yet whenas foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dif-
mayde.

XXXI.

And round about before her feet there sate
A bevie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t'adorne her royall state,
All lovely daughters of high love, that hight
Latae, by him begot in love's delight
Upon the righteous Themis; those, they say,
Upon love's iudgment-seat wayt day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's
decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance
stay.

XXXII.

They also doe by his divine permission
Upon the thrones of mortall princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend:
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Iust Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence, yborne of heavenly strene.

XXXIII.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
Whylest underneath her seete, there as she sate,
An huge great lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captived thrall,
With a strong yron chaine and collar bound,
That once he could not move nor quick at all;
Yet did he murnaure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler gan re-
dound.

XXXIV.

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two straunge knights were to her presence
brought,
Who bowing low before her maiestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone, that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,

As a faire stoupe of her high-soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

XXXV.

As the bright sunne, what time his fiere teme
Towards the westernne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw;
So did this mightie ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her
make,

Bate somewhat of that maiestie and awe
That whylome wont to do so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to en-
tertake.

XXXVI.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in
place,
She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base:
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The triall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard,
But at the sight of these those were awhile debard.

XXXVII.

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe eftsoones she gan convert againe,
Which that those knights likewise mote under-
stand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up into her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly
scand

On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them
none.

XXXVIII.

Then was there brought as prisoner to the barre,
A ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface;
Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to revele,
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
speech

To all assayes; his name was called Zele:
He gan that lady strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had pro-
cured.

XL.

First gan he tell how this that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Dueffa hight,

That false Dueffa, which had wrought great
care

And mickle mischief unto many a knight,
By her beguiled and confounded quight :
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did
frame.

XLII.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)
And with them practiz'd how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto herselfe deryve,
And triumph in their blood whom she to death
did dryve.

XLIII.

But through high Heaven's grace, which favour
not

The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loiall princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere prooffe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their
crymes :

Such be the meede of all that by such meane
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes ;
But false Dueffa, now entitled queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to
be seene.

XLIII.

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame ;
And with him to make part against her came
Many grave persons that against her pled :
First was a sage old fyre, that had to name
The kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her
red.

XLIV.

Then gan Authority her to oppose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute ;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute ;
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High God's behest, and powre of holy lawes ;
Then gan the peoples cry and common sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause ;
And, lastly, Iustice charged her with breach of
lawes.

XLV.

But then for her on the contrarie part
Rose many advocates for her to plead :
First there came Pittie, with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd Regard of Womanhead ;
And then came Daunger, threatening hidden
dread,

And high alliance unto forren powre ;
Then came Nobilitie of Birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke
stowre ;
And, lastly, Griefe did plead, and many teares
forth powre.

XLVI.

With the near touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton prince was fore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent ;
Which whenas Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to present.

XLVII.

He gan t'efforce the evidence anew,
And new accuséments to produce in place ;
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Até, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case :
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons forth
did lay.

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth, with griesly grim as-
pect,
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe ;
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore ;
Then brought he forth Incontinence of Lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie, her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused fore.

XLIX.

All which whenas the prince had heard and
seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie estfoones was drawen cleene ;
But Artegall, with constant firme intent,
For zeale of iustice was against her bent ;
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their queene for iudgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for iustice gainst the thrall.

L.

But she, whose princely breast was touched
neare
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light ;
But rather let instead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of
light ;
The which she covering with her purple pall,
Would have the passion hid, and up arose with-
all.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight;
Gerioneos seneschall
He slayes in Belge's right.

I.

SOME clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate:
This well I wote that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightyes everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
From thence pour'd down on men by influence
of grace.

II.

For if that vertue be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right
Oft spilles the principall to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to save the subiect of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart;
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour
rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those nations farre thy iustice do adore,
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much
more.

IV.

Much more it praysed was of those two knights,
The noble prince and righteous Artégall,
When they had seene and heard her doome
arights
Against Dueſſa, damned by them all,
But by her tempred without grieve or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce;
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched
corse.

V.

During all which those knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthie paternes of her clemencies,
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

VI.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did
dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and of her peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares,
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and flaine her children ruefully, alas!

VII.

Her name was Belge, who in former age
A ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly sonnes, which who had
seene

In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her issue
wasted.

VIII.

But this fell tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood;
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of thre to succour him in
fight.

IX.

And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of gyants race, the sonne of Geryon,
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre in one com-
byn'd;

And eke all strangers in that region
Attying, to his kyne for food assynd,
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

X.

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by the cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers flew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge, that Orthrus hight,
Orthrus, begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of Night,
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight

XI.

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight,
Who after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides' club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belge then did dwell,
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her noble husband's late deceffe,
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretched-
nesse.

XII.

Then this bold tyrant of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes,
That should their powre against her right op-
pose;

Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose,

Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

XIII.

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit;
Which having got, he gan forth from that bowre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke stowre,
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull monster to devoure,
And setting up an idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

XIV.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For ayd against that cruell tyrant's theft,
Ere all her children he from her had rest;
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this ladies giest;
To whom their fute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many knights and ladies
gent.

XV.

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton prince with his brave peare,
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprize to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie queene entreat
To grant him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI.

She gladly graunted it; then he straightway
Himselfe unto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his
fare.

The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre,
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and
count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind besene,
And leaving Artégall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did
guide,
And all his way before him still prepare;
Ne after him did Artégall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII.

It was not long till that the prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that ladie sad,
Whercof that tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and citties glad
In which she wont to harbour happily;
But now his cruelty so fore she drad,

That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herselfe did hyde from his hard ty-
ranny.

XIX.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight,
For all her other children through affray
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight;
And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly:
But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up ioyfully,
For well she wist this knight came succour to
supply:

XX.

And running unto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in teares, "Ah! my sweet
" Boyes!"

Sayd she, "yet now I gin new life to feele,
" And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
" Now rise againe at this your ioyous sight:
" Alreadie seemes that Fortune's headlong wheele
" Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
" Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble
" knight."

XXI.

Then turning unto him; "And you, Sir Knight,"
Said she, "that taken have this toylefome paine
" For wretched woman, miserable wight,
" May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
" For so great travell as you do sustaine;
" For other meede may hope for none of mee,
" To whom nought else but bare life doth re-
" maine;
" And that so wretched one, as ye do see
" Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee,"

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low dismounting from his loftie steede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede;
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort, which God now did send;
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII.

"Ay me!" sayd she, "and whither shall I goe?
" Are not all places full of forraine powres?
" My pallaces possessed of my foe,
" My cities sackt, and their sky-threatning towres
" Raced and made smooth fields now full of
" flowres?
" Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
" In which the fearefull cwfes do build their
" bowres,
" Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
" And harbour here in safety from those ravenous
" dogs."

XXIV.

"Nathlesse," said he, "deare Ladie! with me
" goe,
" Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;

" If not, we will it force maugre your foe,
" And purchase it to us with speare and shield;
" And if all sayle, yet farewell open field:
" The earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends,
And bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with
him wends.

XXV.

They came unto a citie farre up land,
The which whylome that ladies owne had bene,
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing
perswade.

XXVI.

That castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly castle, and both goodly towne,
Till that th'offended Heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne:
When those gainst states and kingdomes do con-
iure,
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to re-
cure?

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond,
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impos'd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his idole most untrew.

XXVIII.

To him he hath before this castle-greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich besene,
On which that cursed idole, farre proclaimed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named,
Offering to him, in sinfull sacrifice,
The flesh of men, to God's owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their blood in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX.

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed idol's altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on earth, but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee;
Those he devours, they say, both flesh and bone;
What else they have is all the tyrant's fee,
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

XXX.

There eke he placed a strong garrifone,
And set a seneschall of dreaded might,

That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all venturous knights in fight,
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne;
To which when now they gan approach in fight,
The ladie counfeld him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many knights had fouly bene for-
donne.

XXXI.

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard,
But ryding streight under the castle-wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward,
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their tyrant's seneschall;
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the
fight.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they would have ryven
quight

Out of their breasts with furious despight;
Yet could the seneschal's no entrance find
Into the prince's shield where it empight,
So pure the metall was and well refynd,
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd.

XXXIII.

Not so the prince's; but with restlesse force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his habernion and eke his corse,
Which tumbling downe upon the senselesse ground
Gave leave unto his ghost, from thraldoms bound,
To wander in the griesly shades of night:
There did the prince him leave in deadly swound,
And thence into the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might:

XXXIV.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
As three great culverings for batterie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonish-
ment.

XXXV.

So all attonce they on the prince did thonder,
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great
wonder,

But like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,
Rebutting him which in the midst did ryde
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past thro' his shield, and pierst through either
syde,
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly
dreare.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknighly play.
There whilest, they entring, th' one did th' other
stay,

The hindmost in the gate he over-hent,
And, as he pressed on him there did slay;
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

XXXVII.

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate, but that same lumpe of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
That it the posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: streight th' other fled
away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to save; but he there slew him at the
skreene.

XXXVIII.

Then all the rest which in that castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a posterne dore:
Long sought the prince; but when he found no
more
T' oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had
vewed,
And what she had not seene within unto her
shewed:

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly
greeting,
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honoured him with all that her behoved;
Thenceforth into that castle he her led,
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloved,
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

THE FAERY QUEENE,

BOOK V. CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight;
Doth slay the monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.

I.
It often falls in course of common life,
That Right long time is overborne of Wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong;
But iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right,
As by sad Belge seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton
knight.

II.
Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the lady Belge now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his seneschall low on the ground,
And eke himselfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound;
Yet sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage and take better cheare.

III.
Nathelasse himselfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the castle which they conquer'd had;
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the castle-gate,
And with bold vaunts and ydle threatning bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull
state.

IV.
The prince staid not his aunswere to devize,
But opening streight the sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize,
And asked him, if that he were the same
Who all that wrong unto that wofull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame?
He boldly aunswerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

V.
With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously uppon his armour bright,
As he to pceces would have chopt it quight,
That the bold prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight,
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have
rive.

VI.
Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength which in them was;
For stil when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand, and with such nimbleste fly
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

Which uncouth use whenas the prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such flight he were unware deceived,
And ever ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand.
One time when he his weapon saynd to shift,
As he was wont, and changed from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did lift.

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdain,
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainly t' avenge himselfe againe,
Can into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all;
But the sad Steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Uppon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horse's head him quite did
mall.

IX.

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare,
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himselfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof whenas the gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to rancke of piles that pitched are awry.

X.

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine;
But th' adamantine shield which he did beare
So well was tempred, that for all his maine,
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.

XI.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottred to one side;
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchet's
flight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped
quight.

XII.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto himselfe, with horreur great:
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly
look.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his
threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To save himselfe from those his furious heats,
And watch advauntage how to worke his care,
The which good fortune to him offred faire;
For as he in his rage him over-strooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortall steel quite through the body
strooke.

XIV.

Through all three bodies he him strooke atonce,
That all the three atonce fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have flaine.
So now all three one sencelesse lump remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
And byting th' earth for very Death's disdain,
Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the house of Dole, his daies there to
deplere.

XV.

Which when the lady from the castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast herselfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand;
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the citties wall
Uppon these warriors, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall, [all.
Now when they saw it false, they eke him greeted

XVI.

But Belge with her sonnes, prostrated low,
Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst wele some
wo,
Him thus bespake; "O most redoubted knight!
" The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
" That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
" And these weake impes replanted by thy might,
" What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
" But even that which thou savedst thine still to
" remaine?"

XVII.

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying "Deare lady! deedes ought not be scand
" By th' author's manhood nor the doer's might,
" But by their truth and by the cause's right:
" That same is it which fought for you this day.
" What other meed then need me to requight,
" But that which yeeldeth vertue's meed alway?
" That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth
pay."

XVIII.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd, "Ah! Sir, but mote ye please,
" Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
" As from my chieftest foe me to release,
" That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
" Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
" Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace."

Y ii

"What is there else," sayd he "left of their
"rout?"

"Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in
"dout."

xix.

"Then wote you, Sir, that in this church hereby
"There stands an idole of great note and name,
"The which this gyaunt reared first on hie,
"And of his owne vaine fancies thought did
"frame;

"To whom for endlesse horreur of his shame
"He offred up for daily sacrifice
"My children and my people, burnt in flame,
"With all the tortures that he could devise,
"The more t'aggrate his god with such his
"blouddy guize.

xx.

"And underneath this idoll there doth lie
"An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
"And feedes on all the carkasses that die
"In sacrifice unto that cursed feend;
"Whose ugly shape none ever saw nor kend
"That ever scap'd; for of a man they say
"It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
"Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
"Out of her poyntous entrails, fraught with dire
"decay."

xxi.

Which when the prince heard tell, his heart gan
earne
For great desire that monster to assay,
And prayd the place of his abode to learne;
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streightway
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display:
So to the church he came, where it was told
The monster underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did be-
hold.

xxii.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forth islewd from under th' altar's smooke
A dreadfull feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht itselfe as it had long lyen still,
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill,
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

xxiii.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh filld all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength,
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna bace,
Or other like infernall furies kinde;
For of a mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horreur which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde.

xxiv.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse;
A lion's clawes with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatso she can oppresse;

A dragon's taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds wherefo it is empight;
An eagle's wings for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

xxv.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that monster whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herselfe for very heart's despight
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole;
So also did this monster use like flight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a foole.

xxvi.

She comming forth, whenas she first beheld
The armed prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull fight,
That backe she would have turnd for great af-
fright;

But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save herselfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her
way.

xxvii.

Tho when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend;
Strongly he strove out of her greedie gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend;
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her lion's clawes he from her feete away did
wipe.

xxviii.

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That even the temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast;
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe aghast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour shooke,
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage
tooke.

xxix.

As when the mast of some well-timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
Whilest still she stands astonisht and forlorne;
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile;
But ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her
saile.

xxx.

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belge' selfe was therewith stonied fore,

As if the onely sound thereof she feard;
But then the seend herselfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great winges, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done
to rew:

xxxix.

But as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To issue forth; the which, once being brust,
Like to a great mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke;
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or
thinke.

xxxix.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loath'd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make;
Whom when he saw on ground he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With Belge, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger
drad.

xl.

Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth,
She gan reioyce, and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praying his renowned worth
By all the names that honourable were
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that monster's spoyle,
And eke that idoll deem'd so costly dere,
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely foyle.

xli.

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan shout aloud, that unto Heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:
So him they led through all their streetes along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To see the man, whose everlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

xlii.

There he with Belge did awhile remaine,
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
Untill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assurance and establishment;
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belge and to all the rest,
Of whom yet taking leave, thenceforth he went,
And to his former journey him addrest;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did
rest.

xliii.

But turne we now to noble Artegall,
Who having left Mercilla, streightway went,
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,

To weete, to worke Irenaes franchisement,
And eke Grantorto's worthy punishment:
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent;
Through many perills, and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he
has.

xliv.

There as he travel'd, by the way he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone;
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery Court he saw her wend,
Unto his soveraine queene her suite for to com-
mend.

xlv.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
"Haile, good Sir Sergis! truest knight alive,
"Well tride in all thy troubles than
"When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive;
"What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
"Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
"Or is she thral, or doth she not survive?"
To whom he thus; "She liveth sure and found,
"But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome
bound:

xlvi.

"For she, presuming on th' appointed tyde,
"In which ye promist, as ye were a knight,
"To meete her at the Salvage Iland's syde,
"And then and there for triall of her right
"With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
"Did thither come, were she, afayd of nought,
"By guilefull treason and by subtill flight
"Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
"Who her imprisoned hath, and her life often
sought.

xlvii.

"And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
"By which if that no champion doe appeare,
"Which will her cause in battailous array
"Against him iustifie, and prove her cleare
"Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth
reare,
"She death shall sure aby." Those tidings sad
Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore that through his fault she had
Fallen into that tyrant's hand and usage bad.

xlviii.

Then thus replide; "Now sure, and by my life,
"Too much am I to blame for that faire maide,
"That have her drawne to all this troublous
strife,
"Through promise to afford her timely aide,
"Which by default I have not yet defraide;
"But witnesse unto me, ye Heavens! that know
"How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide;
"For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
"And kept from complishing the faith which I
did owe.

Y. iiii.

XLII.

"But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
 "Hath he her lent a champion to provide."
 "Ten daies," quoth he, "he graunted hath of
 "grace,
 "For that he weeneth well before that tide
 "None can have tidings to assist her side;
 "For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
 "He day and night doth ward both farre and
 "wide,
 "That none can there arrive without an hoste;
 "So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste."

XLIII.

"Now turne againe," Sir Artegall then sayd,
 "For if I live till those ten daies have end,
 "Assure yourselfe, Sir knight, she shall have ayd,
 "Though I this dearest life for her do spend."
 So backward he attone with him did wend:
 Tho as they rode together on their way,
 A rout of people they before them kend,
 Flocking together in confusde array,
 As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approcht, the cause to know,
 They saw a knight in daungerous distresse
 Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
 That fought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
 And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse;
 And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
 They spide a lady left all succourlesse,
 Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
 To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage
 with-stands.

XLV.

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares
 To reskue her from their rude violence,
 And like a lion wood amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
 Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence:
 But all in vaine; their numbers are so great
 That naught may boot to banishe them from
 thence;
 For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former
 threat.

XLVI.

And now they doe so sharply him assay,
 That they his shield in peeces battred have,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 Fro daungers dread his doubtfull life to save,
 Albe that it most safety to him gave,
 And much did magnifie his noble name;
 For from the day that he thus did it leave,
 Amongst all knights he blotted was with blame,
 And counted but a recreant knight with endlesse
 shame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
 They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
 Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
 And forced them, however strong and stout
 They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
 Backe to recule, untill that yron man
 With his huge flaile began to lay about,

From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
 Like scattered chaffe, the which the wind away
 doth fan.

XLVIII.

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
 He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
 And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,
 In saving him from daungerous despaire
 Of those which sought his life for to empaire;
 Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
 The whole occasion of his late misfare
 And who he was, and what those villaines were,
 The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so
 nere?

XLIX.

To whom he thus; "My name is Burbon hight
 "Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore,
 "Untill late mischief did upon me light,
 "That all my former praise hath blemisht fore;
 "And that faire lady, which in that uprore
 "Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdellis hight,
 "Is mine own love, through me she have for-
 "lore;
 "Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
 "Or with her owne good will, I cannot read
 "aright.

L.

"But sure to me her faith she first did plight
 "To be my love, and take me for her lord;
 "Till that a tyrant, which Grantorto hight,
 "With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
 "Entyced her to him for to accord.
 "O who may not with gifts and words be
 "tempted!
 "Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
 "And to my foe hath guilefully consented.
 "Ay me! that ever guile in women was invented!

LI.

"And now he hath this troupe of villains sent
 "By open force to fetch her quite away,
 "Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine have bent
 "To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
 "Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may;
 "For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
 "And with unequall might doe over-lay,
 "That oft I driven am to great distresse,
 "And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedlesse."

LII.

"But why have ye," said Artegall, "forborne
 "Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?
 "That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne
 "Which unto any knight behappen may,
 "To loose the badge that should his deedes dis-
 "play."

To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame,
 "That shall I unto you," quoth he, "bewray,
 "Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
 "And deeme it doen of will, that through in-
 "forcement came.

LIII.

"True is that I at first was dubbed knight
 "By a good knight, the knight of the Red-crosse,
 "Who when he gave me armes in field to fight,
 "Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse

" His deare Redeemer's badge upon the bosse :
 " The same long while I bore, and therewithall
 " Fought many battels without wound or losse;
 " Therewith Grandtorto felfe I did appall,
 " And made him oftentimes in field before me
 " fall.

LIV.

" But for that many did that shield envie,
 " And cruell enemies increased more,
 " To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
 " That bloudie scutchin being battred fore,
 " I layde aside, and have of late forbore,
 " Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned :
 " Yet can I not my love have nathemore ;
 " For she by force is still fro me detayned,
 " And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mis-
 " trayned."

LV.

To whom thus Artégall; " Certes, Sir knight,
 " Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine,
 " Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
 " That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
 " As to abandon that which doth containe
 " Your honour's stile, that is your warlike shield;
 " All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine,
 " Then losse of fame in disaventrous field;
 " Dye rather then doe ought that mote dishonour
 " yeeld."

LVI.

" Not so," quoth he; " for yet when time doth
 " serve.
 " My former shield I may resume againe :
 " To temporize is not from truth to swerve.
 " Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
 " Whenas necessitie doth it constraine."
 " Fie on such forgerie," said Artégall,
 " Under one hood to shadow faces twaine;
 " Knights ought be true, and truth is one and
 " all;
 " Of all things to dissemble foully may befall."

LVII.

" Yet let me you of courtesie request,"
 Said Burbon, " to assist me now now at need
 " Against these pefants which have me opprest,
 " And forced me to so infamous deed,
 " That yet my love may from their hands be
 " freed."

Sir Artégall, albe he erst did wyte
 His wavring mind, yet to his aide agreed,
 And buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,
 Did set upon those troupes with all his powre and
 might.

LVIII.

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
 Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
 Did them assault with terrible allarme,
 And over all the fields themselves did muster,
 With bills and glayves making a dreadfull luster,
 That forst at first those knights backe to retyre ;
 As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
 Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
 Both man and beaft doe flie, and succour doe in-
 quyre.

4

LIX.

But whenas everblowne was that brunt,
 Those knights began afresh them to assaile,
 And all about the fields like squirrels hunt;
 But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
 Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
 Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
 And chased them both over hill and dale :
 The raskall manie soone they overthrew ;
 But the two knights themselves their captains did
 subdew.

LX.

At last they came whereas that ladie bode,
 Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight,
 To save themselves, and scattered were abroad ;
 Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
 As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
 Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
 In roiall robes, and many iewels dight;
 But that those villens through their usage had
 Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI.

But Burbon streight, dismounting from his steed,
 Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
 And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
 Would have embraced her with hart entyre;
 But she back-starting, with disdainefull yre
 Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
 Allured be for prayer nor for meed :
 Whom when those knights so froward and for-
 lore

Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded fore.

LXII.

Sayd Artégall, " What foule disgrace is this
 " To so faire ladie, as ye seeme in fight;
 " To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
 " With so foule blame as breach of faith once
 " plight,
 " Or change of love for any world's delight ?
 " Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
 " As prayse and honour ? or is ought so bright
 " And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
 " Whose goodly light then Phœbus' lamp doth
 " shine more cleare ?

LXIII.

" Why then will ye, fond Dame ! attempted bee
 " Unto a stranger's love, so lightly placed,
 " For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
 " To leave the love that ye before embraced,
 " And let your fame with falshood be defaced ?
 " Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
 " And honour with indignitie debased ;
 " Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold ;
 " But dearer then them both your faith once
 " plighted hold."

LXIV.

Much was the ladie in her gentle mind
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
 Ne ought to answer thereunto did find ;
 But hanging down her head with heavie cheare
 Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare ;
 Which Burbon seeing, her againe assayd,
 And clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare

Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gaine-sayd;
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

LXV.

Nathlesse the yron man did still purswe
That raskall many with unpittied spoyle;
Ne ceased not, till all their scattered crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that foyle,

The which they troubled had with great tur-
moyle;

But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
For that the terme approaching fast required
speed.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield :
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaith him in field.

i.

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine !
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine :
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

ii.

Witnesse may Burbon be ; whom all the bands
Which may a knight assure, had surely bound,
Untill the love of lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithles and unsound :
And witnesse be Gerioneo found,
Who for like cause faire Belge did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound :
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse.

iii.

Gainst whom Sir Artégall, long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie prince,
Great Gloriane, that tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great adventures hether too
Had it forslackt ; but now time drawing ny
To him assynd her high behest to doo ;
'To the sea-shore he gan his way apply,
To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry.

iv.

Tho when they came to the sea-coast, they found
A ship all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to sea, with whom they did compound
To passe them over where them list to tell :
The winde and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall,
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did for-
fall.

v.

But nathemore would they from land refraine,
But whenas nigh unto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might found the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew,
Through darts from shore, and stones, they at him
threw ;
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore ; whence he them chaste away,
And made to fly like doves, whom th' eagle doth
affry.

vi.

The whyles Sir Artégall, with that old knight,
Did forth descend, their being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight :
By this came tydings to the tyrant's care,
By those which earst did fly away for feare,
Of their arrivall ; wherewith troubled fore,

He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to have incountred ere they left the
shore :

VII.

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force ;
But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse ;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sower's hand :

VIII.

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage,
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make ;
To which all hearkning, did awhile asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror flake ;
Till he an herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughter's sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenas cause with him in single fight :

IX.

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were flaine ;
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine :
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat, twixt them twayne,
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day ;
So founded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

X.

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine,
For he had given streight commaundement
That none should dare him once to entertaine ;
Which none durst breake, though many would
right faine

For faire Irena, whom they loved deare ;
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvey which for them needful
weare.

XI.

The morrow next, that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irena's death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegall's arrival her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad, and hart full sore,
Weening her life's last howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor
see.

XII.

Then up she rose, and on herselfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,
And with dull countenance and with doleful
spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
For to receive the doom of her decay ;

But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

XIII.

Like as a tender rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drougt nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreys the glorie of her leaves gay ;
Such was Irena's countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the tyrant till it was farre day :

XIV.

Who came at length with proud presumptuous
gate
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate,
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a Steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong ;
And in his hand an huge polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he went to fight, to iustifie his
wrong :

XV.

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might ;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight :
His face was ugly, and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne,
That whether man or monster one could scarce
discerne.

XVI.

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare,
And grinning griesly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held ;
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like fight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

XVII.

The trompets found, and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent,
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage whereas most they ment ;
But with such force and furie violent
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or
braist.

XVIII.

Which cruell outrage, whenas Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes where-ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed ;
As when a skilfull marriner doth reed

A storme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

xix.

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abear,
And stooped oft his head from shame to shield;
No shame to stoupe one's head, more high to
reare,

And much to gain a litle for to yield;
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field:
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him fore did
overlade.

xx.

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare,
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare,
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly
dreare,

That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously,
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

xxi.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct;
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death pro-
tect;
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect;
But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could
wraft.

xxii.

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about;
Nathlesse for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield undoe:
Which Artegall perceiving, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combed was therewith so fore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then
afore.

xxiii.

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
That with the fouse thereof full sore aghast,
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted:
Again whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother Earth he fed;
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly rest his head, to ease him of his paine.

xxiv.

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud tyrant's awe,

Which with strong powre did them long time op-
presse,

And running all with greedie ioyfulness
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleness,
As their true liege and princeesse naturall,
And eke her champions glorie sounded over all;

xxv.

Who streight her leading with meete maiestie
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establisth peaceable,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;
And all such persons, as did late maintayne
That tyrant's part with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with heaveie payne,
That in short space, whiles there with her he
stayd,

Not one was left that durst her once have dis-
obayd.

xxvi.

During which time that he did there remayne,
His studie was true iustice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-wele:
And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
To search out those that usd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government,
On whom he did inflict most grievous punish-
ment.

xxvii.

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of iustice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that realme for to redresse;
But Envies cloud still dimmeth Vertue's ray:
So having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her, there leit in heaviness.

xxviii.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd hags he met
By the way-side, being together set,
Two griesly creatures; and to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most
ugly cases.

xxix.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt, and her foule
heare

Hung loose and loathsomely; thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheekes be
red;

Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew;
And as she spake, therewith she flavered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the lesse
she sed;

xxx.

Her hands were foule and dirtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which she
scratcht

Her curfed head, although it itched naught:
The other held a snake, with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought,
That round about her iawes one might defery
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping loth-
somely.

xxxI.

Her name was Envie, known well thereby,
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily,
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eate her gall;
For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous dyeat:

xxxII.

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gayned a great stake.

xxxIII.

The other nothing better was then shee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree;
For whatso Envie good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evill she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th' open wynd;
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have
bereaved.

xxxIV.

For whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes in-
vent

How to deprave or slanderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment;
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked
fort;

xxxV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it ecke, and make much worse by
telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envie selfe excelling

In mischief; for herselfe she onely vext,
But this same both herselfe and others eke per-
plext.

xxxVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her curfed tongue, full sharpe and short,
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wils:
Her distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,
And faynes to weave false tales and leafings bad,
To throw amongst the good which others had
disprad.

xxxVII.

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artégall,
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischief fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
Besides unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by flights allur'd, and to their pur-
pose lad.

xxxVIII.

Such were these hags, and so unhandsome drest;
Who when they nigh approaching had espyde
Sir Artégall return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards cures had scryde
A ravenous wolfe amongst the scattered flockes;
And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her brest, and forehead
knockes.

xxxIX.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whileare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despightfully:
The curfed serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remained secretly;
And as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be
read.

xI.

Then th' other comming neare, gan him revile,
And foully rayle with all she could invent;
Saying, that he had with unmanly guile
And foule abuson both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the fwerd of Iustice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent;
As for Grantorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd, he foully did to die.

xLI.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay,
And all the aire rebellowed againe;

So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray :
And evermore those hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did
straine :

XLII.

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her that so false sclaunders at him threw ; [deepe,
And more to make them pierce and wound more
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson sleepe ;
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII.

But Talus hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observed :
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet he for nought would
swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be
told.

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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI.

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE.

I.

THE waies through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull Land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby,
And when I gin to feeble decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and cheares my dulled
spright.

II.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred Imps that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of Learning's threa-
sures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by
the Muse:

III.

Revele to me the sacred nourfery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly,
From view of men and wicked world's disdain;
Since it at first was by the gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at first
From heavenly feedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour
burst.

IV.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely Courtesie,
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,

And spreds itselfe through all civilitie;
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned shewes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies mis-
deeme:

V.

But in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things, but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras;
But vertue's seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shews but inward thoughts
defynd.

VI.

But where shall I in all antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of princely curtesie,
As in yourselfe, O soveraine Lady Queene!
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It shewes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
But meriteth indeede an higher fame;
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your name.

VII.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine!
That from yourselfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to yourself doe it returne againe:
So from the ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king;
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire lords and ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your court, where courtesies
excell,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI.

CANTO I.

Calidore faves from Maleffort

A damzell used vylde;

Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make

Briana wexe more mylde.

I.
Of court it seemes men courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well befeemeth that in princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation:
Right so in Faery Court it did redound,
Where curteous knights and ladies most did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon:

II.
But mongst them all was none more courteous
knight
Then Calidore, beloved over all,
In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away:
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fante
display.

III.
Ne was there knight, ne was there lady found,
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions found,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace,
Which he could wisely use and well apply,
To please the best, and th' cvill to embase;
For he loathd leasng and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

VOL. II.

IV.
And now he was on travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure fore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artégall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had;
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad;
When Calidore thus first; "Haile, noblest Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathe living
spright!"

V.
"Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom Sir Artégall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprise,
In order as it did to him arise:
"Now happy man," said then Sir Calidore,
"Which have so goodly as ye can devize,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest as few before,
That shall you most renowned make for ever-
more."

VI.
"But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth, in waies untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide,
In which although good fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde."
"What is that quest," quoth then Sir Artégall,
"That you into such perils presently doth call?"

Z

VII.

"The Blatant Beast," quoth he, "I doe pursue,
 "And through the world incessantly doe chase,
 "Till I him overtake or else subdew;
 "Yet know I not or how or in what place
 "To find him out, yet still I forward trace."
 "What is that Blatant Beast?" then he replide:
 "It is a monster bred of hellishe race,"
 Then answered he, "which often hath annoyd
 "Good knights and ladies true, and many else
 "destroyd."

VIII.

"Of Cerberus whilome he was begot,
 "And fell Chimæra in her darke some den,
 "Through fowle commixture of his filty blot,
 "Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
 "Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then
 "Into this wicked world he forth was sent
 "To be the plague and scourge of wretched men,
 "Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 "He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly tor-
 "ment."

IX.

"Then since the Salvage Island I did leave,"
 Sayd Artegall, "I such a beast did see,
 "The which did seeme a thousand tongues to
 "have,
 "That all in spight and malice did agree;
 "With which he bayde and loudly barked at mee,
 "As if that he attonce would me devoure;
 "But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
 "Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
 "But he the more his wicked poyson forth did
 "poure."

X.

"That surely is that beast," saide Calidore,
 "Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 "To heare these tidings, which of none afore
 "Through all my weary travell I have had,
 "Yet now some hope your words unto me add."
 "Now God you speed," quoth then Sir Artegall,
 "And keepe your body from the daunger drad;
 "For ye have much adoe to deale withall."
 So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
 Whenas by chaunce a comely squire he found,
 That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
 Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
 Who seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aide;
 To whom approaching in that painefull stound,
 When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him
 saide;

XII.

"Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee
 "brought
 "Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
 "What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome
 "wrought;
 "And thee captived in this shamefull place?"
 To whom he answered thus; "My haplesse case
 "Is not occasioned through my mis-desert,

"But through misfortune, which did me abase
 "Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
 "Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well ex-
 "pert."

XIII.

"Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
 "Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,
 "Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
 "And it hath long mayntaind with mighty
 "wrong;
 "For may no knight nor lady passe along
 "That way, (and yet they needs must passe that
 "way,
 "By reason of the streight and rocks among)
 "But they that ladies lockes doe shave away,
 "And that knights berd for toll, which they for
 "passage pay."

XIV.

"A shamefull use as ever I did heare,"
 Sayd Calidore, "and to be overthrowne;
 "But by what means did they at first it reare,
 "And for what cause? tell if thou have it
 "knowne."
 Sayd then that squire; "The lady which doth
 "owne
 "This castle, is by name Briana hight,
 "Then which a prouder lady liveth none;
 "She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty
 "knight,
 "And sought to win his love by all the meanes
 "she might."

XV.

"His name is Crudor, who through high dis-
 "daine
 "And proud despight of his self-pleasing mynd,
 "Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
 "Untill a mantle she for him doe fynd
 "With beards of knights and locks of ladies lynd;
 "Which to provide she hath this castle dight,
 "And therein hath a seneschall assynd,
 "Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
 "Who executes her wicked will with worse
 "despight."

XVI.

"He this same day, as I that way did come
 "With a faire damzell, my beloved deare,
 "In execution of her lawlesse doome,
 "Did set uppon us flying both for feare,
 "For little bootes against him hand to reare:
 "Me first he tooke unable to withstond,
 "And whiles he her pursued every where,
 "Till his returne into this tree he bond,
 "Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have
 "fond."

XVII.

Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull
 "shricke
 "Of one loud crying, which they streightway ghest
 "That it was she the which for helpe did seeke;
 "Tho looking up unto the cry to left,
 "They saw that carle from farre, with hand un-
 "blest,
 "Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
 "That all her garments from her snowy brest,

And from her head her lockes, he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refraine for feare,

XVIII.

Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
Eftsoones he loofd that squire, and so him left,
With heart's dismay and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine which had rest
That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft;
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde,
"Leave, Faytor! quickly that misgotten west
"To him that hath it better iustifyde,
"And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art
"defyde."

XIX.

Who hearkning to that voice himfelfe upreard,
And seeing him so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought affeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake,
And with sterne count'nance thus unto him
spake;

"Art thou the caytive that defyest me,
"And for this mayd, whose party thou doest take,
"Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
"Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me
"free."

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft' he made him stagger as unstayd,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight;
But Calidore, that was well skill'd in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
Lying in waite how him he damadge might;
But when he felt him shrinke and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more
hard.

XXI.

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
Shall drive a mill, within strong bancks is pent,
And long restrayned of his readie cource,
So soone as passage is unto him lent
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore;
When once he felt his foe-man to relent,
He fiercely him pursu'd and pressed sore,
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

XXII.

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might,
Whenas the carle no longer could sustaine,
His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his
flight

Toward the castle, where if need constrain
His hope of refuge used to remaine;
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

XXIII.

They from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receive him in,
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin;
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore

Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut, whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the porter on the flore.

XXIV.

With that the rest the which the castle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay,
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a steare, in heat of sommers' day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away:
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
Where of the lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty
blame.

XXV.

"False traytor knight," sayd she, "no knight at
"all,
"But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty
"hand
"Murdred my men, and slaine my seneschall;
"Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
"And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?
"Yet doubt thou not but that some better knight
"Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
"Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
"And if none do, yet shame shall thee with shame
"requight."

XXVI.

Much was the knight abashed at that word,
Yet answer'd thus; "Not unto me the shame,
"But to the shamefull doer it afford:
"Bloud is no blemish; for it is no blame
"To punish those that do deserve the same;
"But they that breake bands of civilitie,
"And wicked customes make, those doe defame
"Both noble armes and gentle curtesie:
"No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII.

"Then doe your selfe for dread of shame forgoe
"This evill manner, which ye here maintaine,
"And do instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
"To all that passe; that shall you glory gaine
"More then his love, which thus ye seeke
"t'obtaine."

Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde;
"Vile Recreant! know that I do much disdain
"Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
"Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be
"defyde."

XXVIII.

"To take defiaunce at a ladies word,"
Quoth he, "I hold it no indignity;
"But were he here, that would it with his sword
"Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby."
"Cowherd," quoth she, "were not that thou
"wouldst fly
"Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place."
"If I doe so," sayd he, "then liberty
"I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
"With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to
"deface."

XXIX.

With that a dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,

Z ij

(A privy token which betweene them past)
 Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
 To Crudor, and desire him that he would
 Vouchsafe to reskue her against a knight
 Who, through strong powre, had now herselfe in
 hould,
 Having late slaine her senechall in fight,
 And all her people mured with outrageous
 might.

xxx.

The dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night;
 But Calidore did with her there abyde
 The comming of that so much threatned knight;
 Where that discourteous dame with scornfull
 pryde
 And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
 That yron heart it hardly could sustaine;
 Yet he that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
 Did well endure her womanish disdain,
 And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

xxxI.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
 Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
 The dwarf which bore that message to her
 knight
 Brought answer backe, that ere he tasted bread
 He would her succour, and alive or dead
 Her foe deliver up into her hand;
 Therefore he wild her doe away all dread,
 And that of him she mote assured stand,
 He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

xxxII.

Thereof full blyth the lady streight became,
 And gan t'augment her bitterneisse much more;
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
 Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,
 But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore;
 And having soone his armes about him dight,
 Did issue forth to meet his foe afore;
 Where long he stayed not, whenas a knight
 He spide come pricking on with all his powre and
 might.

xxxIII.

Well weend he streight that he should be the
 same
 Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine.
 No stayd to aske if it were he by name,
 But caught his speare, and ran at him amaine.
 They bene ymett in midst of the plaine
 With so fell fury and dispiteous forle,
 That neither could the other's stroke sustaine,
 But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
 Neither of other taking pittie nor remorse.

xxxIV.

But Calidore uprose againe full ligh,
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in fencelesse found;
 Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
 For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
 But when Briana saw that drery found,
 There where she stood upon the castle-wall,
 She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground,
 And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd to
 fall.

xxxv.

Nathlesse at length himselfe he did upreare
 In lustlesse wise, as if against his will,
 Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
 And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
 Of his late fall, awhile he rested still;
 But when he saw his foe before in vew,
 He shooke of luskifnesse, and courage chill
 Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
 To prove if better foote then horsebacke would
 ensue.

xxxvi.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
 Betwixt them two for maystery of might;
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious despight;
 Which as it still increast, so still increast
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
 Ne once to breath a while their anger's tempest
 ceast.

xxxvII.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
 And tryde all waies how each mote entrance
 make
 Into the life of his malignant foe;
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder
 brake,
 As they had pot-shares bene; for nought mote
 flake
 Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood;
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a
 flood.

xxxvIII.

At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
 At once did heave with all their powre and might,
 Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
 And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
 But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight,
 And nimbler-handed then his enemy,
 Prevented him before his stroke could light;
 And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
 That made him stoupe to ground with meeke hu-
 militie:

xxxIX.

And ere he could recover foote againe,
 He following that faire advantage fast,
 His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
 That him upon the ground he groveling cast,
 And leaping to him light, would have unlast
 His helme, to make unto his vengeance way;
 Who seeing in what daunger he was plapt,
 Cryde out "Ah! mercie, Sir, doe me not slay,
 " But save my life, which lot before your foot
 " doth lay."

xL.

With that his mortall hand awhile he stayd,
 And having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
 With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd:
 " And is the boast of that proud ladies threat,
 " That menaced me from the field to beat,

" Now brought to this? by this now may ye
" learne

" Strangers no more so rudely to entreat;
" But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
" The which shall nought to you but soule disho-
" nour yearne :

XLI.

" For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
" That court'lie doth as well as armes professe,
" However strong and fortunate in fight,
" Then the reproch of pride and crueltie :

" In vaine he seeketh others to suppress;
" Who hath not learnd himselfe first to sub-
" dew :

" All flesh is frayle, and full of ficklenesse,
" Subiect to Fortune's chance, still chaunging
" new :

" What haps to day to me, to-morrow may to
" you.

XLII.

" Who will not mercie unto others shew,
" How can he mercy ever hope to have?
" To pay each with his owne is right and dew:
" Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
" I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
" With these conditions which I will propound;
" First, that ye better shall yourselfe behave
" Unto all errant knights, wherefo on ground;
" Next, that ye ladies ayde in every stead and
" stound."

XLIII.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heart did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere:
So suffering him to rise, he made him sweare
By his own sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition,
But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmly to obey,
He up arose, however liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye:
Then forth he cald, from sorrowfull dismay,
The sad Briana, which all this beheld,
Who comming forth, yet full of late affray,
Sir Calidore up-cheard, and to her teld
All this accord to which he Cruder had compeld.

XLV.

Whereof she now more glad then fory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herselfe she did proiect,
And him adoring as her live's deare lord,
With all due thanks and dutifull respect
Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord,

XLVI.

So all returning to the castle glad,
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine,
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine;
And after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his paine,
And herselfe bound to him for evermore; [afore.
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was

XLVII.

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine,
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that squire againe,
Whom from her seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remained with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he waxed hale and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight;
He makes him squire, and of him learns
His state and present plight.

I.
WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a ladie whom a knight should love,
As curtesie, to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behoue?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse, for not yeelding what they owe;
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

II.
Thereto great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend;
For some so goodly grations are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine;
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine;
Yet praise likewise deserves good thewes enforst
with paine.

III.
That well in courteous Calidore appears,
Whose every deed and word that he did say
Was like enchantment, that through both the
eyes
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke
ryde.

IV.
And them beside a ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foot in foule array;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may:
But ere he came in place that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with
wonder fild.

V.
Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarfe did see
Yet seventene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodman's iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunter's horne he hanging
had.

VI.
Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a lyon and of many a beare,
That first unto his hand in chafe did happen
nere.

VII.

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed,
At length bespake; "What meanes this, gentle
" Swaine!

"Why hath thy hand too bold itselfe embrewed
" In blood of knight, the which by thee is flaine,
" By thee, no knight, which armes impugne
" plaine?"
"Certes," said he, "loth were I to have broken
" The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,
" Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
" So long as these two armes were able to be
" wroken.

VIII.

"For not I him, as this his ladie here
" May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
" Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were:
" But he me first through pride and puillance
" strong
" Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth
" long."
"Perdie great blame," then said Sir Calidore,
" For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
" But then aread, thou gentle Chyld! wherefore
" Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne
" uprore?"

IX.

"That shall I sooth," said he, "to you declare;
" I whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
" For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
" Doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse
" wit,
" To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
" In all this Forrest and wild woodie raine;
" Where, as this day I was enrauging it,
" I chaunst to meet this knight who there lyes
" flaine,
" Together with this ladie, passing on the plaine.

X.

"The knight, as ye did see, on horsbacke was,
" And this his ladie, that him ill became,
" On her faire feet by his horse-side did pas
" Thro' thicke and thin, unfit for any dame;
" Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
" Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
" He with his speare (that was to him great
" blame)
" Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to
" goe,
" Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous
" woe.

XI.

"Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
" Much was I moved in indignant mind,
" And gan to blame him for such cruelty
" Towards a ladie, whom with usage kind
" He rather should have taken up behind;
" Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud dis-
" daine,
" Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did
" find,
" And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
" Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a chylde
" pertaine.

XIII.

"Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
" His scornfull taunts unto his teeth againe,
" That he streightway with haughtie cholar
" burned,
" And with his speare strooke me one stroke or
" twaine;
" Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
" Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
" Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
" Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
" That through the wound his spirit shortly did
" depart."

XIII.

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speech,
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a
breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke;
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due
hire?

XIV.

Of all which whenas she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore, "Neither will I
" Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite
" clame;
" For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
" And what he did, he did himselfe to save:
" Against both which that knight wrought knight-
" lesse shame;
" For knights and all men this by nature have,
" Towards all women-kind them kindly to be-
" have.

XV.

"But sith that he is gone irrevocable,
" Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
" What cause could make him so dishonourable
" To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread,
" And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead."
"Certes, Sir knight," sayd she, "full loth I were
" To rayse a lyving blame against the dead;
" But since it me concernes my selfe to cleare,
" I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

XVI.

"This day, as he and I together roade
" Upon our way to which we weren bent,
" We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
" Within a wood, whereas a ladie gent
" Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment
" Of their franke loves, free from all gealous
" spyres;
" Faire was the ladie sure, that mote content
" An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
" And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

XVII.

"Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
" He inly gan her lover to envy,
" And wish that he part of his spoyle might
" share;

" Whereto whenas my presence he did spy
 " To be a let, he bad me by and by
 " For to alight; but when as I was loth
 " My loves own part to leave so suddenly,
 " He with strong hand down from his steed me
 " throw'th;
 " And with presumptuous powre against that
 " knight streight go'th.

xviii.

" Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more
 " meete
 " For ladies service and for love's delight,
 " Then fearing any foeman there to meete;
 " Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him
 " dight
 " Himselfe to yeeld his love, or else to fight:
 " Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
 " Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
 " To leave his love he should be ill apayd,
 " In which he had good right gaynst all that it
 " gaine sayd;

xix.

" Yet since he was not presently in plight
 " Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
 " He him requested, as he was a knight,
 " To lend him day his better right to trie,
 " Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
 " Might lightly fetch; but he was fierce and
 " whot,
 " Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
 " But at him flew, and with his speare him smot,
 " From which to think to save himselfe it booted
 " not.

xx.

" Meanewhile his ladie, which this outrage saw,
 " Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
 " Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
 " And closely hid herselfe within the grove.
 " My knight her's soone, as seemes, to daunger
 " drove,
 " And left fore wounded, but when her he mist,
 " He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan
 " rove
 " And range through all the wood, wherefo he
 " wist
 " She hidden was, and sought her so long as him
 " list.

xxi.

" But whenas her he by no meanes could find,
 " After long search and chauff he turned backe
 " Unto the place where me he left behind;
 " There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
 " Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke,
 " To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong;
 " Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
 " Strove to appease him, and perswaded long,
 " But still his passion grew more violent and
 " strong,

xxii.

" Then as it were t'avenge his wrath on mee,
 " When forward we should fare, he flat refused
 " To take me up (as this young man did see)
 " Upon his steed, for no iust cause accused,

" But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
 " Pouching me with the butt-end of his speare,
 " In vaine complayning to be so abused;
 " For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
 " But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints
 " to heare.

xxiii.

" So passed we, till this young man us met;
 " And being moov'd with pittie of my plight,
 " Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:
 " Whereof befell what now is in your sight."
 " Now sure," then said Sir Calidore, " and right
 " Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
 " Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
 " Or through support of count'nance proud and
 " haule,
 " To wrong the weaker, oft fallies in his owne
 " assault."

xxiv.

" Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
 " Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,
 " Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
 " And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
 " He prayd it much, and much admyred it,
 " That sure he weend him born of noble blood,
 " With whom those graces did so goodly fit;
 " And when he long had him beholding stood,
 " He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed
 " good;

xxv.

" Faire gentle Swayne! and yet as stout as fayre!
 " That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost
 " wonne,
 " Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
 " As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
 " After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne,
 " Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
 " As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
 " Or surely borne of some heroicke seed;
 " That in thy face appeares and gracious goodly
 " head.

xxvi.

" But should it not displease thee it to tell,
 " (Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
 " For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell)
 " I would thyselfe require thee to revele,
 " For deare affection and unfayned zeale
 " Which to thy noble personage I beare,
 " And with thee grow in worship and great
 " weale;
 " For since the day that armes I first did reare,
 " I never saw in any greater hope appeare."

xxvii.

" To whom then thus the noble youth; " May be,
 " Sir knight, that by discovering my estate,
 " Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
 " Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
 " To you I will not feare it to relate.
 " Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
 " Sonne of a king, however thorough fate
 " Or fortune I my cuntry have forlorne,
 " And lost the crowne which should my head by
 " right adorne;

xxviii.

" And Tristram is my name, the onely heire
 " Of good king Meliográs, which did rayne
 " In Cornewale till that he through lives despeire
 " Untimely dyde before I did attaine
 " Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine;
 " After whose death, his brother seeing me
 " An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
 " Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
 " And sent me, where him list, instructed for to
 " bee.

xxix.

" The widow queene, my mother, which then hight
 " Faire Emeline, conceiving then great feare
 " Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
 " Of him that did the kingly scepter beare,
 " Whose gealeus dread induring not a peare,
 " Is wont to cut off all that doubt my breed,
 " Thought best away me to remove somewhere
 " Into some forrein land, whereas no need
 " Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor
 " feed.

xxx.

" So taking counsell of a wise man red,
 " She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
 " Out of the cuntry wherein I was bred,
 " The which the fertile Liobesse is hight,
 " Into the Land of Faerie, where no wight
 " Should weete of me, nor worke me any wrong;
 " To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me
 " streight

" Into this land, where I have wond thus long
 " Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to sta-
 " ture strong.

xxxi.

" All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
 " Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
 " In ydleffe; but as was convenient,
 " Have trayned bene with many noble feres
 " In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres;
 " Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
 " To hunt the salvage chace amongst my peres,
 " Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
 " Of which none is to me unknown that ev'r was
 " scene.

xxxii.

" Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on
 " perch,
 " Whether high towring or accoasting low,
 " But I the measure of her flight doe search,
 " And all her pray and all her diet know;
 " Such be our ioyes which in these forrests grow.
 " Onely the use of armes, which most I ioy,
 " And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
 " I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
 " And being now high time these strong ioynts to
 " imploy.

xxxiii.

" Therefore, good Sir! fith now occasion fit
 " Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
 " Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
 " That ye will make me squire without delay,
 " That from henceforth in batteilous array
 " I may beare armes, and learn to use them right;

" The rather since that Fortune hath this day
 " Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
 " These goodly gilden armes, which I have won
 " in fight."

xxxiv.

All which, when well Sir Calidore had heard,
 Him much more now then erst he gan admire,
 For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
 And thus replide; " Faire Chyld! the high desire
 " To love of armes which in you doth aspire,
 " I may not, certes, without blame denie,
 " But rather wish that some more noble hire
 " (Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
 " I had you to reward with greater dignitie."

xxxv.

There him he cauld to kneele, and made to
 sweare

Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
 And never to be recreant for feare
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
 So he him dubbed, and his squire did call.
 Full glad and ioyous then young Tristram grew;
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small,
 Long shut up in the bud from heaven's vew,
 At length breaks forth, and brode displayes his
 smyling hew.

xxxvi.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
 And Calidore betooke him to depart,
 Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might
 goe

On his adventure, vowing not to start,
 But wayt on him in every place and part;
 Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
 And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
 In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight;
 Yet for the time this answere he to him beight:

xxxvii.

" Glad would I fere be, thou courteous squire!
 " To have thy presence in my present quest,
 " That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
 " And flame forth honour in thy noble brest;
 " But I am bound by vow, which I protest
 " To my dread soveraine, when I it assayd,
 " That in atchievement of her high behest
 " I should no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
 " Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly
 " prayde.

xxxviii.

" But since this ladie is all desolate,
 " And needeth safegard now upon her way,
 " Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,
 " To succour her from daunger of dismay,
 " That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
 The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
 It gladly did accept, as he did say;
 So taking courteous leave, they parted twayne,
 And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

xxxix.

But Tristram then despoiling that dead knight
 Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
 Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
 Of the bright mettall shyning like sunne rayes,
 Handling and turning them a thousand wayes;

And after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her own late dead knight,
So with her marched forth as she did him be-
hight.

XL.

There to their fortune leave we them a while,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore,
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram flew, had wounded
fore

Another knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill
dyde:

XLI.

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments, that most unlucky sound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter
payning;
Which sorie sight, when Calidore did vew,
With heavie eyne from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournfull case gan rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher
drew:

XLII.

Then speaking to the ladie, thus he sayd;
"Ye dolefull dame! let not your grieve empeach
"To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
"This knight unarm'd with so unknighly breach
"Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
"I may avenge him of so foule despight."
The ladie hearing his so courteous speech,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heavie words forth
sight:

XLIII.

In which she shew'd how that discourteous knight,
Whom Tristram flew, them in that shadow found
Ioyning together in unblam'd delight,
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound;
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did
leave.

XLIV.

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand
What manner wight he was, and now yclad,

Which had this outrage wrought with wicked
hand?

She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus described, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A ladie on rough waves, row'd in a sommer
barge.

XLV.

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said; "Dame, be no longer sad,
"For he that hath your knight so ill bestad,
"Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;
"These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
"The meede of his desert for that despight,
"Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your
loved knight,

XLVI.

"Therefore, faire lady! lay aside this grieve,
"Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
"For that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe
"Were best devise for this your lover's smart;
"And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
"Convey to be recur'd." She thank't him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to herselfe in that sad dreare:

XLVII.

Yet could she not devise by any wit
How thence she might convey him to some
place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case,
And him to beare she thought it thing too base:
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake:
"Faire lady! let it not you seeme disgrace
"To beare this burden on your dainty backe,
"Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your
packe."

XLVIII.

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare,
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did
beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was
donne;
Thence they him carried to a castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be be-
gonne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast;
Saves Serena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is oppressd.

I.

TRUE is, that whilome that good poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners, in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne;
For seldome seene a trotting stalion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne;
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set,
Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners
met.

II.

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed,
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the castle where they had decreed;
There of the knight, the which that castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was befought.

III.

He was to weete a man of full rype yeares,
That in his youth had bene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amonst his peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candle light:
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline,
And was the father of that wounded knight
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine,
And Aldus was his name, and his sonnes Aladine.

5

IV.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare,
By a faire lady and a straunger knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; "Ah, sory boy!
"Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
"Thou brings? Aie me! is this the untimely ioy
"Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy

V.

"Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
"So tickle is the state of earthly things,
"That ere they come unto their aymed scope,
"They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
"And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings
"Instead of comfort, which we should embrace;
"This is the state of keasars and of kings:
"Let none, therefore, that is in meauer place,
"Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case."

VI.

So well and wisely did that good old knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare,
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare;
But that faire lady would be cheared for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now
be brought:

VII.

For she was daughter to a noble lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight who dwelt her
ny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne,
And of lesse livelood and hability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th' other's
riches scorne.

VIII.

So having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that lucklesse glade;
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade;
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devize
How she the blame might salve with coloured
disguize.

IX.

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Faind her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may:
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his
quest.

X.

But faire Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and
sleepe:
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht
him,
That of the deadly swound in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht
him.

XI.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke;
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deeply sigh'd and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood;
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble
blood;
For first, next after life, he tendred her good.

XII.

Which she perceiving, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares;
So both conspiring, gan to intimate
Each other's grieve with zeale affectionate,

And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save whole her hazarded estate,
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore; all other helpes were
past.

XIII.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them be seemed,
A courteous knight, and full of faithfull trust,
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Earely, so soone as Titan's beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds in which they steeped
lay,

All night in darkenesse duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day,
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way:

XIV.

But first him seemed fit that wounded knight
To visite after this night's perillous passe,
And to salute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that lady, his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked
course.

XV.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadventures to unfold;
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her father's house he had her
brought.

XVI.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe; so after little stay,
That she herselfe had to the journey dight;
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from
wite;

So as they past together on their way,
He gan devize this countercast of flight,
To give faire colour to that ladies cause in sight.

XVII.

Streight to the carkasse of that knight he went,
The cause of all this evill, who was flaine
The day before by iust avengement
Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame;
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that ladies father's house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe
became.

XVIII.

There he arriving, boldly did present
The fearefull lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure and guiltlesse innocent

Of blame, as he did on his knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous knight, who her had rest,
And by outrageous force away did beare;
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his
theft.

XIX.

Most ioyfull man her sire was her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thanks to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld; ne lesse the lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did himselfe apply.

XX.

So as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a iolly knight
In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
To solace with his lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight,
For that himselfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight;
And eke the lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

XXI.

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby,
That he so rudely did upon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon cray'd for his so fresh default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

XXII.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that knight's conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure,
And of adventures which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he fate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

XXIII.

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,
And pleasure of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill, or daunger's hidden dred.

XXIV.

All sodainely out of the Forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware,
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfate
Unto the knights, and calling oft for ayde;

Who with the horreur of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde,

XXV.

The beast with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in midst of his race,
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight,
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI.

Who nathelesse when he the lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now neare did
draw,

Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the monster in his flight:
Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
Butorst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh afunder brast.

XXVII.

And now by this Sir Calepine, so hight,
Came to the place where he his lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore blood there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with grievously
wound:

His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in dreary swound,
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

XXVIII.

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint spright he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality;
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steele, her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside,
Till to some place of rest they mote attain,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

XXIX.

Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his inne began to draw apace,
Tho waxing weary of that toyle some paine
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a river's syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he ment his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour to pro-
vyde:

XXX.

But coming to the river's side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was,
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote
pas:
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde

An armed knight approaching to the place,
With a faire lady lincked by his fyde,
The which themselves prepar'd thorough the foord
to ride.

XXXI.

Whom Calepine saluting, as became,
Besought of courtesie in that his neede
(For safe conducting of his sickely dame
Through that same perillous foord with better
heede)

To take him up behinde upon his steed;
To whom that other did this taunt returne:
"Perdy, thou peasant knight mightst rightly reed
"Me then to be full base and evill borne,
"If I would beare behinde a burden of such
"scorne:

XXXII.

"But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
"So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
"And let thy lady likewise doe the same,
"Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
"And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
With which rude speach his lady much displeased
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne palfrey him have eased
For pittie of his dame, whom she saw so diseased.

XXXIII.

Sir Calepine her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentleness refused,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for knight;
And strongly wading through the waves unused,
With speare in th' one hand, stayd himselfe up-
right,
With th' other staide his lady up with steddy
might.

XXXIV.

And all the while that same discourteous knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim;
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same carle with count'nance
grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and
fell:

XXXV.

"Unknightly knight, the blemish of that name,
"And blot of all that armes upon them take,
"That is the badge of honour and of fame,
"Lo I defie thee, and here challenge make,
"That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
"And be for ever held a recreant knight,
"Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare ladies sake,
"And for thine owne defence, on foote alight,
"To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight."

XXXVI.

The dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde

Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall,
Or had no courage, or else had no gall:
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII.

But he nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his lady to the castle rid
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And myld entreaty, lodging for her did beseeke.

XXXVIII.

But the rude porter, that no manners had,
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad;
Nathelasse the knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night;
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
Unlesse that with his lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX.

"Full loth am I," quoth he, "as now at earst,
"When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
"And that this lady, both whose sides are pearst
"With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
"Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
"That should to me such courtesie afford,
"Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst;
"But yet aread to me, how hight thy lord,
"That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the
"Ford."

XL.

"His name," quoth he, "if that thou list to
"learne,
"Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
"And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
"In all assaies to every errant knight,
"Because of one that wrought him fowle def-
"pight."
"Ill seemes," sayd he, "if he so valiaunt be,
"That he should be so sterne to stranger wight;
"For feldome yet did living creature see
"That courtesie and manhood ever disagree.

XLI.

"But go thy waies to him, and from me say
"That here is at his gate an errant knight,
"That house-rome craves, yet would be loth
"t'affay
"The proove of battell now in doubtfull night,
"Or courtesie with rudenesse to requite;
"Yet if he needes will fight, crave leave till
"morne;
"And tell withall the lamentable plight
"In which this lady languisheth forlorne,
"That pittie craves, as he of woman was yborne."

XLII.

The groome went streightway in, and to his lord
Declar'd the message which that knight did move;

Who sitting with his lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated that they might
Find favour to be lodged there for that same
night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will awhit reclame:
Which answer when the groome returning brought
To Calepine, his hart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee;
But most for pittie of his dearest dame,
Who now in deadly daunger he did see;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her
glee.

XLIV.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that night's fortune would for him ad-
dresse:
So downe he tooke his lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but
weepe,
And wayre watch about her for her safegard
keepe.

XLV.

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena, full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to see that cherefull sight;
Then Calepine' however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney
goth.

XLVI.

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still herselfe upon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede;
Till that at length, in his extremest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed knight to spy,
Pursuing him apace with greedy speed;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde;
Tho whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde and shamde yesterday;
Therefore misdoubting least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII.

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprife,
He bad him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure
Of his fore vengeance, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had
done:

With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will;
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behinde his ladies backe, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to lady was affyde,
To spare her knight, and rest with reason paci-
fyde:

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood en-
few'd

In great abundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

LI.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his ladies cry,
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth despiteously;
The which was certes in great iopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany:
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought;
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO IV.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And whylest an infant from a beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

I.

LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storm long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisheer-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
Such was the state of this most courteous knight,
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad ladie left in pitifull affright;

II.

Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that ladies loud and piteous shrighr,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
To understand what there was to be donne;
There he this most discourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III.

The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentleffe knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,
Was much emmoved at his peril's vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

IV.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite:
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpe with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword or speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents;
For from his mother's wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by magicke leare.

V.

He stayed not t'advize which way were best
His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran; who being well prepard,
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke so strong and hard,
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

VI.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a tyger that hath mist his pray,
And with mad mood againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
The salvage nation doth all dread despize:
Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

vii.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine;
For he would not his greedie gripe forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and
maine,

That from his steed him nigh he drew againe;
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse
were,
He quite forfooke, and fled himselfe away for
feare.

viii.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
For he was swift as any bucke in chace;
And had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight;
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out; a thing uncomely for a
knight.

ix.

But when the salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place whereas he last
Had left that couple neare their utmost cast;
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the lady fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling
wound.

x.

For though she ware right glad so rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended,
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
And perill, by this salvage man pretended;
Gainst whom she saw no means to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore;
Therefore herselfe she wholly recommended
To God's sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

xi.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by the rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which Nature did him
teach
T'expresse his passions, which his reason did em-
peach.

xii.

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood;
And running streight into the thickest wood,

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A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood,
The iuyce whereof unto his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched
thought.

xiii.

Then taking up that recreant's shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
With him to wend unto his winning neare;
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forest, by a hollow glade,
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding
brode

Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foote of living creature never trode,
Ne scarfe wyld beasts durst come, there was this
wight's abode.

xiv.

Thether he brought these unacquainted guests,
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gestures;
But the bare ground with hoarie mossie bestrowed
Must be their bed; their pillow was unfowed;
And the fruites of the Forrest was their feast:
For their bad stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obeying Nature's first be-
heast.

xv.

Yet howsoever base and meane it were,
They took it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but
small;

That having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

xvi.

During which time that wyld man did apply
His best endeavour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming
faine

When ought he did, that did their lyking
gaine.

So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe;
But that same ladies hurts no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly un-
found.

xvii.

Now whenas Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend;
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his blood iciawes besprinkled all with
gore.

A a

XVIII.

The litle babe did loudly scrike and squall,
 And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
 As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
 To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill
 Percing, his hart with pitie point did thrill,
 That after him he ran with zealous haste
 To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill;
 Whom though he saw now somewhat over-
 past,
 Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast

XIX.

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to
 want,
 Whose burden mote impeach his needfull speed,
 And hinder him from liberty to pant;
 For having long time, as his daily weed,
 Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for
 need,
 Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
 That like an hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
 From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
 Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in ther speed de-
 light.

XX.

So well he spread him, that the wearie beare
 Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay;
 And without weapon him assaying neare,
 Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay;
 Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray,
 Upon him turned, and with greedie force
 And furie to be crossed in his way,
 Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
 To be aveng'd on him, and to devoure his
 corse.

XXI.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
 But catching up in hand a ragged stone,
 Which lay thereby (so Fortune him did ayde)
 Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
 Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
 And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
 Being unable to digest that bone;
 Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
 Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony
 masse.

XXII.

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
 Stryving in vaine, that nigh his bowels braft,
 He with him closd, and laying mightie hold
 Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
 That wanting breath, him downe to ground he
 cast,

And then oppressing him with urgent paine,
 Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
 Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 And threatening his sharpe clawes, now wanting
 powre to straine.

XXIII.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
 The litle babe, sweet reliques of his pray,
 Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
 From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,

And from his face the filth that did it ray;
 And every litle limbe he searcht around,
 And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
 Least that the beast's sharpe teeth had any
 wound
 Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he
 found.

XXIV.

So having all his bandes againe uptyde,
 He with him thought backe to returne againe;
 But when he lookt about on every syde,
 To weet which way were best to entertaine
 To bring him to the place where he would
 faine,
 He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
 Ne by enquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme,
 For nought but woods and forrests far and
 nye,
 That all about did close the compasse of his
 eye.

XXV.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
 Which way to take: now west he went awhile,
 Then north, then neither, but as fortune sell:
 So up and downe he wandred many a mile
 With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
 Yet nought the nearer to his iourney's end;
 And evermore his lovely litle spoile
 Crying for food did greatly him offend;
 So all that day in wandring vainely he did
 spend.

XXVI.

At last, about the setting of the sunne,
 Himselfe out of the forrest he did wynd,
 And by good fortune the plaine champion
 wonne;
 Where looking all about where he mote fynd
 Some place of succour to content his mynd,
 At length he heard, under the forrest's syde,
 A voice that seemed of some woman-kynd,
 Which to herselfe lamenting, loudly cryde,
 And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune oft de-
 fyde.

XXVII.

To whom approaching, whenas she perceived
 A stranger knight in place, her playnt she stayd,
 As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
 Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayed;
 Whom whenas Calepine saw so dismayd,
 He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
 Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd;
 "What be you, wofull Dame! which thus la-
 ment?
 "And for what cause declare, so mote ye not
 repent."

XXVIII.

To whom she thus; "What need me, Sir, to tell
 "That which yourself have earst ared so right?
 "A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
 "So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
 "Cannot redressed be by living wight."
 "Nathlesse," quoth he, "if need do not you
 bynd,

" Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright;
 " Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
 " Find remedie unfought, which seeking cannot
 " fynd."

xxxix.

Then thus began the lamentable dame;
 " Sith then ye needs will know the grieve I
 " hoord,
 " I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
 " The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is lord
 " Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
 " From a great gyant, called Cormoraunt,
 " Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,
 " And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
 " That he dare not returne for all his daily
 " vaunt.

xxx.

" So is my lord now seiz'd of all the land,
 " As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
 " And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
 " Ne any dares with him for it debate;
 " But to these happie fortunes cruell Fate
 " Hath ioyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
 " All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate,
 " And like in time to further ill to grow,
 " And all this land with endlesse losse to over-
 " flow.

xxxi.

" For th' Heavens, envying our prosperitie,
 " Have not vouchsaf't to graunt unto us twaine
 " The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
 " Which we might see after ourselves remaine
 " In th' heritage of our unhappie paine;
 " So that for want of heirs it to defend,
 " All is in time like to returne againe
 " To that foule feend, who daily doth attend
 " To leape into the same after our lives end.

xxxii.

" But most my lord is grieved herewithall,
 " And makes exceeding mone, when he does
 " thinke
 " That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
 " For which he long in vaine did sweat and
 " fwinke,
 " That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
 " Yet was it sayd there should to him a sonne
 " Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke
 " And dry up all the water which doth runne
 " In the next brooke, by whom that feend should
 " be fordonne.

xxxiii.

" Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
 " That from his side some noble chyld should
 " rize,
 " The which through fame should farre be mag-
 " nifide,
 " And this proud gyant should with brave em-
 " prize
 " Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to def-
 " pize
 " The good Sir Bruin, growing farre in yeares,
 " Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth
 " rize.

" Lo this my cause of grieve to you appeares,
 " For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth
 " ceaselesse teares."

xxxiv.

Which when he heard he inly touched was
 With tender ruth for her unworthy grieve;
 And when he had devised of her case,
 He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
 For all her paine, if please her make the prieve;
 And having cheared her, thus said; " Faire
 " Dame!

" In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe,
 " Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
 " Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without
 " blame.

xxxv.

" If that the cause of this your languishment
 " Be lacke of children to supply your place,
 " Lo how good Fortune doth to you present
 " This little babe of sweet and lovely face,
 " And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace
 " Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
 " Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
 " Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
 " Or nourle up in lore of learn'd philosophy.

xxxvi.

" And certes it hath oftentimes bene seene
 " That of the like, whose lineage was unknowne,
 " More brave and noble knights have rayfed
 " beene,
 " (As their victorious deedes have often shoven,
 " Being with fame through many nations blowen)
 " Then those which have bene dandled in the
 " lap;
 " Therefore some thought that those brave imps
 " were sown
 " Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly
 " sap,
 " That made them grow so high t' all honourable
 " hap."

xxxvii.

The ladie hearkning to his sensefull speach,
 Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,
 Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach;
 Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
 Agreeing well both with the place and season,
 She gladly did of that same babe accept,
 As of her owne by liverie and seisin,
 And having over it a little wept,
 She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it
 kept.

xxxviii.

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
 Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought;
 Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
 And with her husband under hand so wrought,
 That when that infant unto him she brought,
 She made him thinke it surely was his owne;
 And it in goodly thewes so well up-brought,
 That it became a famous knight well knowne,
 And did right noble deedes, the which elsewhere
 are shovne.

A a ij

XXXIX.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greene-wood's side in forie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heaven's spight,
Albe that dame by all the meanes she might
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes, and whatso else, to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thank her as a
friend :

XL.

And for exceeding grieve which inly grew,
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight, to be so forely crost,
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his ladies fight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetic did remaine.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI.

CANTO V.

The salvage serves Serena well
Till she Prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his squyre,
With th' hermit leaves behind.

I.

O WHAT an easie thing is to descry
The gentle bloud, however it be wrapt
In sad misfortune's foule deformity,
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt?
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man, being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper
kynd.

II.

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were still in this desert wood
Mongst salvage beasts both rudely born and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guise, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched dame;
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came,
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the
same.

III.

Who whenas now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
Did wepe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd;
And leaving there this ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the Forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betyde;
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where
he spyde.

IV.

Tho backe returning to that sorie dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament;
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe tor-
ment.

V.

Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrow,
As if her breast, new launcht with murderous knife,
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life:
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay;
Such were this ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

VI.

Whom when the salvage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And sought by all the meanes that he could best,
Her to recure out of that stony sfound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound;
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Ne cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction
wrought.

A a iij

VII.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
His steede, now strong through rest so long a
space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressor's
might.

VIII.

Whom when her host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind, he gan estfoones prepare,
And put them all about himself unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
But without sword upon his thigh to sit;
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth fight,
A salvage man matcht with a ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle, then purchased aright;
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night,
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident,
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her groome, which he by signes did
reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to assay
T'amend what was amisse, and put in right
aray:

XI.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo where a knight, together with his squire,
All arm'd to point, came ryding thetherward,
Which seemed by their portance and attire
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures where they mote them get;
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be
set.

XII.

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with uniuert detraction him did beard;

Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That, in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

XIII.

But of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely fought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by flight;
The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second not so strong, but wise, Decetto;
The third not strong nor wise, but spightfullest,
Defetto.

XIV.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
And severall deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treason's subtile traine;
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound;
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine:
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
To work his utter shame, and throughly him con-
found.

XV.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame;
For well they wist that squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in Forrest wyld or tame
Met him in chace, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the prey oftymes out of their greedy
hould.

XVI.

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the uncouth ieopardy,
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly;
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof se-
cure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight,
Who thro' thicke woods, and brakes, and briers,
To weary him the more, and waste his spight,
him drew,
So that he now has almost spent his spright,
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose cover stopt his further sight;
There his three foes, shrowded in guilefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to in-
vade.

XVIII.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might

Beare off their blowes from percing thorough
quite;
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his backe for best safegard
He lent against a tree, that backward onset
bard.

xix.

Like a wylde bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round,
But most that curre, barking with bitter fownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled
ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the
thonder;
So did that squire his foes disperse and drive
afonder.

xx.

Him well behoved so, for his three foes
Sought to encompassse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose;
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But stout Despetto, in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face, against him bent;
Yet he them all withstood, and often made
relent.

xxi.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former
chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
Whenas unwares he in the Forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be upon his gard;
With noise whereof the squire now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad despaire away did cast.

xxii.

Estfoones he spide a knight approaching nye,
Who seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, himselfe did faster hye
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pittie so to see him overfet;
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get;
Him bootied not to thinke them to pursue,
The covert was so thicke that did no passage
shew.

xxiii.

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true squire;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake: "My Liefe! my Life's
" desire!
" Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
" Tell me what world's despight, or Heaven's
" yre,

" Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
" Where have ye all this while bin wandring,
" where bene west?"

xxiv.

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyme:
To whom the squire nought answered againe,
But shedding few soft teares from tender cyne,
His deare affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine;
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

xxv.

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well re-
nownd;

Which when that squire beheld, he to them
stept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,
And sternely with strong hand it from his hande
ling kept.

xxvi.

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he
strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth incline;
Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have
flaine;
Who it perceiving, hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his avengement
stayd.

xxvii.

With that aloud the faire Serena cryde
Unto the knight, them to dispart in twaine;
Who to them stepping, did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was, and by what
traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand,
And whether free with him she now were, or in
band?

xxviii.

To whom she thus; "I am, as now ye see,
" The wretchedst dame that live this day on
" ground,
" Who both in minde, the which most grieveth
" me,
" And body, have receiv'd a mortall wound,
" That hath me driven to this drery flound.
" I was erewhile the love of Calepine,
" Who whether he alive be to be found,
" Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
" Since I him lately lost, unceath is to define,

A a iij

XXIX.

" In salvage Forrest I him lost of late,
 " Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
 " Or else remained in most wretched state,
 " Had not this wyld man, in that woful stead,
 " Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
 " In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
 " Amongst wilde beastes in desert Forrests bred,
 " It is most straunge and wonderful to fynd
 " So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

XXX.

" Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
 " That ye will not your wrath upon him
 " wreake,
 " Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
 " Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake;
 " Small praise to prove your powre on wight so
 " weake."

With such faire words she did their heat as-
 fwaige,

And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
 That they to pittie turnd their former rage,
 And each sought to supply the office of her page.

XXXI.

So having all things well about her dight,
 She on her way cast forward to proceede,
 And they her forth conducted, where they
 might

Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede,
 For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
 And eke this squire, who likewise wounded was
 Of that same monster late, for lacke of heed
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
 Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed
 has.

XXXII.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
 To seeke some place the which mote yeeld some
 ease

To these sicke twaine that now began to droupe;
 And all the way the prince sought to appease
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
 By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
 Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
 And otherwhile with good encouragement,
 To make them to endure the pains did them
 torment.

XXXIII.

Mongst which Serena did to him relate
 The foule discourtesies and unknightly parts
 Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
 Without compassion of her cruell smarts;
 Although Blandina did with all her arts
 Him otherwise perswade all that she might;
 Yet he of malice, without her descarts,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But also trayterously did wound her weary
 knight.

XXXIV.

Wherewith the prince fore moved, there avoud
 That soone as he returned backe againe,
 He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
 And shamefull knight, of whom she did com-
 plaine.

This wize did they each other entertaine
 To passe the tedious travell of the way,
 Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
 By which a little hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it
 may.

XXXV.

And nigh thereto a little chappel stoode,
 Which being all with yvy overspred,
 Deckt all the rooffe, and shadowing the roode,
 Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
 'Therein the hermite, which his life here led,
 In streight observance of religious vow,
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 Whenas these knights arriv'd, they wist not where
 nor how.

XXXVI.

They stayd not there, but streightway in did
 pas;

Whom when the hermite present saw in place,
 From his devotion streight he troubled was;
 Which breaking off, he toward them did pace
 With stayed steps and grave-beseeming grace:
 For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
 Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
 That could his good to all; and well did
 wene

How each to entertaine with curt'sie well be-
 seene:

XXXVII.

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
 So long as age enabled him thereto,
 That he had beene a man of mickle name,
 Renowned much in armes and derring doe;
 But being aged now, and weary too
 Of warres delight and world's contentious toyle,
 The name of Knighthood he did disavow,
 And hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
 From all this world's incombrance did himselfe
 affoyle.

XXXVIII.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
 Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene:
 Small was his house, and like a little cape,
 For his owne turne, yet inly neat and cleane,
 Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay be-
 seene:

Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
 Not with such forged shewes as fitter beene
 For courting fooles, that curtesies would faine,
 But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

XXXIX.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
 Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
 The which full gladly they did take in glee,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
 But being well suffiz'd them rested faine:
 But faire Serena all night could take no rest,
 Ne yet that gentle squire, for grievous paine
 Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
 Had given them, whose griefe through suffrance
 fore increast.

XL.

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight,
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight,
Unto their iourney; but that squire and dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foot to frame:
Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore,
their feete were lame.

LI.

Therefore the prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there longer stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd,
In that good hermit's charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well: so forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage (that whileare
Seeing his royall usage and array,
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
Would needes depart, as shall declared be elsewhere,

CANTO VI.

BOOK VI.

The hermit heales both spirit and damps

Of their late malady;

The hermit heales both spirit and damps

For his late villany.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Indur'd, was that of sword, to sore both light
As both the poyntes bring which indur'd
Indur'd in the name of noble wight:
For by the way they leeches sought
It ever can be cured he saide:
No all the while which that hermit sought
Of poyntes he did in it saide:

Can remedy such hurts, such hurts are helth
Such to the wounds the which that Blant
Made in the bodies of that spirit and damps

And being such, were now much more in need
For want of remedy, he said with the land
That now courage and curable they became;

Howe this curable he said, more to same
With many kinds of medicines, more to same
The poyntes he said, which did most hurt

Their remedy wounds, and every day them
duly dress:

For he right well he leeches had been
And through the long experience of his day,
Which had to many fortunes such poyntes

And past through many poyntes such poyntes
He knew the divise of such poyntes such poyntes
And in the wounds of men had great light

Which with the wounds, when they were hurt
He could cure, and that he said, right
And all the poyntes he said, which wound the

wound the

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VI.

The hermite heales both squire and dame
Of their fore maladies;
He Turpine doth defeat and shame
For his late villanies.

I.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so fore doth light,
As doth the poysonous sting which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art nor any leaches might
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish
paine.

II.

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant
Beast
Made in the bodies of that squire and dame,
And being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became;
Howbe that carefull hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines, meete to tame
The poysonous humour, which did most infect
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them
duely drest:

III.

For he right well in leaches craft was seene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the passions heale which wound the
weaker spright;

IV.

For whylome he had bene a doughty knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight;
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies;
But being now attacht with timely age,
And wearie of this world's unquiet waies,
He took himsele unto this hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in
cage.

V.

One day as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred privily,
And ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past help of surgery,
And rather needed to be discipline
With holesome reed of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the
minde.

VI.

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as say the same;
And thus he to them sayd; " Faire Daughter
" dame!
" And you, faire Sonne! which here thus long
" now lie
" In piteous langour since ye hither came,
" In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
" And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applic:

VII.

" For in yourselfe your onely helpe doth lie
 " To heale yourselves, and must proceed alone
 " From your owne will to cure your maladie :
 " Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none ?
 " If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one ;
 " First learne your outward senses to refraine
 " From things that stirre up fraile affection ;
 " Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk,
 " " refraine
 " From that they most affect, and in due termes
 " " containe.

VIII.

" For from those outward senses, ill affected,
 " The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
 " Which at the first, before it had infected,
 " Mote easie be supprest with little thing ;
 " But being growen strong, it forth doth bring
 " Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine
 " In th' inner parts, and lastly, scattering
 " Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
 " It never rests till it have wrought his finall
 " " bane.

IX.

" For that beastes teeth, which wounded you
 " " tofore,
 " Are so exceeding venomous and keene,
 " Made all of rusty yron, rancelling sore,
 " That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
 " With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
 " It ever to amend : ne marvaile ought,
 " For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
 " And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
 " Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

X.

" Echidna is a monster direfull dred,
 " Whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see ;
 " So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
 " That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
 " At sight thereof, and from her presence flee ;
 " Yet did her face and former parts professe
 " A faire young mayden, full of comely glee,
 " But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
 " A monstrous dragon, full of fearfull uglinessse.

XI.

" To her the gods, for her so dreadfull face,
 " In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie
 " And from the earth, appointed have her place
 " Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth
 " " lie

" In hideous horror and obscurity
 " Wasting the strength of her immortall age :
 " There did Typhaon with her company ;
 " Cruell Typhaon ! whose tempestuous rage
 " Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with
 " " vowes asswage.

XII.

" Of that commixtion they did then beget
 " This hellish dog, that hight the Blatant Beast,
 " A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
 " Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and
 " " least,
 " And pours his poysonous gall forth to infest
 " The noblest wights with notable defame ;

" Ne ever knight that bore so lofty creast,
 " Ne ever lady of so honest name,
 " But he them spotted with reproach or secrete
 " " shame.

XIII.

" In vaine therefore it were with medicine
 " To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
 " That rather needes wise read and discipline
 " Then outward salves, that may augment it
 " " more."

" Aye me !" said then Serena, sighing fore,
 " What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
 " If that no salves may us to health restore ?"
 " But sith we need good counsell," saith the
 " " swaine,
 " Aread, good Sire ! some counsell that may us
 " " sustaine."

XIV.

" The best," sayd he, " that I can you advize,
 " Is to avoide th' occasion of the ill ;
 " For when the cause whence evill doth arize
 " Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
 " Abstaine from pleasure, and refraine your will,
 " Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
 " Use scantied diet, and forbear your fill,
 " Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight ;
 " So shall you soone repaire your present evill
 " " plight."

XV.

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
 Did gladly hearken to his grave beheast,
 And kept so well his wise commaundements,
 That in short space their malady was ceast,
 And eke the biting of that harmefull beast
 Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did per-
 ceave

Their wounds recur'd and forces reincreast,
 Of that good hermite both they took their leave,
 And went both on their way, ne ech would other
 leave :

XVI.

But each th' other vow'd t' accompany ;
 The lady, for that she was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity ;
 The squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leave alone in her great need :
 So both together traveld, till they met
 With a faire mayden clad in mourning weed,
 Upon a mangy iade unmeetely set,
 And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and
 wet.

XVII.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
 And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
 I must awhile forbear to you to tell,
 Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
 What fortune to the Briton prince did lite,
 Pursuing that proud knight, the which whileare
 Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight,
 And eke his lady, though she sickly were,
 So lewdly had abuse as ye did lately heare.

XVIII.

The prince, according to the former token,
 Which faire Serena to him delivered had,

Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad
With which he had those two so ill bestad;
Ne wight with him on that adventure went
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

XIX.
Arriving there as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

XX.
Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was?
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his lord's forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the prince, him sayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

XXI.
But he the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why? his lord of old
Did hate all errant knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

XXII.
Which when the salvage coming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes in present vew
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse flew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great up-
rore.

XXIII.
Who when on ground they saw their fellow
flaine,
And that same knight and salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slain them presently;
But the bold prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repel,
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him
fell.

XXIV.
Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled
Those evill tidings to their lord to shew;

Who hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where whenas with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same
knight

And salvage with their blood fresh-steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reproachfull words him thus bespake on
hight;

XXV.
"Art thou he, Traytor! that with treason vile
"Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,
"And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
"Of these poore folk, whose soules with black
"dishonor
"And foule defame doe decke thy bloody baner?
"The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
"And wretched end, which still attendeth on
"her."

With that himselfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him
came.

XXVI.
With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes op-
presse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest, that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse;
And evermore that craven cowerd knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might;
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

XXVII.
Whereof whenas the prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement;
So likewise turnde the prince upon the knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and
might.

XXVIII.
Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had
tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to
hyde;
But when the prince had once him plainly eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde,
But ioyning close, huge lode at him did lay,
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX.
But when his foe he still so eager saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw;
Ne would the prince him ever foot forsake
Wherefo he went, but after him did make.
He fledd from roome to roome, from place to
place,
Whylest every ioynt for dread of death did quake,

Still looking after him that did him chace,
That made him evermore increafe his speedie
pace.

xxx.

At last he up into the chamber came,
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became;
There did the prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone,
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred Steele did not into his brayne-pan
byte.

xxxI.

Which when the lady saw, with great affright
She starting up, began to shrieke aloud,
And with her garment covering him from fight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vow'd,
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand
abase.

xxxII.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover,
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the prince his basenesse did despize,
And eke his dame him seeing in such guise,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare;
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former
feare.

xxxIII.

Whom when the prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
"Vile cowheard Dogge! now doe I much re-
pent
"That ever I this life unto thee lent,
"Whereof thou, Caytive! so unworthie art,
"That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
"And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
"And eke all knights hast shamed with this
"knightlesse part.

xxxIV.

"Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
"And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard
"feare;
"For first, it was to thee reprochful blame
"T'erec't this wicked custome, which I heare
"Gainst errant knights and ladies thou dost
"reare;
"Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms
"despoile,
"Or of their upper garment which they weare;
"Yet dost thou not with manhood, but with
"guile,
"Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to
"foile.

xxxv.

"And, lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
"To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
"Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that strong
"And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize
"Either for fame or else for exercize,
"A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight,
"Yet have through prowesse and their brave
"emprize
"Gotten great worship in this worldes fight;
"For greater force there needs to maintaine
"wrong then right.

xxxvi.

"Yet since thy life unto this lady fayre
"I given have, live in reproch and scorne,
"Ne ever armes, ne ever knighthood, dare
"Hence to professe: for shame is to adorne
"With so brave badges one so basely borne,
"But onely breath, sith that I did forgive."
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

xxxvII.

There whilest he thus was setting things above,
Atweene that ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in w'at perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste, he fought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

xxxvIII.

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine.
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine,
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had, with busie paine,
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to
flie.

xxxix.

Whom when the prince so felly saw to rage,
Approaching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And fought, by making signes, him to asswage;
Who him perceiving, streight to him obeyd,
As to his lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned:
Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
Into the chamber where that dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him enter-
tayned.

xl.

Whom when the salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his ladie there at ease,
He well remembered that the same was hee
Which lately fought his lord for to displease;
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seize,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And were not that the prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent; [ment.
But streight he held his hand at his commande-

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The prince himselfe there all that night did rest,
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best;
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight that were not too infest,
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by
wondrous skill.

XLII.

Yet were her words and lookes but false and
fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay;
Thereto, when needed, she could weep and pray,
And when her list she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommer's day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares
but water.

XLIII.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd;
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
The wrathfull prince, and wrought her husband's
peace;
Who nathelesse not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge fur-
ceasse:

XLIV.

For all that night, that whyles the prince did rest
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him that had so shamefully him shent;
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed :
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
For love's difdaine decreed.

I.

LIKE as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes
In cancred malice and revengefull spight;
For to maligne, t'envie, t'use shifting flight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base
kind.

II.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat,
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind, malicious and ingrate,
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame which kindled inward hate;
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pur-
few.

III.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approach in daunger's
eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny:
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,

And both combynd whatever chaunce were
blowne
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his
owne.

IV.

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
To cloke the mischief which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him
went,
Had doen to him, and his deare ladie shent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly
meed.

V.

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew,
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them, "Where is that wight,
"The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull
"deed,
"That we may it avenge, and punish him with
"speed?"

VI.

"He rides," said Turpine, "there not farre afore,
"With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,

"That if he list to haste a litle more,
 "Ye may him over-take in timely tyde."
 Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
 And ere that litle while they ridden had,
 The gentle prince not farre away they spyde,
 Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
 Devizing of his love more then of daunger
 drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
 Bidding him turne againe; "False traytour
 "knight!
 "Foule woman-wronger"—for he him defyde.
 With that they both at once with equall spight
 Did bend their speares, and both with equall
 might
 Against him ran; but th' one did misse his
 marke,
 And being carried with his force forth-right,
 Glaunst swiftly by, like to that heavenly sparke
 Which glyding through the ayre, lights all the
 heavens darke.

VIII.

But th' other ayming better, did him smite
 Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
 That all his lance in peeces shivered quite,
 And scattered all about fell on the flowre;
 But the stout prince, with much more stedy
 flowre;
 Full on his bever did him strike so fore,
 That the cold Steele through piercing did de-
 vowre
 His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
 Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

IX.

As when a cast of faulcons make their flight
 At an hernewhaw that lyes aloft on wing,
 The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse
 might,
 The warie foule his bill doth backward wring,
 On which the first, whose force her first doth
 bring,
 Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
 And falleth downe to ground like senselesse
 thing,
 But th' other not so swift as she before,
 Fayles of her fouse, and passing by doth hurt no
 more.

X.

By this the other, which was passed by,
 Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight,
 Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
 He much was daunted with so dismall sight,
 Yet nought abating of his former spight,
 Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,
 As if he would have passed through him quight;
 But the Steele-head no stedfast hold could
 fynd,
 But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he de-
 fynd.

XI.

Not so the prince, for his well-learned speare
 Tooke surer hould, and from his horse's backe
 Above a lance's length him forth did beare,

And gainst the cold hard earth so fore him
 strake,
 That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake;
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
 And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
 Of him for all his former follies meed,
 With flaming sword in hand, his terrour more to
 breed.

XII.

The fearefull swaine beholding death so nie,
 Cryde out aloud for mercy him to save,
 In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
 Great treason to him meant, his life to reave:
 The prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave;
 Then thus said he, "There is a straunger knight,
 "The which for promise of great meed us
 "dave
 "To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
 "For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient
 "might."

XIII.

The prince much mused at such villenie,
 And sayd, "Now sure ye well have earn'd your
 meed,
 "For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall
 "die,
 "Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
 "The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked
 "deed."
 He, glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
 The guilt on him which did this mischief breed,
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
 He would surceasse, but him wherso he were
 would seeke.

XIV.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
 Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
 There he him found in great astonishment
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore
 And griesly wounds, that him appalled fore.
 Yet thus at length he sayd, "How now, Sir
 "Knight!
 "What meaneth this which here I see before?
 "How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
 "So different from that which earst ye seem'd in
 "fight?"

XV.

"Perdie," said he, "in evill houre it fell,
 "That ever I for meed did undertake
 "So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell,
 "The which I earst adventur'd for your sake,
 "Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloudie
 "lake,
 "Which ye may see yet all about me steeme;
 "Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
 "My due reward, the which right well I
 "deeme
 "I yearned have, that life so dearly did re-
 "deeme."

XVI.

"But where then is," quoth he, halfe wroth-
 "fully,
 "Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
 "That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,

‘ That recreant knight, whose hated life I
 “ fought?
 “ And where is eke your friend which halfe it
 “ ought?”
 “ He lyes,” said he, “ upon the cold bare
 “ ground,
 “ Slayne of that errant knight with whom he
 “ fought,
 “ Whom afterwards myselfe with many a wound,
 “ Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the
 “ ffound.”

xvii.

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
 And needs with him streight to the place would
 ryde,
 Where he himselfe might see his foeman flaine,
 For else his feare could not be fatisfyde:
 So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
 With streames of bloud, which tracting by the
 traile,
 Ere long they came, whereas in evill tyde
 That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
 Lay in the lap of Death, rewing his wretched
 bale.

xviii.

Much did the craven seeme to mone his case,
 That for his sake his deare life had forgone,
 And him bewayling with affection base,
 Did counterfeit kynd pittie where was none,
 For where’s no courage there’s no ruth nor
 mone;

Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
 Whereas the prince himselfe lay all alone,
 Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in
 ffound.

xix.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
 He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
 Having his armes and warlike things undight,
 Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whyles his salvage page, that wont be
 prest,
 Was wandred in the wood another way,
 To doe some thing that seemed to him best;
 The whyles his lord in silver slomber lay,
 Like to the evening starre adorn’d with deawy
 ray.

xx.

Whom whenas Turpin saw so loosely layd,
 He weened well that he indeed was dead,
 Like as that other knight to him had sayd;
 But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
 Plaine signs in him of life and livelihead:
 Whereat much griev’d against the straunger
 knight,
 That him too light of credence did mislead,
 He would have backe retyred from that fight,
 That was to him on earth the deadliest de-
 spight:

xxi.

But that same knight would not once let him
 start;
 But plainly gan to him declare the case

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Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart;
 How both he and his fellow there in place
 Were vanquished and put to foule disgrace;
 And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
 Had vow’d unto the victor him to trace
 And follow through the world whereso he
 went,
 Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

xxii.

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
 Began to tremble every limbe and vaine,
 And softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd
 T’advize him better then by such a traine
 Him to betray unto a straunger swaine;
 Yet rather counfeld him contrary wize,
 Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
 To ioyne with him, and vengeance to devize,
 Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to
 surprize.

xxiii.

Nathelesse for all his speech the gentle knight
 Would not be tempted to such villenie,
 Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
 All were it to his mortall enemye,
 Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
 Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew’d.
 Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
 The salvage forth out of the wood islew’d
 Backe to the place whereas his lord he sleeping
 vew’d.

xxiv.

There when he saw those two so neare him
 stand,
 He doubted much what mote their meaning
 bee,
 And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
 (To weet great store of forrest frute which hee
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
 Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
 That was an oaken-plant, which lately hee
 Rent by the root, which he so sternly shooke,
 That like an hazell wand it quivered and
 quooke.

xxv.

Whereat the prince awaking, when he spyde
 The traytour Turpin, with that other knight,
 He started up, and snatching near his syde
 His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
 Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
 And his left hand upon his collar layd;
 Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
 But holding up his hands, with silence mercie
 prayd.

xxvi.

But he so full of indignation was,
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,
 But as he lay upon the humbled gras,
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
 Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine;
 Then letting him arise like abiect thrall,
 He gan to him abiect his haynous crime,
 And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
 And lastly, to despoyle of knightly bannerall:

B b

xxvii.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee;
However they through treason doe trespassse,
But turne we now backe to that ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
Led by a carle and foole, which by her side did
passe.

xxviii.

She was a ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honourable place,
Famous through all the Land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of Nature's
grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight and many a gentle
squire:

xxix.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scorned them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere,
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright;
For beautie is more glorious, bright, and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

xxx.

But this coy damzell thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her prayesd
more;
And that the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her owne de-
light.

xxxi.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard
hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die;
Whylest she, the ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would
hight;
What could the gods doe more, but doe it more
aright?

xxxii.

But loe the gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this mayden's pride,
And nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whylest she did weepe, of no man mercifide;

For on a day when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there may make
report;

xxxiii.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were
red,
In which the names of all Love's folke were
fyled,
That many there were missing which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoiled;
Which whenas Cupid heard, he waxed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by
oth.

xxxiv.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe fute and service to his might,
Of whom what was becomen no man knew;
Therefore a iurie was impanel'd streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away con-
vayd;

To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd,
And mured cruelly by a rebellious mayd;

xxxv.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wild Capias
Should issue forth t'attach that scornfull lasse:
The warrant streight was made, and there-
withall

A baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name their Portamore did call;
He which doth summon lovers to love's iudge-
ment hall.

xxxvi.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned;
But she thereto nould plead, nor answer ought,
Even for stubborne pride, which her restrayned;
So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like; which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before dis-
dayned,
Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde Mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

xxxvii.

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repressse;
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
He unto her penance did impose,
Which was, that through this world's wyde
wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did
lose.

XXXVIII.

So now she had bene wandring two whole
 yeares
 Throughout the world in this uncomely case,
 Wasting her goodly hew in heavy teares,
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace;
 Yet had she not in all those two yeares space
 Saved but two; yet in two yeares before
 Thro' her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt
 place,
 She had destroyed two and twenty more.
 Aie me, how could her love make half amends
 therefore!

XXXIX.

And now she was uppon the weary way,
 Whenas the gentle squire with faire Serene
 Met her in such misseeming foule array;
 The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
 With all the evil termes and cruell meane
 That he could make, and ecke that angry foole,
 Which follow'd her, with cursed hands un-
 cleane
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarting
 toole
 Oft whip her dainty felfe, and much augment
 her doole.

XL.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
 The one or th' other better her to use,
 For both so wilfull were and obstinate,
 That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
 And rather did the more her beate and bruse;
 But most the former villaine, which did lead
 Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;
 Who though she were with wearinesse nigh
 dead,
 Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little
 stead:

XLI.

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
 And eke of person huge and hideous,
 Exceeding much the measure of man's stature,
 And rather like a gyant monstrous;
 For sooth he was descended of the hous
 Of those old gyants which did warres darraine
 Against the heaven in order battailous,
 And sib to great Orgolio, which was flaine
 By Arthure, whenas Una's knight he did main-
 taine.

XLII.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
 Like two great beacons, glared bright and
 wyde,
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
 He scorned in his over-weening pryde,
 And stalking stately like a crane did stryde
 At every step uppon the tiptoes hie;
 And all the way he went, on every syde
 He gaz'd about and stared horrible,
 As if he with his lookes would all men ter-
 rific.

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
 As no whit dreading any living wight,

But in a iacket, quilted richly rare
 Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
 Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
 With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy
 night,
 Were bound about, and voyded from before,
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV.

This was Disdaine, who led that ladies horse
 Thro' thick and thin, thro' mountains and thro'
 plains,
 Compelling her where she would not by force,
 Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines;
 But that same foole, which most increast her
 paines,
 Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip,
 Her therewith yirks, and still when she com-
 plains
 The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
 To see her so lament, and bite her tender lip.

XLV.

Whose cruell handling when that squire beheld,
 And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
 His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
 And could no lenger beare so great abuse,
 As such a lady so to beate and bruse;
 But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
 That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
 And maugre all his might backe to relent;
 Else had he surely there bene flaine or fowly
 shent.

XLVI.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
 Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
 And with his yron batton which he bore
 Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
 That for his safety he did him constraine
 To give him ground, and shift to every side,
 Rather then once his burden to sustaine;
 For bootelesse thing him seemed to abide
 So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his
 pride.

XLVII.

Like as a mastiffe having at a bay
 A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
 Desperate daunger if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
 To spy where he may some advantage get,
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
 So did the squire, the whiles the carle did fret
 And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
 And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound
 swore.

XLVIII.

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
 That at advantage him at last he tooke,
 When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd)
 And with his yron club to ground him strooke,
 Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,
 Till heavy hand the carle upon him layd,
 And bound him fast; tho when he up did looke,
 And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

B b ij

XLIX.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd,
Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd,
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd;
And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd,
Was much more grievous than the other's blowes:
Words sharply wound, but greatest griefe of
scorning growes.

L.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely thought
That flaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought,
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought;
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellacs fortunes I doe further say.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdain;
Quites Mirabell from Dreed;
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I.

YE gentle Ladies! in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
An th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you list,
Least if men you of cruelty accuse, [abuse.
He from you take that chieftedome which ye doe

II.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate;
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

III.

Who after thraldome of the gentle squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery;
Which bootéd nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify,
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reviling and afflicting fore,
They met Prince Arthure, with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous knight, whom he before
Having subdew'd, yet did to life restore)
To whom as they approcht they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement,
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

V.

The squire himselfe, whenas he saw his lord
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all;
Shame would be hid: but whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved there-
withall;

VI.

And to the prince thus sayd, " See you, Sir
" knight,
" The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
" Yond lady and her squire, with foule despight,
" Abuse, against all reasons and all law,
" Without regard of pittie or of awe:
" See how they doe that squire beat and revile;
" See how they doe the lady hale and draw:

B b iij

" But if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
 " I will them soone acquite, and both of blame
 " affoile."

VII.

The prince assented; and then he streightway
 Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
 With which approaching thus he gan to say;
 " Abide, ye caytive Treachetours untrew,
 " That have with treason thrall'd unto you
 " These two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
 " And now your crime with cruelty pursue:
 " Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
 " Or else abide the death that hard before you
 " stands."

VIII.

The villaine stayd not answer to invent,
 But with his yron club preparing way,
 His mindes sad message backe unto him sent,
 The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
 That seemed nought the course thereof could
 stay,
 No more then lightening from the lofty sky;
 Ne list the knight the powre thereof assay,
 Whose doome was death; but lightly slipping
 by,
 Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

IX.

And to requite him with the like againe,
 With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
 And strooke so strongly, that the carle with
 paine
 Saved himselfe, but that he there him flew;
 Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
 And gave his foe good hope of victory;
 Who therewith flect, upon him set anew,
 And with the second stroke thought certainly
 To have supplyde the first, and paid the usury:

X.

But Fortune answerd not unto his call;
 For as his hand was heaved up on high,
 The villaine met him in the middle fall,
 And with his club bet backe his brond-iron
 bright
 So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
 Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe
 He driven was to ground in selfe despight,
 From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
 He in his necke had set his foote with fell dis-
 daine.

XI.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
 Came running in, and whilst on ground he lay,
 Laide heavy hands on him, and held so straye,
 That downe he kept him with his scornfull
 sway,
 So as he could not weld him any way;
 The whiles that other villaine went about
 Him to have bound, and thrall'd without delay;
 The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
 Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their
 courage stout.

XII.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
 By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,

They downe him hold, and fast with cords do
 bynde,

Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare;
 So did these two this knight oft tug and teare:
 Which when the prince beheld there standing by,
 He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,
 And buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
 Upon that carle, to save his friend from icopardy.

XIII.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
 To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
 Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
 And with his club him all about so blist,
 That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
 Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow;
 Now here, now there, and oft him neare he
 mist;
 So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
 Whether more wary were to give or ward the
 blow.

XIV.

But yet the prince so well enured was
 With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
 That way to them he gave forth right to pas,
 Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
 But wayt advantage when they downe did light:
 At last the caytive, after long discourse,
 When all his strokes he saw avoided quite,
 Resolved in one t'assemble all his force,
 And make one end of him without ruth or re-
 morse.

XV.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
 And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
 Thought sure have pownded him to powder
 soft,
 Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre,
 But Fortune did not with his will conspire;
 For ere his stroke attayned his intent,
 The noble childe, preventing his desire,
 Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
 And smote him on the knee that never yet was
 bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
 Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
 That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
 But all that leg, which did his body beare,
 It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
 So as it was unable to support
 So huge a burden on such broken geare,
 But fell to ground like to a lumpe of dust;
 Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his
 hurt.

XVII.

Eftsoones the prince to him full nimblely stept,
 And least he should recover foote againe,
 His head meant from his shoulders to have swept;
 Which when the lady saw, she cryde amaine,
 " Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for love of God ab-
 " staine
 " From that unwares ye weetelesse doe intend;
 " Slay not that carle, though worthy to be
 " flaine,

"For more on him doth then himselfe depend;
 "My life will by his death have lamentable
 "end."

XVIII.

He staide his hand according her desire,
 Yet nathemore him suffred to arize,
 But still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
 What meaning mote those uncouth words com-
 prize,
 That in that villaines health her safety lies;
 That were no might in man, nor heart in
 knights,
 Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
 Yet heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights,
 Would for itselſe redresse, and punish such de-
 spights.

XIX.

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
 Like many water streames, awhile she stayd,
 Till the sharp passion being overpast,
 Her tongue to her restor'd, then thus she sayd;
 "Nor heavens nor men can me most wretched
 "mayd!

"Deliver from the doome of my desart,
 "The which the god of Love hath on me layd,
 "And damned to endure this direfull smart,
 "For penance of my proud and hard rebellious
 "hart.

XX.

"In prime of youthly yeares, when first the
 "flowre
 "Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
 "And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
 "Of all her gifts that pleasde each living sight,
 "I was belov'd of many a gentle knight,
 "And fude and fought with all the service dew;
 "Full many a one for me deepe groand and
 "fight,
 "And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
 "Complayning out on me that would not on
 "them rew.

XXI.

"But let them love that list, or love or die,
 "Me list not die for any lover's doole;
 "Ne list me leave my loved libertie
 "To pittie him that list to play the foole;
 "To love myself I learned had in schoole.
 "Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
 "And sitting carelesse on the scorner's stoole,
 "Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine;
 "But all is now repaid with interest againe.

XXII.

"For loe the winged god that woundeth harts,
 "Causde me be called to accompt therefore,
 "And for revengement of those wrongfull
 "smarts
 "Which I to others did inflict afore,
 "Addeem'd me to endure this penance fore,
 "That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
 "With these two lewd companions, and no
 "more,
 "Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should
 "flay,
 "Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did flay."

XXIII.

"Certes," sayd then the prince, "the god is
 "just,
 "That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile;
 "For were no law in love, but all that lust
 "Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
 "His kingdome would continue but awhile,
 "But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
 "This bottle thus before you with such toile,
 "And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
 "That for these carles to carry much more come-
 "ly were?"

XXIV.

"Here in this bottle," sayd the sory mayd
 "I put the tears of my contrition,
 "Till to the brim I have it full defrayd;
 "And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
 "I put repentaunce for things past and gon:
 "Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
 "That all which I put in falls out anon,
 "And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
 "Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the
 "more I mourn."

XXV.

The infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
 And wondred much at Cupid's iudg'ment wise,
 That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
 And wreake himselfe on them that him despise:
 Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
 Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
 By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse
 prise,
 Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
 Was holpen up, who him supported standing
 neare.

XXVI.

But being up, he lookt againe aloft,
 As if he never had received fall,
 And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
 As if he would have daunted him withall;
 And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
 Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
 As if such pride the other could appall,
 Who was so far from being ought amazed,
 That he his looks despised, and his boast dis-
 praised.

XXVII.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
 Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
 Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
 He from those bands weend him to have un-
 wound;

But when approaching neare he plainly found
 It was his owne true groome, the gentle squire;
 He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
 Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

XXVIII.

Meane while the salvage man, when he beheld
 That huge great foole oppressing th' other knight,
 Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
 He flew upon him like a greedy knight
 Unto some carrion offered to his sight,

And downe him plucking, with his nailes and
teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and
bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So fore him scourgeth that the bloud downe fol-
loweth.

xxx.

And sure I weene had not the ladies cry
Procur'd the prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye;
But being checkt, he did abstaine streightway,
And let him rise: then thus the prince gan say;
"Now, lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
"That if ye list have liberty, ye may,
"Unto yourselfe I freely leave to chose,
"Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines
"lose."

xxx.

"Ah! nay, Sir knight," said she, "it may not
"be,

"But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
"This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
"Least unto me betide a greater ill;
"Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good
"will."

So humbly taking leave she turn'd aside;
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them
devide.

xxx.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena, who as earst you heard,
When first the gentle squire at variaunce fell
With those two oarles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd;
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, an two she foure did read,

xxx.

Thro' hils and dales, through bushes and through
breres,

Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the perill of her feares;
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And sitting downe herselfe, a while bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine,
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, com-
plaine.

xxx.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true knight,
As th' only author of her wofull time,
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight;
Yet never turtle truer to his make
Then he v^e stride unto his lady bright,
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did
take.

xxx.

Tho whenas all her plaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd,
Where being tyrd with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest;
There whilest in Morpheus' bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a straunge mischaunce, that menac'd her
decay.

xxx.

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders, ne did give
Themselves to any trade (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

xxx.

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their bor-
der

Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde;
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by Fortune blynde,
Whereas this lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse
lay.

xxx.

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselves! but when her
face

Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For ioy of such good hap by heavenly grace:
Then gan they to devize what course to take,
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to
make.

xxx.

The best advizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment,
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill
better;
Then when she wakt, they all gave one consent,
That since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrifice,
Whose share her guiltlesse bloud they would pre-
sent;
But of her dainty flesh they did devize
To make a common feast, and feed with gur-
mandize.

xxx.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring
space;

Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose,
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and
nose,
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes
bare;
The priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowres, and with full busie care
His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

XL.

The damzell wakes; then all attonce upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brazen skies:
Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes; then out aloud she cries
Where none is nigh to heare that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests
embrew.

XLI.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay,
And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array,
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare:
Now being naked to their fordid eyes
The goodly treasures of nature appeare,
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envyes.

XLII.

Her yvorie neck, her alabaster brest,
Her paps, which like white filken pillowes were
For Love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides, her bellie white and clere,
Which like an altar did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighs, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon,
The spoiles of princes hang'd, which were in battel
won.

XLIII.

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyas;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure;
But them the priest rebuking, did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even theeves in
measure

XLIV.

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To slay her on: and now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens
wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde;
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they sayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh
hand obtayned.

XLV.

Tho whenas all things readie were aright,
The damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearfull fright;
To whom the priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murderous knife well
whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met;
Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI.

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to shrill
And shriek aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce;
The whyles she wayld, the more they did re-
ioyce.

Now mote you understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening Fortune hither drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did
rove.

XLVII.

Long had he sought her, and through many a
foyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes;
And now all weetelesse of the wretched stormes
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast,
Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And catching up his armes, streight to the noise
forth past.

XLVIII.

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a little dawning light
Of all which there was doing in that quire;
Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
He spyde, lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire;
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved
life.

XLIX.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And even as his right hand adowne descends,
As him preventing, lays on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th' infernall feends;
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
Of whom he makes such havocke and such
hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends;
The rest that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcon's
vew.

L.

From them returning to that ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth sitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind,

He first her bands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe,
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind;
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him a whit
thereto.

LI.

So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,

That though the night did cover her disgrace,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she stood,
So all that night to him unknown she past;
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensueing, made her knownen to him at last,
The end whereof he keepe untill another cast,

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Pastorell;
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.

I.

Now turne againe my teme, thou iolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft,
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull est,
As I it past; that were too great a shame
That so rich fruite should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame
Which should befall to Calidore's immortall name.

II.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant Beast, which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast:
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Thro' hils, thro' dales, thro' forrests, and thro'
 plaines,
In that same quest which Fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

III.

So sharply he the monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffered him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe, (but Nature's dew)
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes he
 scorfed.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singeing to their flockes that fed,
Layes of sweet love and youths delightfull heat;
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chased him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe feat,
And to the litle cots, where shepheards lie
In winter's wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

V.

There on a day as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded
 broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes,
For other worldly wealth they cared nought;
To whom Sir Calidore, yet sweating, comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether
 brought.

VI.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wife, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,
And if he hungry were him offred eke to eat.

VII.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,

And tooke their gentle offer; so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him offer for to feed

Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne:
Tho having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with filken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her own hands
had dyde.

VIII.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes fate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayes dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly
vew.

IX.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim;
Who her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

X.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheard's
swayne

But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone;
But most of all the Shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend;
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind
ascend.

XI.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him
seemed

So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a prince's paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surpris'd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others
stands.

XII.

So stood he still long gazing thereuppon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,

And fate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay,
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzel's
fantasy.

XIII.

By this the moystie Night approaching fast
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to
hast

Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged fyre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wii'd the damzell rize; the day did now ex-
pyre.

XIV.

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of herselfe in very deede so deemed,
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an infant left alone,
And taking up brought home, and nourfed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompted was his
owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare;
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare;
Whilest everie one with helping hands did
strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did
give.

XVI.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with
lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome;
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his hart's owne wish, and home with him
did go.

XVII.

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre,
And of his aged beldame homely well,
Who him belought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde;
And supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde;
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

XVIII.

Tho when they had their hunger flaked well,
And the fayre mayd the tables ta'en away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife,
And drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life,
Which shepheards lead without debate or bitter
strife

XIX.

"How much," said he, "more happy is the
state
"In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at ease,
"Leading a life so free and fortunate
"From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
"Which tosse the rest in dangerous disease;
"Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked en-
mitie

"Doe them afflict, which no man can appease?
"That certes I your happinesse envie,
"And wish my lot were plait in such felicitie."

XX.

"Surely, my Sonne," then answer'd he againe,
"If happie, then it is in this intent,
"That having small, yet doe I not complaine
"Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
"But doe myselfe with that I have content;
"So taught of Nature, which doth litle need
"Of forreine helpes to life's due nourishment;
"The fields my food, my flocke my rayment
"breed;
"No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI.

"Therefore I doe not any one envy,
"Nor am envye of any one therefore;
"They that have much, feare much to loose
"thereby,
"And store of cares doth follow riches store:
"The little that I have grows dayly more
"Without my care, but onely to attend it;
"My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
"And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
"What have I but to praise th' Almighty that
"doth send it?"

XXII.

"To them that list the world's gay shewes I
"leave,
"And to great ones such follies doe forgive,
"Which oft through pride doe their owne perill
"weave,
"And through ambition downe themselves doe
"drive
"To sad decay, that might contented live:
"Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts of-
"fend,

"Ne once my mind's unmoved quiet grieve,
"But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
"And all the day to what I list I doe attend.

XXIII.

"Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
"Unto my lambes, and him dislodge away;
"Sometime the sawne I practise from the doe,

"Or from the goat her kidde how to convey;
"Another while I baytes and nets display,
"The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle:
"And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
"My limbes in every shade, to rest from toyle,
"And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my
"throate doth boyle.

XXIV.

"The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
"When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
"That I disdain'd amongst mine equal peares
"To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire;
"For further fortune then I would inquire,
"And leaving home, to roiall court I fought,
"Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
"And in the princes garden daily wrought;
"There I beheld such vainenesse as I never
"thought.

XXV.

"With fight whereof soone cloyd, and long de-
"luded
"With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
"After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
"From native home, and spent my youth in
"vaine,
"I gan my follies to myselfe to plaine,
"And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then ap-
"peare;
"Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,
"I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more
"deare
"This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

XXVI.

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy
care
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent,
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach, that wrought him with con-
tent,
And also of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was always bent,
That twixt his pleasing tongue and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced
grew,

XXVII.

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his hart's desire,
He thus replyde; "Now surely, Syre, I find
"That all this world's gay shewes, which we ad-
"mire,
"Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
"Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
"Fearelesse of foes, or Fortune's wrackfull yre,
"Which tossest states, and under foot doth tread
"The mightie ones, affrayd of every change's
"dread.

XXVIII.

"That even I, which daily doe behold
"The glorie of the great, mongst whom I won,
"And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
"In this small plot of your dominion,
"Now loath great lordship and ambition,
"And wish th' heavens so much had graced mee,

" As graunt me live in like condition,
 " Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
 " From pitch of higher place unto this low de-
 " gree."

XXIX.

" In vaine," said then old Melibee, " doe men,
 " The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
 " Sith they know best what is the best for them;
 " For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
 " As they doe know each can most aptly use:
 " For not that which men cover most is best,
 " Nor that thing worst which men do most re-
 " fuse,
 " But fittest is that all contented rest
 " With that they hold: each hath his fortune in
 " his brest."

XXX.

" It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
 " That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
 " For some, that hath abundance at his will,
 " Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
 " And other, that hath litle, asks no more,
 " But in that litle is both rich and wise;
 " For wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore
 " They are which fortunes doe by vowes de-
 " vize,
 " Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

XXXI.

" Since then in each man's self," said Calidore,
 " It is to fashion his owne life's estate,
 " Give leave awhile, good Father, in this shore
 " To reste my barke, which hath bene beaten
 " late
 " With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
 " In seas of troubles and of toyle some paine,
 " That whether quite from them for to retrate
 " I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
 " I may here with yourselfe some small repose ob-
 " taine."

XXXII.

" Not that the burden of so bold a guest
 " Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all,
 " For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
 " And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
 " Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
 " You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
 " That may perhaps you better much withall,
 " And in this quiet make you safer live."
 So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it
 drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the of-
 fer
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
 And thus bespake; " Sir Knight, your bounteous
 " proffer
 " Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
 " That mucky masse, the cause of men's decay,
 " That mote empaire my peace with daungers
 " dread;
 " But if ye algates covet to assay
 " This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
 " Be it your owne; our rudenesse to yourselfe
 " aread."

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
 And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
 Dayly beholding the fayre Pastorell,
 And feeding on the hayt of his owne bane:
 During which time he did her entertaine
 With all kind courtesies he could invent,
 And every day, her companie to gaine,
 When to the field she went, he with her went;
 So for to quench his fire he did it more av-
 ment.

XXXV.

But she, that never had acquainted beene
 With such quient usage, fit for queens and kings,
 Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
 But being bred under base shepherds wings
 Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
 Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
 But cared more for Colin's carolings
 Then all that he could doe or ev'r devize:
 His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all
 despize.

XXXVI.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
 To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke,
 And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest
 In shepherd's weed; and in his hand he rooke,
 Instead of Steele-head speare, a shepherd's hooke;
 That who had seene him then, would have be-
 thought
 On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
 When he the love of fayre CEnone sought,
 What time the golden apple was unto him
 brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
 With the faire Pastorella every day,
 And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
 Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
 The whilst at pleasure she mote sport and play,
 And every evening helping them to fold;
 And otherwhiles for need he did assay
 In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
 And out of them to presse the milke; love so
 much could.

XXXVIII.

Which seeing, Coridon, who her likewise
 Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
 He much was troubled at that straunger's guize,
 And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
 That this of all his labour and long paine
 Should reape the harvest ere it ripened were,
 That made him scoule, and pout, and oft com-
 plaine
 Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there,
 That she did love a straunger swayne then him
 more dere.

XXXIX.

And ever when he came in companie,
 Where Calidore was present, he would loure,
 And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
 Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
 Impatient of any paramoure;
 Who on the other side did seeme so farre

From malicing or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

XL.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or little sparrowes stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrils in the woods farre fought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best;
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest;
This new-come shepheard had his market mard:
Old love is litle werth when new is more prefard.

XLI.

One day whenas the shepheard swaynes toge-
ther
Were met, to make their sports and merry glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshyne weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded
bee,

They fell to daunce; then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit,
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit;
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

XLII.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon, and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fa-
shion;

For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,
And plapt on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridon's instead;
Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that earst seemed
dead.

XLIII.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,

They for their iudge did Pastorella chose,
A garland was the meed of victory;
There Coridon forth stepping, openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game,
For he through long and perfect industry
Therrin well practised was, and in the same
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his
foe great shame.

XLIV.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his neck he almost brake,
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and savour; so it surely wrought
With this fayre mayd; and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time
dearely bought.

XLVI.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time,
To win the love of the faire Pastorell,
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest which there did dwell
Was favoured, and to her grace commended;
But what straunge fortanes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colin's melody;
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow and high behest,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it atchiev'd?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath
fore engrieved:

II.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game, in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine,
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke fort,
Rather than hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low,
For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there did overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hills, in woods, in
dales,

Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse as there is set for stales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternal bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would
daze,
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that funne-shine that makes them looke askew;
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare,
The which, as commeth now by course, I will
declare.

V.

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were;
For all that ever was by Nature's skill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne she all the rest did pill.

VI.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to dif-
In which all trees of honour stately stood (daine,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches fung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre:

VII.

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud,
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne;
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the wood's shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall turning their accents fit;

VIII.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would
faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale;
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleped was Mount Acidale.

IX.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herselfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport,
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soveraine maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde, and thought unfit.

X.

Unto this place, whenas the Elfin knight,
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their echo did rebound:
He nigher drew, to weete that mote it be;
There he a troupe of ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a shepheard piping he did see.

XI.

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene,
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde:
There he did see that pleased much his sight,
That even he himselfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

XII.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whylest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme;
And in the midst of those same three was placed
Another damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced [graced.
That with her goodly presence all the rest much

XIII.

Looke how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead, that same day

VOL. II.

That Theseus her unto his bridale bore;
When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
With the fierce Lapithes, which did them dis-
may,

Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beames dis-
play,

And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent,

XIV.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell,
But she that in the midst of them did stand
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond, that right well
Did her besee me; and ever as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did
smell,
And fragrant odours, they upon her threw,
But most of all those three did her with gifts en-
dew.

XV.

Those were the Graces, daughters of Delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Upon this hill, and daunce there day and night;
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all and Venus in herselfe doth vaunt
Is borrowed of them; but that faire one
That in the middst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe so merrily as never none,

XVI.

She was to weete that iolly shepheard's lasse
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That iolly shepheard which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype, iolly Shepheard! pype thou now apace
Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is present there with thee in place,
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

XVII.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never scene,
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene,
Whether it were the train of Beauties queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene;
Therefore resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did
go:

XVIII.

But soone as he appeared to their view,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never
knew,

All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne;
But Calidore, though no lesse fory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote
learne.

Cc

XIX.

And first him greeting, thus unto him spake;
 "Haile, iolly Shepheard! which thy ioyous dayes
 "Here leadeft in this goodly merry-make,
 "Frequented of these gentle nymphes alwayes,
 "Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes;
 "Tell me what mote these daintie damzels be,
 "Which here with thee doe make their pleasant
 "playes?
 "Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see,
 "But why when I them saw fled they away from
 "me?"

XX.

"Not I so happy," answered then that swaine,
 "As thou unbappy, which them thence didst
 "chace,
 "Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,
 "For being gone, none can them bring in place,
 "But whom they of themselves list so to grace."
 "Right sorry I," said then Sir Calidore,
 "That my ill fortune did them hence displace;
 "But since things passed none may now restore,
 "Tell me what were they all whose lacke thee
 "grieues so fore?"

XXI.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
 "Then wote thou shepheard, whatsoever thou bee,
 "That all those ladies which thou sawest late
 "Are Venus' damzell, all within her fee,
 "But differing in honour and degree:
 "They all are Graces, which on her depend,
 "Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
 "Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend;
 "But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her
 "attend:

XXII.

"They are the daughters of sky-ruling love,
 "By him begot of faire Eurynome,
 "The Ocean's daughter, in this pleasant grove,
 "As he this way coming from feastfull glee
 "Of Thetis' wedding with Aecidee,
 "In sommer's shade himselfe here rested weary;
 "The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
 "Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
 "Sweete goddesses all three, which me in mirth
 "do cherry.

XXIII.

"These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 "Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
 "To make them lovely or well-favoured show,
 "As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
 "Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
 "And all the complements of curtesie;
 "They teach us how to each degree and kynde
 "We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
 "To friends, to foes; which skill men call Ci-
 "vility.

XXIV.

"Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
 "That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
 "And also naked are, that without guile
 "Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see
 "Simple and true, from covert malice free;

"And ecke themselves so in their daunce they
 "bore;

"But two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
 "But one still toward shew'd herselfe afore,
 "That good should from us goe, then come in
 "greater store.

XXV.

"Such were those goddesses which ye did see;
 "But that fourth mayd, which there amidst them
 "traced,

Who can arcad what creature mote she bee?

"Whether a creature or a goddesse graced
 "With heavenly gifts from heaven first en-
 "raced?"

"But whatso fure she was, she worthy was
 "To be the fourth with those three other placed;
 "Yet was she certes but a country lasse,
 "Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe;

XXVI.

"So farre as doth the daughter of the Day
 "All other lesser lights in light excell;
 "So farre doth she in beautifull array
 "Above all other lasses beare the bell;
 "Ne lesse in vertue that befeemes her well
 "Doth she excede the rest of all her race;
 "For which the Graces that here wont to dwell
 "Have for more honour brought her to this
 "place,
 "And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII.

"Another Grace she well deserves to be,
 "In whom so many graces gathered are,
 "Excelling much the meane of her degree;
 "Divine resemblance, beauty soveraine rare,
 "Firme chastity, that spight ne blemish dare;
 "All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 "That all her peres cannot with her compare,
 "But quite are dimmed when she is in place;
 "She made me often pipe, and now to pipe a-
 "pace.

XXVIII.

"Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
 "That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
 "Great Gloriana! greatest maiesty,
 "Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
 "As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 "To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 "And underneath thy feete to place her prayse,
 "That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
 "To future age, of her this mention may be
 "made."

XXIX.

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
 Said Calidore, "Now fure it yrketh mee,
 "That to thy blisse I made this lucklesse breach,
 "As now the author of thy bale to be,
 "Thus to bereave thy love's deare sight from
 "thee;

"But, gentle Shepheard! pardon thou my shame,
 "Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."
 Thus did the courteous knight excuse his blame,
 And to recomfort him all comely meanes did
 frame.

xxx.

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led,
With which the knight himselſe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſences raviſhed,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht that with that ſhepherd he mote dwelling ſhare.

xxxI.

But that envenim'd ſting, the which of yore
His poiſnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rangle fore,
And to renew the vigour of his ſmart,
Which to recure, no ſkill of leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wound's worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his breaſt had bred his reſtleſſe paine,
Like as the wounded whale to ſhore flies from the maine.

xxxII.

So taking leave of that ſame gentle ſwaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire Paſtorella did remaine;
To whom in ſorte, as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply himſelſe to donne
All dewfull ſervice, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure:

xxxIII.

And evermore the ſhepherd Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did ſtrive to match with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate
Keeping their ſheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunſt to ariſe
To him, the ſhepherd ſtraight with iealouſie did frize.

xxxIV.

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather ſtrawberries,
There chaunſt to them a dangerous accident;
A tigre forth out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Paſtorell her to ſurprize,
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

xxxV.

Which Coridon firſt hearing, ran in haſt
To reſkue her; but when he ſaw the ſeend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the daunger of the end;
His life he ſteemed dearer than his friend:
But Calidore ſoone coming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt ſaw readie now to rend [prayde,
His love's deare ſpoile, in which his heart was
He ran at him enraged, inſtead of being frayde.

xxxVI.

He had no weapon but his ſhepherd's hooke
To ſerve the vengeance of his wrathfull will,
With which ſo ſternely he the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell;
Whence ere he could recou're, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it preſented
Before the feete of the faire Paſtorell,
Who, ſcarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thank't that had her death prevented.

xxxVII.

From that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdiz reiect,
Fit to keepe ſheepe, unfit for love's content;
The gentle heart ſcornes baſe diſparagement:
Yet Calidore did not deſpiſe him quight,
But uſde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip he colour might
Both his eſtate and love from ſkill of any wight.

xxxVIII.

So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſervice, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt unto his will he brought her,
Which he ſo wiſely well did proſecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And ioied long in cloſe felicity;
Till Fortune, fraught with malice blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long proſperity,
Blew up a bitter ſtorme of ſoule adverſity.

xxxIX.

It fortun'd one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawleſſe people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never uſde to live by plough or ſpade,
But fed on ſpoile and booty which they made
Upon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of theſe ſhepherds did invade,
And ſpoild their houſes, and themſelves did murder,
And drove away their flocks, with other much diſorder.

xli.

Amongſt the reſt the which they then did pray,
They ſpoild old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away,
Mongſt which this luckleſſe mayd away was lad,
Faire Paſtorella! ſorrowful and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowful, moſt ſad, that ever ſight,
Now made the ſpoile of theeves and Brigants bad,

Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might,

xli.

With them alſo was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by thoſe theeves away,
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſkue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them cloſe convey:
Their dwelling in a little iſland was,
Covered with ſhrubby wood, in which no way

Appeared for people in or out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrown gras :

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies
shade

From view of living wight, and covered over ;
But darknesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts whercin they dwelt,
Ne lighted was with window, nor with lover,
But with continual candle-light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well scene as
felt.

XLIII.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
Meaning so soone as they convenient may

For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now, when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought herselfe in hell,
Wherewith such damned fiends she should in dark-
nesse dwell.

XLIV.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life, shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves her comfort glade)
And what befelle her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO XI.

The theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slain;
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I.
THE ioyes of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse,
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to Heaven then mortall wretchednesse;
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempted with one
sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is
meet.

II.
Like as is now befallne to this faire mayd,
Faire Pastorell! of whom is now my song,
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage
strong
Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischief on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng,
That who so heares her heavinesse, would rew
And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from plea-
saunt hew.

III.
Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and heart's unrest,
It so befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
That he which was their capitaine profest,
And had the chicfe commaund of all the rest,
One day as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,

Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournfull hew,
Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did
shew.

IV.
At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot;
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her love by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts, he oft her
vowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her
vowed.

V.
But all that ever he could doe or say,
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love;
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day
molest.

VI.
At last, when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend,
She thought it best for shadow to pretend

Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe per-
fwade

That he in time her ioyauce should obtaine;
But when she saw, through that small favour's
gaine,

That further then she willing was he prest,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sicknesse, which her fore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes
behest.

VIII.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy;
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde;
Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the
mynde.

IX.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were
wount

To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke he after gaires to hunt,
Arrived in this isle, though bare and blunt,
T' inquire for slaves; where being readie met
By some of these same theeves, at th' instant
brunt

Where brought unto their captaine, who was set
By his faire patient's side with sorrowfull regret:

X.

To whom they shewed how those marchants
were

Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that those same captives
there

Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the captaine much appalled,
Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be
called,

And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

XI.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught,
All which he to the merchants sale did shewe;
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t'augment her price through praise of
comlineffe.

XII.

To whom the captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that the mayd of whom they
spake

Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe, which did that conquest make;
Litle for him to have one filly lasse;
Besides through sicknesse now so wan and
weake,

That nothing meet in merchandize to passe:
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weak
she was.

XIII.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and
mard,

And eke but hardly scene by candle-light,
Yet like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darksome night
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These merchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through
delight,

A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly
praize.

XIV.

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, however prisd with mea-
sure,

Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold:
But then the captaine, fraught with more dis-
pleasure,

Bad them be still, his love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would, he her to him would
hold.

XV.

Therewith some other of the chiefeest theeves
Boldly him bad such iniurie forbear,
For that same mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare:
That with great rage he stoutly doth deny,
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare
That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearly shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

XVI.

Thus as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad Steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke;
Who in the horror of the griesly night
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them
stalke,

And makes huge havocke; whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched leaves no skill nor difference of
wight.

XVII.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,

Do fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and
teare,
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare;
Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants
there.

XVIII.

But first of all their captives they do kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will;
Old Melibee is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide;
But Coridon, escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth
hide,
And flies away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe
dye.

XIX.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the captaine all this while defended,
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target always over her pretended,
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast, twixt both his armes extended,
Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht thro' the arme, fell downe with him in
drerie sfound.

XX.

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell:
Tho whenas he was dead the fray gan cease,
And each to other calling, did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
Thereto they attonce agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many
fone.

XXI.

Their captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet angell twixt two clouds up-hild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse
layd,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie
night.

XXII.

But when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helps they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe,
And wrought so well with labour and long
paine,
That they to life recovered her at last;
Who sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine

Had riven bene, and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping cyne lookt up like one
aghaft.

XXIII.

There she beheld that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee
Of those that having saved her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her wound in teares to sleepe,
Albe with all their might those Brigants her did
keepe.

XXIV.

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst who with unkind disdain
And cruell rigour her did much molest,
Scarfe yeelding her due food or timely rest,
And scarcely suffering her infested wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to Calidore where we him
found.

XXV.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheard's cottage spoyled quight
And his love rest away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,
That even his hart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
He chaust, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wyld beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being other
where.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine:
He sought the woods, but no man could see
there;
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings
heare;
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine re-
bound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes re-
found,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he
found.

XXVII.

At last as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunst one coming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some forie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstarting hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his seare did follow him behynd;
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive, by signes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepheard's hynd.

XXVIII.

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but ask where were the rest?

Where Pastorell? who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his
 breast,
And up to heaven his eyes fast streaming threw;
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe what ment that rufull hew?
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other
 crew?

XXIX.

"Ah! well away," said he then sighing sore,
"That ever I did live this day to see,
"This dismall day, and was not dead before,
"Before I saw faire Pastorella dye."
"Die! out alas!" Then Calidore did cry,
"How could the death dare ever her to quell;
"But read, thou Shepheard, read what destiny,
"Or other direfull hap from heaven or hell
"Hath wrought this wicked deed? doe feare
 "away, and tell."

XXX.

Tho when the shepheard breathed had awchyle,
He thus began; "Where shall I then commence
"This wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle,
"With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
"Spoyle all our cots, and caried us from hence?
"Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
"To marchants, but was fav'd with strong de-
 " fence?
"Or how those theeves, whilest one fought her
 "to hold
"Fell all to ods, and fought through fury fierce
 "and bold?

XXXI.

"In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
"This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
"Whose heavy tidings now I have to tell.
"First, all the captives, which they here had
 "hent,
"Were by them slaine by generall consent;
"Old Melibee and his good wife withall
"These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament;
"But when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
"Their captaine long withstood, and did her death
 "forfall.

XXXII.

"But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
"It could not boot; needs mote she die at last:
"I onely scapt through great confusione
"Of cries and clamors, which amongst them
 "past,
"In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast,
"That better were with them to have bene
 "dead,
"Then here to see all desolate and wast,
"Despoyle of those ioyes and iollyhead
"Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont
 "to lead."

XXXIII.

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His heart quite dreaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught;
That he his face, his head, his breast, did beat,
And death it selfe unto him selfe did threat,

Oft' cursing th' Heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat,
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour
 nere.

XXXIV.

But after grieve awhile had had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his life's threed to
 breake.

XXXV.

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew,
Unto the place, to see what should be donne;
But he, whose hart through feare was late for-
 donne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did
 shonne;
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last
 agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes; but Cali-
 dore
Had underneath him armed privily:
Tho to the place when they approached nye
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope their newes to learne, how they mote best
 assay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they did not
 feare,
The self-same flockes the which those theeves had
 rest
From Melibee and from themselves whyleare,
And certaine of the theeves were by them left,
The which for want of heards themselves then
 kept;
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them, for tender pittie wept;
But when he saw the theeves which did them
 keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

XXXVIII.

But Calidore recomforting his grieve,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare dis-
 swade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counfeld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made

A further purpose, would not so them flay,
But gently waking them, gave them the time of
day.

XXXIX.

Tho sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of fundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or flaine;
Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they
were?

To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heard-groomes, the which
whylere
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre
elsewhere,

XL.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would
keepe,

For they themselves were evill groomes, they
sayd,

Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe:
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,
For they for better hyre did shortly looke;
So there all day they bode, till light the sky for-
fooke.

XLI.

Tho whenas towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them brought,
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought:
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom grieve had most posselt.

XLII.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought best,
Having of late, by diligent inquest,
Provided him a sword of meanest sort,
With which he streight went to the captaines
nest;

But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

XLIII.

When to the cave they came they found it fast;
But Calidore, with huge resistlesse might,
The dores assayled, and the locks upbraist;
With noyse whereof the sheefe awaking, light
Unto the entrance ran, where the bold knight
Encountring him, with small resistance flew;
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprore were like that which lately she did
vew.

XLIV.

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,

Knowing his voice, although, not heard long
fin,

She suddenn was revived therewithall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall;
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into Deaths mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie coast
On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be
lost.

XLV.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had sought;
Ne lesse in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found; but like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore.
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand
more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
The hue and crye was raised all about,
And all the Brigants flocking in great store,
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout;
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And entertayning them with courage stout,
Still flew the formost that came first to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies
mand.

XLVII.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approach,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day,
Which when he spyde upon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th' open light
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And fierce assaying him, with all their might,
Gan all upon him lay; there gan a dreadfull
fight.

XLVIII.

How many flies in whottest summer's day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do over-lay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brood divide
Their thickest troupes, and round about him scat-
treth wide.

XLIX.

Like as a lion mongst an herd of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choylest pray,
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and flay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way,
That none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves con-
vay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L.

Then backe returning to his dearest deare,
 He her gan to recomfort all he might,
 With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare,
 And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight;
 Deviz'd all goodly means from her to drive
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight;
 So her uneath at last he did revive,
 That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

LI.

This doon, into those theevish dens he went,
 And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,
 Which they from many long had robd and rent;
 But Fortune now the victor's meed did make,
 Of which the best he did his love betake;
 And also all those flockes, which they before
 Had rest from Melibee and from his make,
 He did them all to Coridon restore, [bore.
 So drove them all away, and his love with him

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands :
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I.

LIKE as a ship that through the ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine coast,
Is met of many a counter-winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and croft,
And she herselfe in stormie surges toft ;
Yet making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost ;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

II.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from sewing his first quest
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest,
Even unto the lowest and the least :
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast,
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to
restraine.

III.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was lord the good Sir Bellamoure ;
Who whylome was in his youthes freshest flowre
A lusty knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloody batteil for a ladie deare,
The sayrest ladie then of all that living were :

2

IV.

Her name was Claribell, whose father hight
The Lord of many Ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might ;
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere ;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forreign
fere :

V.

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrelly seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few ;
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage, that them in dungeon deepe,
Without compassion, cruelly he threw ;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

VI.

Nathelesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place,
Whereof her womb unwist to wight was fraught,
And in due time a mayden child fourth brought ;
Which she streightway (for dread least if her syre
Should know thereof to slay her would have fought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre.

VII.

The trustie damsell bearing it abrode
 Into the empty fields, where living wight
 Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
 She forth gan lay unto the open light
 The litle babe, to take thereof a sight;
 Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
 Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
 She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
 That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

VIII.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
 Yet could not remedie her wretched case,
 But closing it again, like as before,
 Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place;
 Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
 Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
 To weet what mortall hand, or Heaven's grace,
 Would for the wretched infant's helpe provyde;
 For which it loudly cald and pityfully cryde.

IX.

At length a shepheard, which thereby did keepe
 His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
 Led with the infant's cry, that loud did weepe,
 Came to the place, where when he wrapped
 found
 Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound,
 And seeing there that did him pittie fore,
 He tooke it up, and in his mantle wound;
 So home unto his honest wife it bore,
 Who as her owne it nurst, and named evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
 And Bellamour in bands, till that her syre
 Departed life, and left unto them all;
 Then all the stormes of Fortune's former yre
 Where turnd, and they to freedome did retyre:
 Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,
 And lived long in peace and love entyre,
 Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
 Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thither.

XI.

Both whom thy goodly well did entertaine
 For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
 And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
 Long since had fought in field; als Claribell
 Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
 Seeing her weake and wan through durance
 long:
 There they awhile together thus did dwell
 In much delight, and many ioyes among,
 Untill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
 Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
 Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
 The which the Faery Queene had long afore
 Bequeath'd to him, forslack'd had so fore,
 That much he feared least reprochfull blame,
 With foule dishonour, him mote blot therefore,

Besides the losse of so much prayse and fame,
 As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

XIII.

Therefore resolving to returne in hast
 Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
 To leave his love, now perill being past,
 With Claribell, whylest he that monster fought
 Throughout the world, and to destruction brought;
 So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
 Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
 With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
 He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

XIV.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
 In this exploite, me needeth to declare
 What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
 During his absence left in heavy care,
 Through daily mourning and nightly misfare;
 Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
 To cherish her with all things choice and rare,
 And her own handmayd, that Melissa hight,
 Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this maiden faire
 Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
 As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
 Into their comeley tresses dewly drest,
 Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
 The rosie marke, which she remembred well
 That litle infant had, which forth she kest,
 The daughter of her lady Claribell,
 The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.

XVI.

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
 In her conceptfull mynd that this faire mayd
 Was that same infant which so long sith past
 She in the open fields had loosely layd
 To Fortune's spoile, unable it to ayd;
 So full of ioy streight forth she ran in hast
 Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
 To tell her how the Heavens had her gaste
 To save her chylde, which in Misfortune's mouth
 was plaste.

XVII.

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
 Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
 Askt her how mote her words be understood,
 And what the matter was that mov'd her so?
 "My Lief," said she, "ye know that long ygo,
 "Whylest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
 "A litle mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
 "The same againe if now ye list to have,
 "The same is yonder lady, whom high God did
 "save."

XVIII.

Much was the lady troubled at that speach,
 And gan to question streight how she it knew.
 "Most certaine markes," sayd she, "do me it
 "teach;
 "For on her brest I with these eyes did vew
 "The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
 "Whereof her name ye then to her did give:

“ Besides, her countenance and her likely hew,
 “ Matched with equall yeares, do surely prive
 “ That yond same is your daughter sure, which
 “ yet doth live.”

XIX.

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
 But forth in hast ran to the straunger mayd,
 Whom catching greedily for great desire,
 Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
 In which that rose she plainly saw displayd;
 Then her embracing twixt her armes twaines,
 She long so held, and softly weeping sayd,
 “ And livest thou, my daughter! now againe?
 “ And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did
 “ fayne?”

XX.

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
 And times comparing with their accidents,
 She found at last, by very certaine signes,
 And speaking markes of passed monuments,
 That this young mayd, whom chance to her pre-
 sents,
 Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare;
 Tho wondring long at those so straunge events,
 A thousand times she her embraced nere,
 With many a ioyfull kisse and many a melting
 teare.

XXI.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
 Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
 Let her by prooffe of that which she hath fylde
 In her own breast, this mother's ioy describe;
 For other none such passion can contrive
 In perfect forme, as this good lady felt,
 When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
 As Pastorella was, that nigh she swelt
 For passing ioy, which did all into pity melt.

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her loved lord,
 She unto him recounted all that fell;
 Who ioyning ioy with her in one acord,
 Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.
 There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
 Of Calidore, who seeking all this while
 That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
 Through every place, with restlesse paine and
 toile,
 Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

XXIII.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
 In which he many massacres had left,
 And to the Clergy now was come at last
 In which such spoile, such havocke and such theft,
 He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
 That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin knight,
 Who now no place besides unsought had left,
 At length into a monastere did light,
 Where he him found despoyling all with maine
 and might.

XXIV.

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
 Thro' which the monckes he chaced here and
 there,

And them persu'd into their dortours sad,
 And searched all their cels and secrets neare,
 In which what filth and ordure did appeare
 Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast
 Nought sparing them, the more did tossie and
 teare,

And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
 Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.

XXV.

From thence into the sacred church he broke,
 And robd the chancell, and the deskes downe
 threw,

And altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
 And the images, for all their goodly hew,
 Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to
 rew,

So all confounded and disordered there;
 But seeing Calidore, away he flew,
 Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
 But he him fast pursuing, soone approached
 neare.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
 And fierce assailing forst him turne againe;
 Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
 With his sharpe Steele, and ran at him amaine
 With open mouth, that seemed to containe
 A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
 All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
 That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
 Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim.

XXVII.

And therein were a thousand tongs empight
 Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
 Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
 And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,
 And some of beares, that groynd continually,
 And some of tygres, that did seeme to gren,
 And snar at all that ever passed by;
 But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
 Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor
 when.

XXVIII.

And them amongst were mingled here and there
 The tongues of serpents with three-forked stings,
 That spat out poyson and gore, bloody gere,
 At all that came within his ravengings,
 And spake licentious words and hatefull things
 Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
 Ne kesar spared he a whit nor kings,
 But either blotted them with infamie,
 Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

XXIX.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afayd,
 Renountred him with so impetuous might,
 That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
 And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
 And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,
 That formed all about his bloody iawes;
 Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,
 He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
 As if he would have rent him with his cruell
 clawes.

xxx.

But he right well aware his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe till he be throughly queld.

xxxI.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fume out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himselfe upright;
For still the more he strove, the more the knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew,
That made him almost mad for fell despight:
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew;

xxxII.

Or like the hell-borne hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew:
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw,
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre
increast.

xxxIII.

Tho when the Beast saw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy,
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily;
Yet did he nought for all that him forbear,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt him
neare.

xxxIV.

At last, whenas he found his force to shrink, e,
And rage to quail, he tooke a muzzle strong,
Of surest yron made with many a lincke,
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth even in his own
despight.

xxxV.

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull funne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darknesse, which day light doth
shonne;
So led this knight his captiue, with like con-
quest wonne.

xxxVI.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose,
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore;
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand
The proved powre of noble Calidore;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the
land.

xxxVII.

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, wherefo he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight;
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd
the knight.

xxxVIII.

Thus was this monster by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore suppress and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed;
So did he ecke long after this remaine,
Untill that, whether wicked Fate so framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

xxxIX.

Thenceforth more mischief and more scathe he
wrought

To mortall men than he had done before,
Ne ever could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more;
Albe that long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine Land,
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band,

XL.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state,
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most gentle wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time.

XLI.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More then my former writs; all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backe-
bite,
And bring into a mighty peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to indite;
Therefore do you, my Rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please, that now is counted wile
mens threasure.

TWO CANTOS
OF MUTABILITIE;

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER,

Appear to be parcell of some following Book of

THE FAERY QUEENE,

UNDER THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE,

CANTO VI,

Proud Change (not pleas'd in mortall things
Beneath the moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of gods as men
To be the soveraine,

i.

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth
 fway,
But that thereby doth find and plainly feele
How mutability in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whilome I heard say,
How she at first herselfe began to reare
Gainst all the gods, and th' empire sought from
 them to beare.

ii.

But first here falleth, fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery land, mongst records permanent.

She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for heaven's regiment,
Whom though high love of kingdome did de-
 prive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive;

iii.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of love, and high authority;
As Hecate, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversly
To gods and men as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth found on hie
Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at
 her pride.

IV.

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire,
 Rule and dominion to herselfe to gaine,
 That as a goddesse men might her admire,
 And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine;
 And first on earth she sought it to obtaine,
 Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed
 Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
 That not men onely (whom she soone subdued)
 But eke all other creatures her bad doings rewed.

V.

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
 That all which Nature had establisht first
 In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
 She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
 And all the world's faire frame (which none yet
 durst
 Of gods or men to alter or misguide)
 She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
 That God had blest, and did at first provide
 In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VI.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
 But eke of iustice and of policie,
 And wrong of right, and bad of good, did make,
 And death for life exchanged foolishlie;
 Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
 And all this world is woxen daily worse.
 O pitteous worke of Mutabilitie!
 By which we all are subiect to that curse,
 And death, instead of life, have sucked from our
 nurse.

VII.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
 To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
 She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
 T' attempt th' empire of the heav'n's hight,
 And love himselfe to shoulder from his right;
 And first she past the region of the ayre,
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare;

VIII.

Thence to the circle of the moone she clame,
 Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
 To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
 All fairly deckt with heaven's goodly story;
 Whose silver gates (by which there sat an hory
 Old aged sire with hower-glasse in hand,
 Hight Tyme) she entred, were he lief or sorry,
 Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
 Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

IX.

Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,
 Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other
 white,
 Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
 That duly her attended day and night,
 And by her side there ran her page, that hight,
 Vesper, whom we the evening-starre intend;
 That with his torche, still twinkling like twy-
 light,
 Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
 And ioy to weary wandring travailers did lend.

X.

Tho when the hardy Titanesse beheld
 The goodly building of her palace bright,
 Made of the heaven's substance, and up-held
 With thousand crystall pillors of huge hight,
 Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
 And t' envie her that in such glorie raigned;
 Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
 Her to displace, and to herselfe t' have gained
 The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her
 wained.

XI.

Boldly she bid the goddesse downe descend,
 And let herselfe into that ivory throne,
 For she herselfe more worthy thereof wend,
 And better able it to guide alone;
 Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,
 Or unto gods, whose state she did maligne,
 Or to th' infernall powres her neede give lone
 Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,
 Herselfe of all that rule she deemed most condigne.

XII.

But shee that had to her that soveraigne seat
 By highest love assign'd, therein to beare
 Night's burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
 Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare,
 But with sterne countenance and disdainfull cheare
 Bending her horned browes, did put her back,
 And boldly blaming her for coming there,
 Bad her attonce from heaven's coast to pack,
 Or at her perill hide the wrathfull thunder's
 wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the giantesse forbare;
 But boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
 To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
 And therewith lifting up her golden wand,
 Threatened to strike her if she did withstand;
 Whereat the starres, which round about her
 blazed,
 And eke the moones bright waggon still did stand,
 All being with so bold attempt amazed,
 And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still
 gazed.

XIV.

Meane while the lower world, which nothing
 knew
 Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
 And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
 Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
 Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight,
 Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
 And brought againe on them eternall night;
 But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigue,
 Ran forth in haste unto the king of gods to plaine.

XV.

All ran together with a great out-cry,
 To love's faire palace fixt in heaven's hight,
 And beating at his gates full earnestly,
 Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
 To know what meant that suddaine lacke of
 light.
 The father of the gods, when this he heard,
 Was troubled much at their so strange affright,

Doubting leaft Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him forely fear'd.

XVI.

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the circle of the moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course forflowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his presence
prest.

XVII.

The wingd-foot god so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came whenas the Titanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her feat;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse;
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her with bold stedfastnesse
Cease to molest the moone to walk at large,
Or come before high love her dooings to discharge.

XVIII.

And therewithall he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power
Both make both gods and hellish fiends afraid:
Whereat the Titanesse did sternely lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in evill hower
He from his love such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia's silver bower,
Sith she his love and him esteemed nought,
No more than Cynthia's selfe, but all their king-
doms fought.

XIX.

The heaven's herald staid not to reply,
But past away his doings to relate
Unto his lord, who now in th' highest sky
Was placed in his principall estate,
With all the gods about him congregated;
To whom, when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save love; who changing nought his count'nance
bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches wise un-
fold;

XX.

"Hearken to mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers;
"Ye may remember since th' earth's curst seed
"Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,
"And to us all exceeding feare did breed;
"But how we then defeated all their deed
"Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite;
"Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
"An offspring of their blond, which did alite
"Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet de-
"spite.

XXI.

"Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred;
"That now with bold presumption doth aspire
"To thrust faire Phoebe from her silver bed,
"And eke ourselves from heaven's high empire,
"If that her might were matcht to her desire;
"Wherefore it now behoves us to advise

"What way is best to drive her to retire,
"Whether by open force or counsell wife,
"Areed, ye Sonnes of God! as best ye can de-
"vize."

XXII.

So having said, he ceast, and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomfull dreade
beck
Is wont to wield the the world into his vow,
And even the highest powers of heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake;
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and
wife:
Meanewhile th' earth's daughter, though she
nought did reck
Of Hermes' message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold
emprise.

XXIII.

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd, that whilst the gods
(After returne of Hermes' embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods,
Before they could new counsels realie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what fortune, time, and place, would lend:
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To love's high palace streight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: good onset boads good end.

XXIV.

She there ariving, boldly in did pass,
Where all the gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was;
At sight of her they sudden all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:
But love, all fearlesse, forc't them to aby,
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe more full of grace and maiestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes, mote
terrific,

XXV.

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld,
And inly quaking, seem'd as rest of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,
Untill that love himself herselfe bespake;
"Speake thou, fraile Woman, speake with confi-
"dence,
"Whence art thou? and what dost thou here
"now make?
"What idle errand hast thou earth's mansion to
"forsake?"

XXVI.

Shee, halfe confus'd with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her nature's pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund;
"I am a daughter, by the mother's side,
"Of her that is grand-mother magnifice
"Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos
"child;
"But by the father's, be it not envide,
"I greater am in bloud, whereon I build,
"Then all the gods, though wrongfully from hea-
"ven exil'd.

XXVII.

" For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
 " Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
 " Both sonnes of Uranus; but by uniuſt
 " And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes
 " flight,
 " The younger thruſt the elder from his right;
 " Since which thou, love, iniuriouſly haſt held
 " The heaven's rule from Titan's ſonnes by
 " might,
 " And them to helliſh dungeons downe haſt ſeld;
 " Witneſſe, ye Heavens! the truth of all that I
 " have told."

XXVIII.

Whiſt ſhe thus ſpake, the gods, that gave good care
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
 Being of ſtature tall as any there
 Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
 As any of the goddeſſes in place,
 Stood all aſtonied; like a ſort of ſteeres,
 Mongſt whom ſome beaſt of ſtrange and forraine
 race

Unwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peeres;
 So did their ghawly gaze bewray their hidden
 feares:

XXIX.

Till having pauz'd awhile, love thus beſpake;
 " Will never mortall thoughts ceaſe to aſpire
 " In this bold ſort, to heaven claime to make,
 " And touch ceſſiall ſeates with earthly mire?
 " I would have thought that bold Procuſtus' hire,
 " Or Typhon's fall, or proud Ixion's paine,
 " Or great Prometheus taſting of our ire,
 " Would have ſuffiz'd the reſt for to reſtraine,
 " And warn'd all men by their example to re-
 " fraine:

XXX.

" But now, this off-ſcum of that curſed fry
 " Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
 " And challenge th' heritage of this our ſkie,
 " Whom what ſhould hinder but that we likewise
 " Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
 " And thunder-drive to hell?" with that he
 ſhooke

His nectar-deawed locks, with which the ſkyes
 And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
 And eſt his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

XXXI.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
 In which faire beames of beauty did appeare,
 That could the greateſt wrath ſoone turne to
 grace,

(Such ſway doth beauty even in heaven beare)
 He ſtaide his hand, and having chang'd his cheare,
 He thus againe in milder wile began;
 " But ah! if gods ſhould ſtrive with fleſh yfere,
 " Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of man
 " Be rooted out, if love ſhould doe ſtill what he
 " can:

XXXII.

" But thee, faire Titan's Child! I rather weene
 " Through ſome vaine error or inducement light
 " To ſee that mortall eyes have never ſeene.
 " Or through enſample of thy ſiſter's might,

" Bellona, whoſe great glory thou doeſt ſpight,
 " Since thou haſt ſeene her dreadfull power be-
 " lowe
 " Mongſt wretched men, diſmaide with her af-
 " fright,
 " To bandie crownes, and kingdomes to beſtowe,
 " And ſure thy worth no leſſe than her's doth ſeem
 " to ſhowe.

XXXIII.

" But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanefſe,
 " That not the worth of any living wight
 " May challenge ought in heaven's intereſſe,
 " Much leſſe the title of old Titan's right;
 " For we, by conqueſt of our ſoveraine might,
 " And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
 " Have wonne the empire of the heavens
 " bright,
 " Which to ourſelves we hold, and to whom wee
 " Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

XXXIV.

" Then ceaſe thy idly claime, thou fooliſh Gerle!
 " And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
 " That place from which by folly Titan fell;
 " Thereto thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou ſaine,
 " Have love thy gracious lord and ſoveraine."
 So having ſaid, ſhe thus to him replyde;
 " Ceaſe, Saturnes Sonne! to ſeeke by proffers
 " vaine
 " Of idle hopes t' allure mee to thy ſide
 " For to betray my right before I have it tride.

XXXV.

" But thee, O love! no equall iudge I deeme
 " Of my deſert, or of my dewfull right,
 " That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiall ſeeme,
 " But to the higheſt Him, that is behight
 " Father of gods and men by equall might,
 " To weet the God of Nature, I appeale."
 Therat love waxed wroth, and in his ſpright
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale,
 And bade Dan Phœbus ſcribe her appellation
 ſeale.

XXXVI.

Eſtſoones the time and place appointed were,
 Where all, both heavenly powers and earthy
 wights,
 Before great Nature's preſence ſhould appeare,
 For triall of their titles and beſt rights;
 That was, to weet, upon the highiſt hights
 Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
 That is the higheſt head in all men's fights
 Of my old Father Mole, who ſhepheards quill
 Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rural ſkill.

XXXVII.

And were it not ill fitting for this file
 To ſing of hills and woods mongſt warres and
 knights,
 I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,
 Mongſt theſe ſterne ſounds to mingle ſoft de-
 lights,
 And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes ſpights,
 (Being of old the beſt and faireſt hill
 That was in all his holy iſland's hights)
 Was made the moſt unpleaſant and moſt ill:
 Meanwhile, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill.

XXXVIII.

Whylome when Ireland flourished in fame
Of wealth and goodnesse far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Island's name,
The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort thereto when seem'd them best;
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine queene profess
Of woods and forests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most
on ground:

XXXIX.

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
Either for chace of beasts with hound or bowe,
Or for to shroude in shade from Phœbus' flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She chose this Arlo; where shee did resort
With all her nymphes enanged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play
and sport.

XL.

Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla, faire and bright,
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be;
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire, and beautifull then shee,
Yet as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

XLI.

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oakes high mounted growes,
That as a girlond seems to deck the locks
Of some faire bride, brought forth with pompous
showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowres strowes;
So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe,
Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
That on each side her silver channel crowne,
Till to the plaine she come, whose valleyes shee
drowne.

XLII.

In her sweet streames Diana used oft,
After her sweetie chace, and toilesome play,
To bathe herselfe; and after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay,
In covert shade, where none behold her may,
For much she hated sight of living eye;
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphes in privity.

XLIII.

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire,
So her with flattering words he first assaid,
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her lady see [bee.
When she herselfe did bathe, that he might secret

XLIV.

Thereto he promist, if she would him pleasure
With this small bonne, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whenas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set
her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well;
Besides all which he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes than he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should ex-
cell.

XLV.

The simple maid did yield to him anone,
And est him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who for his hire to so foole-hardy dew
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunter's hew;
Tho' as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana with her nymphes about her drew
To this sweet spring, where doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for love a likely
pray.

XLVI.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That for great ioy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest,
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profess
His foolish thought; a foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit aread:
Babblers unworthy beene of so divine a meed.

XLVII.

The goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke,
And running straight whereas she heard his
voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke;
Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he fought:
Thenceforth they drew him by the hornes, and
shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him
brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breakes into her dayr'house, there doth
draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine,
Hath in some snare or gin set close behind
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishments, were best as-
sign'd,
And thousand deaths deviseth in her vengeful
mind.

XLIX.

So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile;
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule mis-
call;

Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare,
For nought against their wils might countervaille;
Ne ought he said whatever he did heare,
But hanging downe his head did like a mome ap-
peare.

L.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give:
Some would have gelt him, but that same would
spill

The wood-gods breed, which must for ever live;
Others would through the river him have drive,
And ducked deepe, but that seem'd penaunce
light;

But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in deares skin to clad, and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himselfe save how
hee might.

LI.

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry than the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome iest,
But gan examine him in straighter fort,
Which of her nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid!
He much affeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deares skin they covered, and then chaft
With all their hounds, that after him did speed;
But he more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any deere; so fore him dread aghast:
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have braft,
That all the woods and dales where he did flie
Did ring againe, and loud re-echo to the skie.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When back returning to Molann' againe,
They by command'ment of Diana there
Her whelm'd with stones; yet Faunus for her
paine,
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed;
So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she herselfe doe wed,
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river
spred.

LIV.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandon'd her delicious brooke,
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occa-
sion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she took;
Ne onely her, but also quite forfooke
All those faire Forrests about Arlo hid,
And all that mountaine which doth over-looke
The richest champion that may else be rid,
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand sal-
mons bred.

LV.

Then all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thenceforth she left, and parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did lay,
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to
space,
Shou'd harbour'd be, and all those woods deface,
And thieves should rob and spoile that coast a-
round:
Since which, those woods, and all that goodly
chafe
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound,
Which too too true that land's indwellers since
have found.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

CANTO VII.

Peeling from love to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidence; but Nature soone
Her righteous doome areads.

I.
Ah! whither doost thou now, thou greater
Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring,
And my fraile spirit, that doth oft refuse
This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heaven's King
(Thy soveraigne fire) his fortunate successe,
And victory in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of heaven's empire fought to dispos-
fesse?

II.
Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne, and in my feeble brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things; for who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly fire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be
knowne?

III.
Now at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo-hill,
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will;
Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare,
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

IV.
And thither also came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their fundry kinds of features,
That Arlo scarcely could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and plaine;
And had not Nature's sargeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border
They would have caused much confusion and dis-
order.

V.
Then forth issued (great goddesse) great Dame
Nature,
With goodly port and gracious maiesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
Yet certes, by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For with a veile that whimpled every where
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none
appeare.

VI.
That some doe say was so by skill devised,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized,
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beauteous was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glasse.

VII.

That well may seemen true; for well I weene
 That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
 That my fraile wit cannot devise to what
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that;
 As those three sacred saints, though else most
 wife,
 Yet on Mount Thabar quite their wits forgot,
 When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
 Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their
 eyes

VIII.

In a fayre plain upon an equall hill
 She placed was in a pavilion,
 Not such as craftsmen, by their idle skill,
 Are wont for princes states to fashion;
 But th' earth herself, of her owne motion
 Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
 Most dainty trees, that shooting up anon
 Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe,
 For homage unto her, and like a throne to shew.

IX.

So hard it is for any living wight
 All her array and vestiments to tell,
 That old Dan Geffrey, in whose gentle spright
 The pure well-head of poesie did dwell)
 In his Foules Parley durst not with it mell,
 But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
 Had in his Plaint of Kindes describ'd it well;
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seeke he out that Alane where he may be
 sought.

X.

And all the Earth far underneath her feete
 Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
 Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
 That might delight the smell, or please the view,
 The which the nymphes from all the brooks
 thereby
 Had gathered, which they at her foot-stoole
 threw,
 That richer seem'd than any tapestry
 That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

XI.

And mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire,
 And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an oaken girlond now did tire,
 As if the love of some new nymph late seene
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
 And made him change his gray attire to greene:
 Ah, gentle Mole! such ioyance hath thee well
 beseene.

XII.

Was never so great ioyance since the day
 That all the gods whylome assembled were
 On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
 To celebrate the solemne bridal cheare
 Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there,

Where Phœbus' self, that God of Poets hight,
 They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
 That all the gods were ravisht with delight
 Of his celestially song, and musick's wondrous
 might.

XIII.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred
 Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld,
 Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted,
 Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
 Thus sitting in her throne as I have teld,
 Before her came Dame Mutabilitie,
 And being lowe before her presence feld,
 With meek obaysance and humilitie,
 Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplify.

XIV.

" To thee, O greatest Goddesse! onely great,
 " An humble suppliant, loe, I lowely fly,
 " Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat,
 " Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
 " Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie
 " Which any of thy creatures doe to other,
 " Oppressing them with power unequally,
 " Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
 " And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother:
 ther:

XV.

" To thee, therefore, of this same love I plaine,
 " And of his fellow-gods that faine to be,
 " That challenge to themselves the whole world's
 raign,
 " Of which the greatest part is due to me,
 " And heaven itselfe by heritage in fee;
 " For heaven and earth I both alike doe deeme,
 " Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
 " And gods no more than men thou dost esteeme;
 " For even the gods to thee as men to gods do
 seeme.

XVI.

" Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddesse! by what
 right
 " These gods do claime the world's whole soveraignty,
 " And that is onely dew unto thy might
 " Arrogate to themselves ambitiously.
 " As for the gods owne principality,
 " Which love usurps unjustly, that to be
 " My heritage, love's selfe cannot deny,
 " From my great grandsire Titan unto mee
 " Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to
 thee.

XVII.

" Yet maugre love, and all his gods beside,
 " I doe possesse the world's most regiment,
 " As if ye please it into parts divide,
 " And every part's inholders to convent,
 " Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent:
 " And first to Earth (great mother of us all)
 " That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
 " And unto Mutability not thrall,
 " Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

xviii.

" For all that from her springs and is ybredde,
 " However fayre it flourish for a time,
 " Yet see we soone decay, and being dead
 " To turne againe unto their earthly slime;
 " Yet out of their decay and mortall crime
 " We daily see new creatures to arize,
 " And of their winter spring another prime,
 " Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange dis-
 " guise;
 " So turne they still about, and change in rest-
 " lesse wise.

xix.

" As for her tenants, that is man and beasts,
 " The beasts we daily see massacred dy,
 " As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts,
 " And men themselves doe change continually
 " From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
 " From good to bad, from bad to worst of all;
 " Ne does their bodies only flit and fly,
 " But ecke their minds (which they immortall
 " call)
 " Still change and vary thoughts as new occasions
 " fall.

xx.

" Ne is the water in more constant case,
 " Whether those same on high or these belowe:
 " For th' ocean moveth still from place to place,
 " And every river still doth ebbe and flowe;
 " Ne any lake, that seems most still and flowe;
 " Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse
 " holde,
 " When any winde doth under heaven blowe,
 " With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
 " Now like great hills, and straight like fluces,
 " them unfold.

xxi.

" So likewise are all watry living wights
 " Still tost and turned with continuall change,
 " Never abyding in their stedfast plights;
 " The fish, still floting, do at random range,
 " And never rest, but evermore exchange
 " Their dwelling places as the streames them
 " carrie;
 " Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
 " Wherein to rest, ne in one stead to tarry,
 " But flitting still doe flie, and still their places
 " vary.

xxii.

" Next is the ayre, which thou feelst not by sense
 " (For of all sense it is the middle meane)
 " To flit still, and with subtile influence
 " Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
 " In state of life: O weake life! that does leane
 " On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre,
 " Which every howre is chang'd, and alfred
 " cleane
 " With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
 " The faire doth prolong, the fowle doth it im-
 " paire.

xxiii.

" Therein the changes infinite beholde,
 " Which to her creatures every minute chaunce,
 " Now boyling hot, streight freezing deadly cold;

" Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and
 " daunce

" Streight bitter storms and balefull countenance,
 " That makes them all to shiver and to shake:

" Rayne, hayle, and snow, do pay them sad pe-
 " nance,

" And dreadfull thuder-claps (that make them
 " quake)

" With flames and flashing lights that thousand
 " changes make.

xxiv.

" Last is the fire; which though it live for ever,
 " Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
 " We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
 " To lose their heat, and shortly to decay,
 " So makes himself his owne consuming pray;
 " Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
 " But all that others bredd doth slay,
 " And with their death his cruell life dooth feed,
 " Nought leaving but their barren ashes without
 " feed.

xxv.

" Thus all these four (the which the ground-
 " work bee
 " Of all the world and of all living wights)
 " To thousand sorts of change we subiect see,
 " Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous flights
 " Into themselves, and lose their native might;
 " The fire to aire, and th' ayre to water sheere,
 " And water into earth; yet water fights
 " With fire, and aire with earth approaching
 " nere,
 " Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

xxvi.

" So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
 " However these, that gods themselves doe call,
 " Of them doe claime the rule and sovereignty;
 " As Vesta of the fire ethereall,
 " Vulcan of this with us so usuall,
 " Ops of the earth, and Iuno of the ayre,
 " Neptune of seas, and Nymphes of rivers all;
 " For all those rivers to me subiect are, [share,
 " And all the rest which they usurp be all my

xxvii.

" Which to approven true, as I have told,
 " Vouchsafe, O Goddesse! to thy presence call
 " The rest which doe the world in being hold,
 " As Times and Seasons of the year that fall;
 " Of all the which demand in generall,
 " Or iudge thyselfe by verdict of rhine eye,
 " Whether to me they are not subiect all."
 Nature did yield thereto, and by and by
 Bade Order call them all before her Maiesty.

xxviii.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the year;
 First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
 That freshly budded, and new bloosmes did beare,
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramoures;
 And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
 A guilt engraven morion he did weare,
 That as some did him love, so others did him
 feare.

xxix.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin filken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light,
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore.
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor
heated fore.

xxx.

Then came the Autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht Hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched fore;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth
had yold.

xxxi.

Lastly came Winter, cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill;
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

xxxii.

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them the Monthes all riding came;
First sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of feeds yfame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourish-
ment.

xxxiii.

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds;
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds;
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd
in sight.

With waves, through which he waded for his
love's delight.

xxxiv.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on
ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around;
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The Twinnes of Leda, which on cyther side
Supported her like to their soveraine queene:

Lord! how all creatures laught when her they
spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

xxxv.

And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a player were,
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well ap-
peare;

Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare,
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest
grace.

xxxvi.

Then came hot Iuly, boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away;
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay;
It was the beast that whilome did forray
The Nemæan Forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array;
Behinde his backe a fithe, and by his side,
Under his belt, he bore a sickle circling wide.

xxxvii.

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With eares of corne, and full her hand was
found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound,
But after wrong was lov'd and iustice solde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven
extold.

xxxviii.

Next him September marched ecke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the foyle;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,
He held a knife-hook, and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did affoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gave to each, as iustice duly seann'd.

xxxix.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see,
And of the ioyous oyl, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick and so full of lust;
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom uniuft
Slew great Orion; and ecke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready
tyde.

xl.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might
seeme,

For he had been a fattening hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and
steem,

And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easy was to decme,
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in fight,
The feed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron

XLI.

And after him came next the chill December,
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad;
Upon a shaggy, bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan love in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' lazan mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his
peeres.

XLII.

Then came old Ianuary, wrapped well
In many weeds, to keep the cold away,
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may,
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he flood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the
Romane flood.

XLIII.

And lastly came old February, sitting
In an old Waggon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly flyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them burgein round;
So past the Twelve Months forth, and their dew
places found.

XLIV.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pace;
Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke yeile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleepe and darknesse round about did trace;
But Day did beare upon his scepter's hight
The goodly sun, encompassed all with beames
bright.

XLV.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high
love
And timely Night, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed,
That might forslak the charge to them fore-
shewed
By mighty love, who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate, (whence all the gods issued)

Which they did dayly watch and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
Death with most grim and grieftly visage scene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsound, unheard, unseene;
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively ioy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to
employ.

XLVII.

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse;
"Lo, mighty Mother! now be iudge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
Change doth not raig, and beare the greatest
sway,
For who sees not that Time on all doth pray?
But times do change and move continually,
So nothing here long standeth in one stay;
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subiect still to Mutabilitie?"

XLVIII.

Then thus gan Iove; "Right true it is that
these,

"And all things else that under heaven dwell,
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all def-
seise

"Of being; but who is it (to me tell)
That time himselfe doth move and still com-
pell

"To keepe his course! is not that namely wee,
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly
cell

"That moves them all, and makes them changed
be?

"So them we gods do rule, and in them also
thee?"

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutability; The Things
Which we see not how they are mov'd and
swayd,

"Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
And say they by your secret power are made,
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?

"But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and order'd by your
ayde,

"Yet what if I can prove that even yee
Yourselfes are likewise changed, and subiect
unto me?

L.

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, faire Cynthia! whom so much ye
make

"Iove's dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On Cynthus' hill, whence she her name did
take;

"Then is she mortall borne, howso ye crake;
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see, and sundry forms partake;

" Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown
 " and gray;
 " So that as changefull as the moone men use to
 " fay.

LI.

" Next Mercury, who though he lesse appeare
 " To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
 " Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
 " And is of late far out of order gone;
 " So Venus eke, that goodly paragone,
 " Though faire all night yet is she darke all day;
 " And Phœbus' self, who lightsome is alone,
 " Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 " And fills the darkned world with terror and
 " dismay.

LII.

" Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most,
 " For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
 " That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
 " And cleane without his usuall sphere to fare,
 " That even these star-gazers stonisht are
 " At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes;
 " So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
 " His sterne aspect, and calm his crabbed lookes;
 " So many turning cranks these have, so many
 " crookes.

LIII.

" But you, Dan Iove, that only constant are,
 " And king of all the rest, as ye do clame,
 " Are you not subject eke to this misfate?
 " Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
 " Where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by
 " name,
 " Others in Thebes, and others elsewhere;
 " But wheresoever they comment the same,
 " They all consent that ye begotten were,
 " And borne here in this world, ne other can
 " appeare.

LIV.

" Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
 " Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
 " Immortall and unchangeable to be;
 " Besides that power and vertue which ye spake,
 " That ye here worke doth many changes take,
 " And your own natures change; for each of you
 " That vertue have or this or that to make,
 " Is cheekt and changed from his nature trew,
 " By others opposition or obliquid view.

LV.

" Besides, the sundry motions of your spheares,
 " So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes faine,
 " Some in short space, and some in longer yeares,
 " What is the same but alteration plaine?

" Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine;
 " Yet do the starres and figaes therein still move,
 " And even itself is mov'd, as wizards faine;
 " But all that moveth doth mutation love,
 " Therefore both you and them to me I subiect
 " prove.

LVI.

" Then since within this wide great universe
 " Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
 " But all things toft and turned by transverse,
 " What then should let but I aloft should reare
 " My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
 " Now iudge then, O thou greatest Goddesse
 " trew!
 " According as thyselfe doest see and heare,
 " And unto me addoom that is my dew,
 " That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you."

LVII.

So having ended, silence long ensfewed,
 Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
 But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed;
 Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
 Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
 Did hang in long suspence what would ensfew,
 To whether side should fall the soveraigne place;
 At length she looking up with chearefull view
 The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches
 few.

LVIII.

" I well consider all that ye have sayd,
 " And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate,
 " And changed be; yet being rightly wayd,
 " They are not changed from their first estate,
 " But by their change their being doe dilate,
 " And turning to themselves at length againe
 " Doe worke there owne perfection so by fate;
 " Then over them Change doth not rule and
 " raigne,
 " But they raigne over Change, and doe their
 " states maintaine.

LIX.

" Cease, therefore, Daughter, further to aspire,
 " And thee content thus to be rul'd by me;
 " For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire,
 " But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
 " And from thenceforth none no more change
 " shall see."

So was the Titanes put downe and whist,
 And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall see:
 Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
 And Nature's selfe did vanish, whether no man
 wist.

COLIN CLOUT: COME HOME AGAIN.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

CANTO VIII. *Unperfite.*

I.

WHEN I bethinke me of that speech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it may;
Me seems that though she all unworthy were
Of the heav'n's rule yet very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway,
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away,
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consum-
ing fickle.

II.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,

But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in change delight;
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight;
O that great Sabbaoth's God graunt me that Sab-
baoth's sight!

* * * * *

One of those grooves (a little grove was it)
As ever yielded on an orient weed,
And had the shepherd's daisies in degree,
High (Hobbes) gave there his name;
Which, my little boy, I have great joy to see
Had all the shepherd's name by the lake's side
And I, poor twaine, of many grooves (crossed) that
I had the boy's name (the name of the lake)
Was heard to sound, as the was wood on sight,
Hill made well in blessed and to please
While those were hence, all daisies did
The wood was heard to say, full many a time

The shepherd's boy (well known by that name)
That after I have left him long his
Lays of sweet love, without record or blame,
Sate (as his custom was) upon a day
Channing his cotes upon his back;
The shepherd (twine) did know him play,
Who all the while with nobody listel care,
Did stand aloof, as if he saw not
Like heart's desire, always with chamber's
Loud;
At last, when he piped and his fill,
He rested him, and lying then around

COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN.

To the Right Worthy and Noble Knight

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

Captain of her Majesty's Guard, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the County of Cornwall.

SIR,

THAT you may see that I am not always idle, as ye think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutiful, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple Pastoral, unworthy of your higher concept for the meanness of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter; the which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge myself bounden unto you (for your singular favours and sundry good turns shewed to me at my late being in England), and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evil mouths, which are always wide open to carp at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happiness.

Yours ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

From my house at Kilcolman, Dec. 27. 1591.

THE shepherd's boy (best known by that name)
That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
Lays of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custom was) upon a day
Charming his oaten pipe upon his peers;
The shepherd swains that did about him play,
Who all the while with greedy listful ears,
Did stand astonish'd at his curious skill,
Like heartless deere, dismay'd with thunder's
 sound;
At last, whenas he piped had his fill,
He rested him, and sitting then around,

One of those groomis (a iolly groom was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepherd dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol) 'gan thus to him areed:
Colin, my Life! my Life! how great a loss
Had all the shepherds' nation by thy lack?
And I, poor swain! of many greatest crosses,
That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back
Was heard to sound, as she was wont on high,
Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie,
The woods were heard to wail full many a sythe,

And all their birds with silence to complain ;
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourn,
And all their flocks from feeding to refrain ;
The running waters wept for thy return,
And all their fish with langour did lament ;
But now both woods, and fields, and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of merriment,
That us late dead hast made again alive.

But were it not too painful to repeat
The passed fortunes which to thee befel
In thy late voyage, we would thee intreat,
Now at thy leisure, them to us to tell.

To whom the shepherd gently answer'd thus ;
" Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet,
For of good passed newly to discuss,
By double usury doth twise renew it :
And since I saw that angel's blessed eye,
Her world's bright sun, her heaven's fairest light,
My mind, full of my thought's satiety,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight :
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glory bright,
My life's sole bliss, my heart's eternal treasure.
Wake, then, my Pipe ! my sleepy Muse ! awake,
Till I have told her praises lasting long ;
Hobbin desires thou mayst it not forsake ;
Hark, then, ye jolly shepherd's ! to my song."

With that they all 'gan throng about him neare,
With hungry ears to hear his harmony,
The whiles their flocks, devoid of danger's fear,
Did round about them feed at liberty.

" One day (quoth he) I fate (as was my trade)
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore,
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore ;
There a strange shepherd chaunc'd to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right ;
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight ? himself he did yleep
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deep.
He sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit ;
And when he heard the musick which I made,
He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it ;
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he took in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon, (for well that skill he cond)
Himself as skilful in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung ; and when he sung I piped,
By change of turns each making other merry,
Neither envying other, nor envied ;
So piped we until we both were weary."

There interrupting him, a bonny swain,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atween bespake ;
" And should it not thy ready course restrain,
I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing when he did play ;
For well I ween it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymn or moral lay,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lass ?"

Nor of my love, nor of my lass," quoth he,
" I then did sing, as then occasion fell ;
For love had me forlorn, forlorn of me,
That made me in that desert choose to dwell ;
But of my river Bregog's love I song,
Which to the shyny Mulla he did bear,
And yet doth bear, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his banks appear."

" Of fellowship," said then that bonny boy,
" Record to us that lovely lay again,
The stay whereof shall nought these ears annoy,
Who all that Colin makes do covet fain."

" Hear then," quoth he, " the tenor of my
tale,

In sort as I it to that shepherd told ;
No leasing new, nor grandame's fable stale,
But antient truth, confirm'd with credence old.

" Old Father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain
gray

That walls the north-side of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter fresh as flower of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale ;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The nymph, which of that water-courfe has
charge,

That springing out of Mole doth run down right
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that antient city
Which Kilnemullah cleeped is of old,
Whose craggd ruins breed great ruth and pity
To travellers which it from far behold.
Full fain she lov'd, and was belov'd full fain
Of her own brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitful train
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight ;
But her old fire, more careful of her good,
And meaning her much better to prefer,
Did think to match her with the neighbour
flood,

Which Alla hight, Broad-water called far,
And wrought so well with his continual pain,
That he that river for his daughter won ;
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plain,
The place appointed where it should be done.
Nath'less the nymph her former liking held,
For Love will not be drawn, but must be led,
And Bregog did so well her fancy weld,
That her good-will he got her first to wed ;
But for her father, sitting still on high,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd with jealous eye
Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent,
Him to deceive for all his watchful ward,
The wily lover did devise this flight ;
First into many parts his stream he shar'd,
That whilst the one was watch, the other might
Pass unesp'y'd to meet her by the way ;
And then besides those little streams, so broken,
He under ground so closely did convey,
That of their passage doth appear no token,
Till they into the Mulla's water slide :
So secretly did he his love enjoy,
Yet not so secret but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepherd's boy,

Who, wondrous wroth for that so foul despight,
In great avenge did roll down from his hill
Huge mighty stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill;
So of a river, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scatter'd all to nought,
And, lost among those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so dear his love he bought."

Which having said, him Thestylis bespake."
Now by my life this was a merry lay,
Worthy of Colin's self, that did it make;
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What ditty did that other shepherd sing;
For I do covet most the same to hear,
As men use most to covet foreign thing."
"That shall I eke," quoth he, "to you declare.
His song was a lamentable lay
Of great unkindness, and of usage hard
Of Cynthia, the lady of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debarr'd;
And ever and anon, with singults rife,
He cried out, to make his under-song,
"Ah! my loves queen, and goddess of my life,
Who shall me pity when thou dost me wrong?"
Then 'gan a gentle bonny lass to speak,
That Martine hight. "Right well he sure did
'plain,
That could great Cynthia's fore displeasure break,
And move to take him to her grace again.
But tell on further, Colin, as besel
'Twixt him and thee, what thee did hence dis-
suade?"

"When thus our pipes we both had wearied
well,"
Quoth he, "and each an end of singing made,
He 'gan to cast great liking to my lore,
And great disliking to my luckless lot,
That banish'd had myself like wight forelore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot;
The which to leave thenceforth he counsel'd
me,
Unmeet for man in whom was ought regardful,
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see,
Whose grace was great, and bounty most reward-
ful,
Besides her peerless skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankind did far excell,
Such as the world admir'd and praised it:
So that with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me persuaded forth with him to fare:
Nought took I with me but mine oaten quill,
Small needments else need shepherds to prepare:
So to the sea we came; the sea, that is,
A world of waters heaped up on high,
Rolling like mountains in wild wilderness,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry."

"And is the sea," quoth Coridon, "so fear-
ful?"
"Fearful much more," quoth he, "than heart
can fear;
Thousand wild beasts, with deep mouths gaping
direful,

Therein still wait, poor passengers to tear.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold
Before he die, already dead with fear,
And yet would live with heart half stony cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there:
And yet as ghastly dreadful as it seems,
Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring
streams

Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to hell:
For as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,
Dancing upon the waters back to land,
As if it scorn'd the danger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame, and frail,
Glewed together with some subtle matter;
Yet had it arms, and wings, and head and tail,
And life to move itself upon the water.
Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster
was!

That neither car'd for wind, nor hail, nor rain,
Nor swelling waves, but through them did pass
So proudly, that she made them rore again.
The same aboard us gently did receive,
And without harm us far away did bear,
So far, that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appear.
Then heartless quite, and full of inward fear,
That shepherd I besought to me to tell
Under what sky, or in what world, we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell;
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the regiment
Of a great shepherdes that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his lady, and his life's regent.
If then, quoth I, a shepherdes she be,
Where be the flocks and herds which she doth
keep?

And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheep?
These be the hills, quoth he, the surges high,
On which fair Cynthia her herds doth feed;
Her herds be thousand fishes with their fry,
Which in the bosom of the billows breed:
Of them the shepherd which has charge in chief
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horn,
At sound whereof they all for their relief
Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.
And Proteus, eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking seales and porcpisces together,
With hoary head and dewy dropping beard
Compelling them which way he list, and whi-
ther;

And I, among the rest of many least,
Have in the ocean charge to me assign'd,
Where I will live or die at her behest,
And serve and honour her with faithful mind.
Besides, an hundred nymphs, all heavenly born,
And of immortal race, do still attend
To wash fair Cynthia's sheep when they be
shorn,
And fold them up when they have made an
end.

Those be the shepherds which my Cynthia serve
 At sea, besides a thousand more at land;
 For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
 To have in her commandement at hand.
 Thereat I wonder much, till wondering more
 And more, at length we land far off descryde
 Which sight much gladed me; for much afore
 I feard lest land we never should have eyde:
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
 As if the way she perfectly had known.
 We Lynday pass, by that same name is ment
 An island which the first to west was shown;
 From thence another world of land we kend,
 Floating amid the sea in jeopardy,
 And round about with mighty white rocks hend,
 Against the sea's encroaching cruelty:
 Those same, the shepherd told me, were the fields
 In which Dame Cynthia her land-herds fed,
 Fair goodly fields, than which Armulla yields
 None fairer, nor more fruitful to be red:
 The first of which we nigh approached was
 An high head-land, thrust far into the sea,
 Like to an horn, whereof the name it has,
 Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant lea:
 There did a lofty mount at first us greet,
 Which did a stately heap of stones uprear,
 That seem'd amid the furies for to fleet,
 Much greater than that frame which us did bear;
 There did our ship her fruitful womb unlade,
 And put us all ashore on Cynthia's land."

"What land is that thou meanst?" then Cuddy said;

"And is there other than whereon we stand?"

"Ah! Cuddy," then quoth Colin, "thou's a son,

That hast not seen least part of Nature's work:
 Much more there is unken'd than thou doost kon,

And much more that does from mens knowledge lurk;

For that same land much larger is than this,
 And other men, and beasts, and birds, doth feed:
 Their fruitful corn, fair trees, fresh herbage, is,
 And all things else that living creatures need.
 Besides, most goodly rivers there appear,
 No wit inferior to thy Fanchins praise,
 Or unto Allo, or to Mulla clear;
 Nought hast thou, foolish Boy! seen in thy days."

"But if that land be there," quoth he, "as here,
 And is their heaven likewise there all one?
 And if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
 Like as in this same world where we do wonne?"

"Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more,"

Quoth he, "abound in that same land than this;

For there all happy peace and plenteous store
 Conspire in one to make contented blis;
 No wailing there, nor wretchedness, is heard,
 No bloody issues, nor no leprosy,
 No grievous famine, nor no raging sweard,
 No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries:
 The shepherds there abroad may safely lie

On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger;
 No ravenous wolves the goodman's hope destroy,

Nor outlaws fell affray the forest-ranger:
 There learned arts do flourish in great honour,
 And poet' wits are had in peerless price;
 Religion hath lay-powre to rest upon her,
 Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace, there freely grows,
 Had people grace it gratefully to use;
 For God his gifts there plenteously bestows,
 But graceless men them greatly do abuse."

"But say on further, then," said Corylas,

"The rest of thine adventures that betided."

"Forth on our voyage we by lend did pass,"

Quoth he, "as that same shepherd still us guided,

Until that we to Cynthia's presence came,
 Whose glory, greater than my simple thought,
 I found much greater than the former fame;
 Such greatness I cannot compare to ought:
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,
 I would her liking to a crown of lillies
 Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
 With roses dight, and goolds, and daffadilies;
 Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
 In which all colours of the rainbow be;
 Or like fair Phoebe's girlond shining new,
 In which all pure perfection one may see.

But vain it is to think by paragon
 Of earthly things to judge of things divine:
 Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
 Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.

Why then do I, base shepherd! bold and blind,

Presume the things so sacred to profane?
 More fit it is t'adore with humble mind
 The image of the heavens in shape humane."

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
 Saying, "By wondring at thy Cynthia's praise,
 Colin, thyself thou mak'st us more to wonder,
 And her upraising doost thyself upraise,
 But let us hear what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that shepherd strange thy cause advanced."

"The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
 Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanc'd,
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her ear,
 That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely hours to hear,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
 For not by measure of her own great mind,
 And wondrous worth, she mott my simple song,
 But ioy'd that country shepherd ought could find

Worth hearkening to amongst that learned throng."

"Why," said Alexis, "then, what needeth she,
 That is so great a shepherdess herself,
 And hath so many shepherds in her see,
 To hear thee sing, a simple silly elf?
 Or be the shepherds which do serve her laisie,
 That they list not their merry pipes apply?
 Or be their pipes untuneable and crasie,
 That they cannot her honour worthily?"

" Ah ! nay, said Colin, neither so nor so ;
For better shepherds be not under skie,
Nor better able, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud her name to glorifie.
There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged
In faithful service of fair Cynthia,
And there is Corydon, but weanly waged,
Yet a blest wit of most I know this day :
And there is sad Alcyon, bent to mourn,
Thou fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for Daphne's death doth
toun

Sweet lays of love to endless plaints of pittie.
Ah ! penfive Boy ! pursue that brave conceit,
In thy sweet eglantine of meriflure ;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted hight,
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Pallin, worthy of great praise,
Albe he envy at my rustick quill,
And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
His tunes from layes to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palemon, free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer
rew,

Yet he himself may rewed be more right,
That sung so long until quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabaster, throughly taught
In all his skill, though knowen yet to few,
Yet were he known to Cynthia as he ought,
His Eliseis would be read anew :
Who lives that can match that heroick song
Which he hath of that mighty prince's made ?
O dearest Dread ! do not thyself that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade,
But call it forth ; O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory, which he hath begun,
That when he finisht hath as it should be,
No braver poem can be under son :
Nor Po nor Tyber's swans so much renown'd,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly prais'd,
Can match that Muse, when it with bayes is
crown'd,

And to the pitch of her perfection rais'd.
And there is a new shepherd late up sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpass,
Appearing well in that well-tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornful lass :
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In love's soft layes, and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniel,
And to what course thou please thyself advance,
But most, me seems, thy accent will excel
In tragic plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is
That spends his wit in love's consuming smart ;
Full sweetly tempred is that muse of his,
That can impierce a prince's mighty heart.
There also is (ah ! no, he is not now !)
But since I said he is he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
Having his Amarillis left to mone !

Help, O ye Shepherds ! help ye all in this,
Help Amarillis this her loss to mourn ;
Her loss is yours, your loss Amyntas is,
Amyntas ! flower of shepherds pride forlorn :
He, whilst he lived, was the noblest swain
That ever piped on an oaten quill ;
Both did he other which could pipe maintain,
And eke could pipe himself with passing skill.
And there, though last, not least is Aetion,
A gentler shepherd may no where be found,
Whose Muse full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himself heroically found.

All these, and many others more remain,
Now after Astrofell is dead and gone ;
But while as Astrofell did live and reign,
Amongst all these was none his paragon.
All these do flourish in their fundry kind,
And do their Cynthia immortal make,
Yet found I liking in her royal mind,
Not for my skill, but for that shepherd's sake."

Then spake a lovely lass hight Lucida ;
" Shepherd, enough of shepherds thou hast told,
Which favour thee and honour Cynthia ;
But of so many nymphs which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing said
That seems with none of them thou favour found-
est,

Or art ingrateful to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest."

" Ah ! far be it," quoth Colin Clout, " fro me,
That I of gentle maids should ill deserve,
For that myself I do profess to be
Vassal to one whom all my days I serve ;
The beam of beauty sparkled from above,
The flowre of virtue and pure chastitie ;
The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearl of peerless grace and modesty ;
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize ;
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice ;
My thought, my heart, my love, my life, is she,
And I her's ever only, ever one ;
One ever I, all vowed her's to be,
One ever I, and other's never none.

Then thus Melissa said, " Thrice happy maid,
Whom thou doost so enforce to deify ;
That woods, and hills, and valleys, thou hast
made

Her name to echo unto heaven high :
But say who else vouchsafed thee of grace ?"

" They all," quoth he, " me graced goodly
well,

That all I praise ; but in the highest place
Urania, sister unto Astrofell.
In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,
More rich than pearls of Inde, or gold of Opher,
And in her sex more wonderful and rare.
Ne lesse praise-worthy I Theana read,
Whose goodly beams though they be over-dight
With mourning stole of careful widowhead,
Yet through that darksome veil do glister bright ;

She is the well of bounty and brave mind,
 Excelling most in glory and great light;
 She is the ornament of woman-kind,
 And Court's chief girlond, with all vertues dight;
 Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace
 Doth hold, and next unto herself advance;
 Well worthy she so honourable place,
 For her great worth and noble governance.
 Ne less praise-worthy is her sister dear,
 Fair Marian, the Muses' only dearling,
 Whose beauty shineth as the morning clear,
 With silver dew upon the roses pearling.
 Ne less praise-worthy is Manfilia,
 Best known by bearing up great Cynthia's train;
 That same is she to whom Daphnaida
 Upon her neece's death I did complain:
 She is the pattern of true womanhead,
 And only mirror of femininity,
 Worthy next after Cynthia to tredd,
 As she is next her in nobility.
 Ne less praise-worthy Galathea seems
 Than best of all that honourable crew;
 Fair Galathea! with bright shining beams,
 Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view:
 She there then waited upon Cynthia,
 Yet there is not her wonne; but here with us
 About the borders of our rich Cosma,
 Now made of Maa, the nymph delicious.
 Ne less praise-worthy fair Neæra is;
 Neæra! ours, not theirs, though there she be;
 For of the famous Shure the nymph she is,
 For high desert advaunst to that degree:
 She is the bloom of grace and curtesie,
 Adorned with all honourable parts;
 She is the branch of true nobility,
 Belov'd of high and low with faithful hearts.
 Ne less praise-worthy Stella do I read;
 Though nought my praises of her needed are,
 Whom verse of noblest shepherd, lately dead,
 Hath prais'd, and rais'd above each other starre.
 Ne less praise-worthy are the sisters three,
 'The honour of the noble familie
 Of which I meanest boast myself to be,
 And most that unto them I am so nie,
 Phillis, Charillis, and sweet Amarillis.
 Phillis, the fair, is eldest of the three;
 The next to her is bountiful Charillis;
 But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
 Phillis, the flow'r of rare perfection,
 Fair, spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,
 That with their beauty's amorous reflection
 Bereave of sense each rash beholder's sight;
 But sweet Charillis is the paragone
 Of peerless price and ornament of praise,
 Admir'd of all, yet envy'd of none, [raies.
 Through the mild temperance of her goodly
 Thrice happy do I hold thee, noble swain,
 The which art of so rich a spoil posselt,
 And it embracing dear without disdain,
 Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast!
 Of all the shepherd's daughters which there be,
 (And yet there be the fairest under sky,
 Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see)
 A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eye;

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She is pride and primrose of the rest,
 Made by the Maker self to be admired;
 And like a goodly beacon high addrest,
 That is with sparks of heavenly beauty fired.
 But Amarillis, whether fortunate
 Or else unfortunate may I aread,
 That freed is from Cupid's yoke by Fate,
 Since which he doth new bands' adventures dread.
 Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that prais'd diversly apart,
 In her thou mayst them all assembled see,
 And seal'd up in the treasure of her heart.
 Ne thee less worthy, gentle Flavia!
 For thy chaste life and vertue I esteem.
 Ne thee less worthy, courteous Candida!
 For thy true love and loyalty I deem.
 Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
 Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended;
 But if I all should praise as they deserve,
 This fun would fail me ere I half had ended;
 Therefore in closure of a thankful mind,
 I deem it best to hold eternally
 Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrin'd,
 Than by discourse them to indignify."

So having said, Aglaura him bespake;
 "Colin, well worthy were those goodly favours
 Bestow'd on thee, that so of them doost make,
 And them requitest with thy thankful labours;
 But of great Cynthia's goodness and high grace
 Finish the story which thou hast begun."

"More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case
 How to begin, than know how to have done;
 For every gift, and every goodly meed
 Which she on me bestow'd demands a day,
 And every day in which she did a deed
 Demands a year it duly to display.
 Her words were like a stream of hony fleeting,
 The which doth softly trickle from the hive,
 Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,
 And eke to make the dead again alive.
 Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes
 Which load the bunches of the fruitful vine,
 Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine.
 Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,
 Forth-looking through the window of the East,
 When first the fleecie cattle have begun
 Upon the perled gras to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincense,
 Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,
 And throwing forth sweet odours, mounts fro
 In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies: [thence
 There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her own creation,
 Emongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
 Much like an angel in all form and fashion."

"Colin," said Cuddy, "then thou hast forgot
 Thy self, me seems; too much, to mount so hie;
 Such lofty flight base shepherd seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields to angels and to sky."

"True," answer'd he; "but her great excellence
 Lifts me above the measure of my might,
 That being fill'd with furious insolence,
 I feel my self like one yrap't in spright;

E c

For when I think of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speak it fitly forth;
 And when I speak of her what I have thought,
 I cannot think according to her worth:
 Yet will I think of her, yet will I speak,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
 And when as death these vital bands shall break,
 Her name recorded I will leave for ever;
 Her name in every tree I will endose,
 That as the trees do grow her name may grow,
 And in the ground each where will it engross,
 And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
 The speaking woods and murmuring waters-fall
 Her name I'll teach in known terms to frame;
 And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
 I'll teach to call for Cynthia by name:
 And long while after I am dead and rotten,
 Amongst the shepherds daughters dauncing round,
 My lays made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowry girlonds crown'd.
 And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
 When as ye hear her memory renew'd,
 Be witness of her bounty here alive,
 Which she to Colin her poor shepherd shew'd."

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
 Mov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake,
 And stood awhile astonish'd at his words,
 Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
 Saying, "Why, Colin, since thou found'st such
 grace

With Cynthia, and all her noble crew,
 Why didst thou ever leave that happy place,
 In which such wealth might unto thee accrew,
 And back return'dst to this barren soil,
 Where Cold, and Care, and Penury, do dwell,
 Here to keep sheep with hunger and with toil?
 Most wretched he that is and cannot tell."

"Happy indeed," said Colin, "I him hold,
 That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
 Of Fortune and of Envy uncontroll'd,
 Which still are wont most happy states to annoy;
 But I, by that which little while I prov'd,
 Some part of those enormities did see,
 The which in Court continually hop'd,
 And follow'd those which happy seem'd to be;
 Therefore I, silly Man! whose former days
 Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
 Durst not adventure such unknown ways,
 Nor trust the guile of Fortune's blandishment,
 But rather chose back to my sheep to tourn,
 Whose utmost hardness I before had try'd,
 Than having learn'd repentance late, to mourn
 Amongst those wretches which I there descry'd."

"Shepherd," said Thestylis, "it seems of
 spight
 Thou speakest thus 'gainst their felicity,
 Which thou enviest, rather than of right
 That ought in them blame-worthy thou doost
 spy."

"Cause have I none," quoth he, "of cancred
 will
 To quit them ill that me demean'd so well,
 But self-regard of private good or ill
 Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell

And eke to warn young shepherds wandring wit,
 Which through report of that life's painted bliss
 Abandon quiet home to seeke for it,
 And leave their lambs to loss, misled amiss;
 For sooth to say, it is no sort of life
 For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seekes with malice and with
 strife

To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
 Himself to raise; and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitful wit
 In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
 Either by flandering his well-deemed name,
 Through leasings leud and feigned forgery,
 Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
 By creeping close into his secrecy;
 To which him needes a guilefull hollow heart,
 Masked with fair dissembling curtesy,
 A filed tongue, furnish'd with terms of art,
 No art of school, but courtiers' schoolery:
 For arts of school have there small countenance,
 Counted but toys to busy idle brains,
 And there professors find small maintenance,
 But to be instruments of others gains:
 Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
 Unless to please itself it can apply,
 But shouldred is, or out of door quite shitt,
 As base, or blunt, unmeet for melody:
 For each man's worth is measur'd by his weed,
 As harts by horns, or asses by their ears;
 Yet asses be not all whose ears exceed,
 Nor yet all harts that horns the highest bears:
 For highest looks have not the highest mind,
 Nor haughty words most full of highest thought;
 But are like bladders blowen up with wind,
 That being prick'd do vanish into nought.
 Even such is all their vaunted vanity
 Nought else but smoke that fumeth soon away;
 Such is their glory that in simple eye
 Seem greatest when their garments are most gay:
 So they themselves for praise of fools do sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall,
 With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
 And purchase highest rooms in bower and hall,
 Whiles single Truth and simple Honesty
 Do wander up and down despis'd of all:
 Their plain attire such glorious gallantry
 Disdains so much, that none them in doth call."

"Ah! Colin," then said Hobbinsol, "the blame
 Which thou impute'st is too generall,
 As if not any gentle wit of name,
 Nor honest mind might there be found at all:
 For well I wot, sith I myself was there
 To wait on Lobbin (Lobbin well thou knewest)
 Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
 As ever else in prince's court thou viewest;
 Of which among you many yet remain,
 Whose names I cannot readily now guess;
 Those that poor suters papers do retain,
 And those that skill of medicine profess,
 And those that do to Cynthia expound
 The ledden of strange languages in charge;
 For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
 And gives to their professors stipends large;

Therefore unjustly thou doest wite them all
For that which thou mislikest in a few."

"Blame is," quoth he, "more blameless general,

Than that which private errors doth pursue;
For well I wote that there amongst them be
Full many persons of right worthy parts,
Both for report of spotless honesty,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faulty be;
For all the rest do most what fare amiss,
And yet their own misfaring will not see;
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraugh' with envy, that their galls do swell;
Or they their days to idleness divide,
Or drowned lie in pleasure's wastfull well,
In which, like moldwarps, nousing still they lurk,
Unmindful of chief parts of manliness,
And do themselves, for want of other work,
Vain votaries of lazy Love profess,
Whose service high so basely they ensue,
That Cupid's self of them ashamed is,
And mustering all his men in Venus' view,
Denies them quite for servitors of his."

"And is Love, then," said Corilas, "once known

In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
I weened sure he was our god alone,
And only woo'd in fields and forests here."

"Not so," quoth he, "love most aboundeth there;

For all the walls and windows there are writ
All full of love, and love, and love, my Dear,
And all their talk and study is of it;
Nor any there doth brave or valiant seem,
Unless that some gay mistress' badge he bears;
Ne any one himself doth ought esteem,
Unless he swim in love up to the ears:
But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,
(As it should be) all otherwise devise,
Than we poor shepherds are accustom'd here,
And him do sue and serve all otherwise:
For with leud speeches and licentious deeds
His mighty mysteries they do profane,
And use his idle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vain:
So him they do not serve as they profess,
But make him serve to them for sordid uses.
Ah! my dread Lord, that dost liege hearts possess,

Avenge thy self on them for their abuses.
But we, poor shepherds, whether rightly so,
Or through our rudeness into error led,
Do make religion how we rashly go,
To serve that God that is so greatly dread;
For him the greatest of the gods we deem,
Born without fire or couples of one kind,
For Venus' self doth solely couples seem,
Both male and female, through commixture join'd:
So pure and spotless Cupid forth she brought,
And in the Gardens of Adonis nurs'd,
Where growing, he his own perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the gods the first:

Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That Jove himself his power began to dread,
And taking up to heaven, him godded new:
From thence he shoots his arrows every where
Into the world, at random, as he will,
On us frail men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himself us pleaseth save or spill:
So we him worship, so we him adore,
With humble hearts to heaven up-lifted hie,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Prefer, and of their grace us dignify:
Ne is there shepherd, ne yet shepherd's swain,
Whatever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evill deed or leasing vain
BlaspHEME his power, or terms unworthy yield."

"Shepherd, it seems that some celestial rage
Of love," quoth Cuddy, "is breath'd into thy breast,

That poureth forth these oracles so sage;
Of that high power wherewith thou art posselt;
But never wist I till this present day,
Albe of Love I always humbly deem'd,
That he was such an one as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteem'd:
Well may it seem by this thy deep insight,
That of that god the priest thou shouldest be;
So well thou won't the mystery of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see."

"Of Love's perfection perfectly to speak,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed," saith Colin, "passeth reason's reach,
And needs his priest t'express his power divine;
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus' bosom dear;
For by his power the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appear;
For how should else things so far from attone;
And so great enemies as of them be,
Be ever drawn together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire, the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie down to poize, the hungry t'eat.
And voidness to seek full satiety:
So being former foes, they waxed friends,
And 'gan by little learn to love each other;
So being knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitful womb of their great mother:

Then first 'gan Heaven out of darkness dread
For to appear, and brought forth cheerfull Day;
Next 'gan the Earth to shew her naked head
Out of deep waters, which her drown'd alway;
And shortly after every living wight
Crept forth, like worms out of their slimy Nature,

Soon as on them the sun's life-giving light
Had poured kindly heat and formal feature:
Thenceforth they 'gan each one his like to love,
And like himself desire for to beget:
The lion chose his mate, the turtle-dove
Her dear, the dolphin his own dolphinet;

But man, that had the spark of reason's might
More than the rest, to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himself was fairest by creation :
For beauty is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind ;
Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
Darting her beams into each feeble mind,
Against whose power nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound ;
But being hurt, seek to be medicin'd
Of her that first did stir that mortal stound,
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With prayers loud importuning the sky,
Whence he them hears, and when he list shew
grace,

Does grant them grace, that otherwise would die.
So love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerful saw,
All being made the vassals of his might
Through secret sense, which thereto doth them
draw.

Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deem,
And with chaste heart to honour him alway :
But who else doth otherwise esteem
Are out-laws, and his lore do disobey ;
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyal lust ;
Ne 'mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as exuls out of his court be thrust."

So having said, Melissa spake at will ;
" Colin, thou now full deeply hast divin'd
Of love and beauty, and with wondrous skill
Hast Cupid's self depainted in his kind :
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That doost their cause so mightily defend ;
But most all women are thy debtors found,
That doost their bounty still so much commend."

" That ill," said Hobbinol, " they him requite ;
For having loved ever one most dear,
He is repaid with scorn and foul despite,
That yrks each gentle heart which it doth hear."

" Indeed," said Lucid, " I have often heard
Fair Rosalinde of divers foully blamed
For being to that Swain too cruell hard,
That her bright glory else hath much defamed :

But who can tell what cause had that fair maid
To use him so that loved her so well ?
Or who with blame can justly her upbraid
For loving not ? for who can love compel ;
And sooth to say, it is full hardy thing
Rashly to witen creatures so divine ;
For demi-gods they be, and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine.
And well I wote that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest Helene did revile,
Through iudgment of the gods, to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes, and so remain'd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise :
Beware, therefore, ye Grooms, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalinde ye raise."

" Ah ! Shepherds," then said Colin, " ye ne
weet

How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doom with words unmeet,
Of things celestial, which ye never saw ;
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds' daughters which amongst you be,
But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my self the blame, that lookt so hie ;
So high her thoughts as she her self have place,
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eye :
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swain, sith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour peravaunt,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above ;
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grief
And long affliction which I have endured ;
Such grace sometimes shall give me some relief
And ease of pain, which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow-Shepherds, which do see
And hear the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witnes be
That her's I die, nought to the world denying
This simple trophy of her great conquest."

So having ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him uprose eke all the rest ;
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warn'd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

VIRGIL's GNAT,

To the most noble and excellent Lord;

THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

Wrong'd, yet not daring to express my pain,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In cloudy tears my case I thus complain
Unto your self, that only privy are;
But if that any Oedipus, unware,
Shall chance, through power of some divining spright,
To read the secret of this riddle rare,
And know the purport of my evil plight,
Let him be pleased with his own insight,
Ne further seek to glose upon the text;
For grief enough it is to grieved wight
To feel this fault, and not be further vext:
But what so by my self may not be shown,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known:

I.

WE now have plaid (Augustus) wantonly;
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have only playd: let thus much then excuse
This Gnat's small Poem, that the whole history
Is but a jest, tho envy it abuse;
But who such sports and sweet delights doth
blame,
Shall lighter seem than this Gnat's idle name.

II.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speake to
thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit poesy;
The golden offspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Jove's progeny,
Phœbus shall be the author of my song,
Playing on ivory harp with silver strong.

III.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of poet's prince, whether he woone beside
Fair Xanthus sprinkled with Chimæras blood,
Or in the woods of Astry abide.
Or whereas Mount Parnasse, the Muses' brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two horns di-
vide,
And the sweet waves of sounding Castaly,
With liquid foot doth slide down easily.

IV.

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glory be
Of the Pierian streams, fair Naiades,
Go to, and dancing all in company,
Adorn that god. And thou, holy Pales!
To whom the honest care of husbandry
Returneth by continuall success,
Have care for to pursue his footing light,
Through the wide woods and groves, with green
leaves dight.

Æ c iij

v.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forest wide and starry sky;
And thou, most drad Octavius, which oft
To learned wits giv'st courage worthily,
O come, (thou sacred Child!) come sliding soft,
And favour my beginnings graciously;
For not these leaves do sing that dreadful stound,
When giants' blood did stain Phlegræan ground.

vi.

Nor how th' half-horsie people, Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloodie Lapithæes at bord;
Nor how the East, with tyrannous despight,
Burnt th' Attick towers, and people slew with
sword;
Nor how Mount Athos, through exceeding might,
Was digged down; nor yron bands aboard
The Pontick Sea by their huge navy cast.
My volume shall renown, so long since past.

vii.

Nor Hellepont, trampled with horses' feet,
When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray;
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meet,
Delights (with Phœbus' friendly leave) to play
An easie running verse with tender feet.
And thou, (drad sacred Child!) to thee alway
Let everlasting lightfom glory strive
Through the world's endless ages to survive.

viii.

And let an happy room remain for thee
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed souls do rest;
And let long lasting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meed that thou deservest best,
Hereafter many years remembred be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest.
Live thou for ever in all happiness.
But let us turn to our first business.

ix.

The fiery sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden chariot glistering light,
And fair Aurora with her rosie hair,
That hateful darkness now had put to flight,
When as the shepherd seeing day appear,
His little goats 'gan drive out of their stalls,
To feed abroad where pasture best befalls.

x.

To an high mountains top he with them went,
Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills;
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleys wandring at their wills,
Spread themselves far abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft green grasse feeding their fills,
Some clambring through the hollow cliffs on hie,
Nibble the bushy shrubs which grow thereby.

xi.

Others the utmost boughs of trees do crop.
And brouze the woodbine twigs that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft willow or new grown stud;
This with sharp teeth the bramble-leaves doth lop,
And chew the tender prickles in her cud,
The whiles another high doth over-look
Her own like image in a crystal brook.

xii.

O the great happiness which shepherds have
Who-so loaths not too much the poor estate,
With mind that ill use doth before deprave,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward brave!
No such sad cares as wont to macerate
And rend the greedy minds of covetous men,
Do ever creep into the shepherd's den.

xiii.

Ne cares he if the fleece which him arrays
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye,
Ne glistering of gold, which underlays
The summer beams, do blind his gazing eye;
Ne pictures beauty, nor the glancing rays
Of precious stones, whence no good cometh by;
Ne yet his cup embost with imagery
Of Boetus, or of Alcon's vanity.

xiv.

Ne ought the whelky pearls esteemeth he,
Which are from Indian seas brought far away,
But with pure breast, from careful sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display
In sweet spring-time, when flowers' variety
With sundry colours paints the sprinkled lay;
There lying all at ease from guile or spright,
With pipe of fenny reeds doth him delight.

xv.

There he, lord of himself, with palm bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine;
There his milk-dropping goats be his delight,
And fruitfull Pales, and the forest green,
And darkfom caves in pleasant vallies pight,
Whereas continuall shade is to be seen,
And where fresh springing wells, as crystal neat,
Doe always flow to quench his thirsty heat.

xvi.

O! who can lead then a more happy life
Than he, that with clean mind, and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knows, nor bloody strife,
No deadly fight of warlike fleet doth fear,
Ne runs in peril of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may rear
A trophee of his glittering spoils and treasure,
Or may abound with riches above measure?

xvii.

Of him his God is worshipt with his syth,
And not with skill of craftman polished;
He joys in groves, and makes himself full blyth
With sundry flowers in wild fields gathered;
Ne frankincence he from Panchæa buyth;
Sweet Quiet harbours in his harmles head,
And perfect Pleasure builds her joyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich men's hearts de-
vowre.

xviii.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour,
To this his mind and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiet's matchless treasure,
Content with any food that God doth send;
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
Unto sweet sleep he may securely lend
In some cool shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chewed cuds do eat,

XIX.

O Flocks! O Fauns! and, O ye pleasure Springs
Of Tempe! where the country nymphs are rife,
Through whose not costly care each shepherd
sings

As merry notes upon his rustick fife
As that Astræan bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads a joyful life,
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyl,
In which fond men do all their days turmoyl.

XX.

In such delights, whilst thus his careless time
This shepherd drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reeds chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beams full hott,
Into the highest top of heaven 'gan clime,
And the world parting by an equal lott,
Did shade his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himself divide.

XXI.

Then gan the shepherd gather into one
His stragling goats, and drave them to a foord,
Whose cærule stream, rombling in pibble-stone,
Crept under moss as green as any goord.
Now had the sun half heaven overgone,
When he his herd back from that water foord
Drave from the force of Phœbus' boyling ray
Into thick shadows, there themselves to lay.

XXII.

Soon as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood,
(O Delian Goddess!) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus' brood,
Cruell Agave, flying vengeance fore
Of King Niçtileus, for the guilty blood
Which she with cursed hands had shed before;
There she half frantick, having slain her son,
Did shroud herself, like punishment to shun.

XXIII.

Here also playing on the grassie green,
Wood-gods, and Satires, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies, oft were dancing seen.
Not so much did Dan Orpheus repress
The streams of Hebrus with his songs, I ween,
As that fair troop of woody goddesses
Stay'd thee (O Peneus!) pouring forth to thee,
From chearfull looks, great mirth and glad someglee.

XXIV.

The very nature of the place resounding:
With gentle murmur of the breathing air,
A pleasing bowre, with all delight abounding,
In this fresh shadow did for them prepare,
To rest their limbs with weariness redounding:
For first the high palm-trees, with branches fair,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoot up their heads into the skyes.

XXV.

And them amongst the wicked lotos grew,
Wicked for holding guilefully away
Ulysses' men, whom rapt with sweetness new
Taking to host it quite from him did stay;
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hue
The sun's sad daughters wail'd the rash decay
Of Phæton, whose limbs, with lightning rent,
They gathering up with sweet tears did lament.

XXVI.

And that same tree, in which Demophoon
By his disloyalty lamented fore,
Eternal hurt left unto many one,
Whom als accompanied the oak of yore,
Through fatal charms transform'd to such an one;
The oak, whose acorns were our food before
That Ceres' seed of mortal men was known,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sown.

XXVII.

Here also grew the rougher rinded pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom Golden Fleece did make an heavenly sign,
Which coveting, with his high top's extent
To make the mountains touch the stars divine,
Decks all the forest with embellishment,
And the black holm, that loves the watry vale,
And the sweet cypress, sign of deadly bale.

XXVIII.

Emongst the rest the clambring yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton arms with grasping hold,
Lest that the poplar happily should rew
Her brother's strokes, whose boughs she doth en-
fold

With her lythe twigs, till they the top surview,
And point with pallid greené her buds of gold;
Next did the myrtle tree to her approach,
Nor yet unmindfull of her old reproach.

XXIX.

But the small birds, in their wide boughs em-
bowring,
Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet consent,
And under them a silver spring forth pouring
His trickling streams, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their jarring voyces bent,
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them around,
All which the airy eccho did resound,

XXX.

In this so pleasant place this shepherd's flock
Lay every where, their weary limbs to rest
On every bush and every hollow rock,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote
best,

The whiles the shepherd self tending his flock,
Sate by the fountain side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppress'd him,
Display'd on ground, and seized every lim.

XXXI.

Of treachery or trains nought took he keep,
But, loosely on the grassy green dispreed,
His dearest life did trust to careless sleep,
Which weighing down his drouping drowsie hed,
In quiet rest his molten heart did sleep,
Devoid of care, and fear of all falshed,
Had not inconstant Fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietness to spill.

XXXII.

For at his wonted time in that same place,
An huge great serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himself in morish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himself to hide;
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandish tongue the empty air did gride,

And wrapt his scaly boughs with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

XXXIII.

Now more and more having himself enroll'd,
His glittering brest he listeth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His crest above, spotted with purple dye,
On every side did shine like scaly gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did seem to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with stern looks to threaten kindled yre.

XXXIV.

Thus wise long time he did himself dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flock's grand captain and most trusty
guide;

Estsoones more fierce in visage and in pace,
Throwing his fiery eyes on every side,
He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full sternly rends, that might his passage stay.

XXXV.

Much he disdaineth that any one should dare
To come unto his haunt, for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons which to him nature had lent;
Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his jaws with angry spirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is stain'd
And all his folds are now in length out-strain'd.

XXXVI.

Whom thus at point prepared to prevent,
A little nourling of the humid air,
A Gnat unto the sleepy shepherd went,
And marking where his eye-lids, twinkling rare,
Shew'd the two pearls which sight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fair,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warn'd him awake, from death himself to keep.

XXXVII.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruising flew,
As in avengement of his heedless smart,
That straight the spirit out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart;
When suddenly casting aside his view,
He spide his foe with felonous intent
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

XXXVIII.

All suddenly dismay'd, and heartless quight,
He fled aback, and catching hasty hold
Of a young alder, hard beside him pight,
It rent; and streight about him 'gan behold,
What God or Fortune would assist his might:
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
It's hard to read; yet hardly will be had
To overcome, that made him less adrad.

XXXIX.

The scalie back of that most hideous snake,
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to assail, he fiercely strake,
Whereas his temples did his crest-front tyre;
And for he was but slow, did sloth off shake,
And gazing ghastly on (for fear and ire

Had blent so much his sense that less he fear'd)
Yet when he saw him slain himself he chear'd.

XL.

By this the night forth from the darksome bowre
Of Herebus her teemed steeds 'gan call,
And lazie Vesper in his timely howre,
From golden Oeta 'gan proceed withall;
Whenas the shepherd, after this sharp stowre,
Seeing the doubled shadows low to fall,
Gathering his straying flock, does homeward fare,
And unto rest his weary joynts prepare.

XLI.

Into whose sense so soon as lighter sleep
Was entred, and now loosing every lim,
Sweet slumbring dew in carelessness did steep,
The image of that Gnat appear'd to him,
And in sad terms 'gan sorrowfully weep,
With grisly countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good, hastning his cruel fate.

XLII.

Said he, "What have I, Wretch! deserv'd that
thus

Into this bitter bale I am out-cast,
Whilst that thy life more dear and precious
Was then mine own, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of pains so gracious,
Am tost in th' air with every windy blast;
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy careless limbs in loose sleep doost display.

XLIII.

So livest thou; but my poor wretched ghost
Is forc'd to ferry over Lethe's river,
And, spoil'd of Charon, to and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on every post?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
Her flaming fire-brond encountering me,
Whose locks uncombed cruel adders be.

XLIV.

And Cerberus, whose many mouths do bay
And bark out flames, as if on fire he fed,
Adown whose neck, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Do hang in heaps, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes do glister fiery red,
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten
With painful torments to be sorely beaten.

XLV.

Ay me; that thanks so much should fail of meed,
For that I thee restor'd to life again,
Even from the door of death and deadly dread.
Where then is now the guerdon of my pain?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of pity vanish'd is in vain,
And th' antique faith of justice long ago
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

XLVI.

I saw another's fate approaching fast,
And lest mine own his safety to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render;
Not unto him that never hath trespass'd,
But punishment is due to the offender:

Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankful will may it relent.

XLVII.

I carried am into waste wilderness,
Waste wilderness, amongst Cymmerian shades,
Where endless pains and hideous heaviness
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades;
For there huge Othos sits in sad distress,
Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades,
Far off beholding Ephialtes' tide,
Which once assail'd to burn this world so wide.

XLVIII.

And there is mournfull Tityus, mindful yet
Of thy displeasure, O Latona fair!
Displeasure too implacable was it
That made him meat for wild fowls of the air;
Much do I fear among such fiends to sit,
Much do I fear back to them to repair,
To the black shadows of the Stygian shore,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore.

XLIX.

There next the utmost brink doth he abide,
That did the banquets of the gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being
dride,

His sense to seek for ease turns every way:
And he that in avengement of his pride,
For scorning to the sacred gods to pray,
Against a mountain rolls a mighty stone,
Calling in vain for rest, and can have none.

L.

Go ye with them, go, cursed Damocells!
Whose bridal torches foul Erynnis tynd,
And Hymen at your spousals sad fortells
Tydings of death and massacre unkind;
With them that cruel Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her avengeful mind
With bitter wounds her own dear babes to slay,
And mured troup upon great heaps to lay.

LI.

There also those two Pandionian maids
Calling on Itis, Itis evermore,
Whom (wretched boy!) they slew with guilty
blades,
For whom the Thracian king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a lapwing, foulie them upbraids,
And fluttering round about them still does soare;
There now they all eternally complain,
Of others wrong, and suffer endless pain.

LII.

But the two brethren, born of Cadmus' blood,
Whilst each does for the sovereignty contend,
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance
wood,
Each does against the other's body bend
His cursed steel, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcasses doth rend,
That yet they both do mortall foes remain,
Sith each with other's bloodie hand was slain.

LIII.

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of pain,
Nor change of labour may entreated be,
Yet I beyond all these am carried fain,
Where other powers far different I see,

And must pass over to th' Elysian plain;
There grim Persephone encount'ring me,
Doth urge her fellow-furies earnestly
With their bright fire-brands me to terrifie.

LIV.

There chaste Alceste lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husband's days
She did prolong, by changing fate for fate,
Lo, their lives also the immortal praise
Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope! and from her far away
A rule's rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All slain with darts, lie wallow'd in their blood.

LV.

And sad Eurydice, thence now no more
Must turn to life, but their detained be
For looking back, being forbid before;
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee.
Bold sure he was, and worthy spirit bore,
That durst those lowest shadows go to see,
And could believe that any thing could please
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powers appease.

LVI.

Ne fear'd the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor those same mournfull kingdoms, compass'd
With rusty horror and foul fashion,
And deap-dig'd vaults, and Tartar covered
With bloody night and dark confusion,
And judgment-seats, whose judge is deadly dread;
A judge that after death doth punish sore
The faults which life hath trespassed before.

LVII.

But valiant Fortune made Dan Orpheus bold;
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wild beasts their fury did with-hold,
To follow Orpheus' music through the land;
And th' oakes, deep grounded in the earthly mold,
Did move as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense be-
reav'd,
Through their hard bark his silver sound receav'd.

LVIII.

And eke the moon her hasty steeds did stay,
Drawing in teams along the starry sky;
And didst (O monthly Virgin!) thou delay
Thy nightly course to hear his melody?
The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queen of Hell to move as easily
To yield Eurydice unto her fere,
Back to be borne, though it unlawful were.

LIX.

She (Lady) having well before approv'd
The fiends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behov'd,
Ne ever did her eye-sight turn arere,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mov'd;
But cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiss her, brok't the gods' decree
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be.

LX.

Ah! but sweet love of pardon worthy is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted,
If hell at least things lightly done amiss
Knew how to pardon when ought is omitted;

Yet are ye both received into bliss,
And to the seats of happy souls admitted;
And you beside the honourable band
Of great heroes doe in order stand.

LXI.

There be the two stout sons of Æacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardy Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyous
Through their fire's dreadfull jurisdiction,
Being the judge of all that horrid house;
And both of them by strange occasion
Renown'd in choice of happie marriage
Through Venus' grace and Vertue's carriage.

LXII.

For th' one was ravish'd of his own bond-maid,
The faire Ixione, captiv'd from Troy;
But th' other was with Thetis' love assaid,
Great Nereus his daughter, and his joy.
On this side them there is a young man laid,
Their match in glory, mighty, fierce, and coy,
That from th' Argolick ships with furious ire
Bett back the fury of the Trojan fire.

LXIII.

O! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great war which Trojans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucrian soil with bloody rivers swell'd,
And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corpes,
And Simois and Xanthus' blood out-weld,
Whilst Hector raged with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greek's fleet to have
tynd!

LXIV.

For Ida's self, in aid of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountains ministred supplies,
And like a kindly nurse did yield (for spight)
Store of firebrands out of her nurseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the navy of their enemies,
And all the Rhætean shore to ashes turn,
Where lay the ships which they did seek to burn.

LXV.

'Gainst which the noble son of Telamon
Oppos'd himself, and thwarting his huge shield,
Them battel bad; gainst whom appear'd anon
Hector, the glory of the Trojan field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty strokes so shrild,
As the great clap of thunder which doth rive
The ratling heavens, and clouds asunder drive.

LXVI.

So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships, from turning home again
To Argos, th' others strove for to defend
The force of Vulcan with his might and main.
Thus th' one Æacide, did his fame extend,
But th' other joy'd that on the Phrygian plain,
Having the blood of vanquish'd Hector shed,
He compass'd Troy thrice with his body ded.

LXVII.

Again great dole on either party grew,
That him to death unfaithful Paris sent;
And also him that false Ulysses slew,
Drawn into danger through close ambushment:

Therefore from him Laertes' son his view
Doth turn aside, and boasts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæfus' fall,
And est in Dolon's subtile surprisall.

LXVIII.

Again the dreadfull Cycons him dismay,
And black Læstrigones, a people stout.
Then greedy Scilla, under whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then do th' Ætnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis, gulphing in and out:
Lastly, the squallid lakes of Tartary,
And griesly fiends of hell him terrify.

LXIX.

There also goodly Agamemnon boasts
The glory of the stock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.
Ah! but the Greeks themselves, more dolorous
To thee, O Troy! paid penance for thy fall,
In the Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

LXX.

Well may appear by proof of their mischance,
The changefull turning of mens slippery state,
That none whom Fortune freely doth advance,
Himself therefore to heaven should elevate;
For lofty type of honour, through the glance
Of envy's dart, is down in dust prostrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanity
Shall fall through Fortune's mutability.

LXXI.

Th' Argolick power returning home again,
Enrich'd with spoiles of th' Ericthonian towre,
Did happy wind and weather entertain,
And with good speed the foamy billows scour:
No sign of storm, no fear of future pain,
Which soon ensued them with heavy stoure;
Nereis to the seas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keels the furies clave.

LXXII.

Suddenly, whether through the god's decree,
Or hapless rising of some froward star,
The heavens on every side enclouded be:
Black storms and fogs are blownen up from far,
That now the pilot can no load-star see,
But skies and seas do make most dreadful war;
The billows striving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens striving them for to empeach.

LXXIII.

And in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both sun and stars, and all the heavenly powres,
Conspire in one to wreak their rash contempt,
And down on them to fall from highest towres;
The sky in pieces seeming to be rent,
Throws lightning forth, and hail, and harmful
showres.

That death on every side to them appears
In thousand forms, to work more ghastly fears.

LXXIV.

Some in the greedy floods are sunk and drent,
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are thrown;
Some on th' Euboick cliffs in pieces rent,
Some scatter'd on the Hercæan shores unknown;

And many lost, of whom no monument
Remains, nor memory is to be shown;
Whilst all the purchase of the Phrygian prey,
Toft on falt billows, round about doth stray.

LXXV.

Here many other like heroes be,
Equal in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seats may placed see,
Descended all from Rome by lineage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in sovereignty,
And doth all nations unto her subdue:
Her Fabij and Decij do dwell,
Horatij, that in vertue did excell.

LXXVI.

And here the antique fame of stopt Camill,
Doth ever live, and constant Curtius,
Who, stifly bent his vowed life to spill
For country's health, a gulf most hideous
Amidst the town with his own corps did fill,
T' appease the powers; and prudent Mutius,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

LXXVII.

And here wise Curius, his companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endless rest,
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
Taught him the fire's scorn'd fury to detest;
And here the praise of either Scipion
Abides in highest place above the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd;
Trembling, their forces sound their praises loud.

LXXVIII.

Live they for ever through their lasting praise;
But I, poor wretch! am forced to return
To the sad lakes that Phœbus' sunny rays
Do never see, where souls do always mourn,
And by the wailing shores to waste my days,
Where Phlegeton with quenchless flames doth
burn,

By which just Minos righteous souls doth sever
From wicked ones, to live in blifs for ever.

LXXIX.

Me therefore thus the cruel fiends of hell,
Girt with long snakes and thousand yron chains,
Through doom of that their cruel judge, compel
With bitter torture and impatient pains,
Cause of my death, and just complaint to tell:
For thou art he whom my poor ghost complains
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careless hear'st my intollerable cares.

LXXX.

Them therefore, as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behind;
But do thou haunt the soft down-rolling river,
And wild green woods, and fruitfull pastures
mind,

And let the flitting air my vain words sever."

Thus having said, he heavily departed
With piteous cry, that any would have smarterd.

LXXXI.

Now when the sloathful fit of life's sweet rest
Had left the heavy shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieved mind full sore oppress,
That baleful sorrow he no longer bears
For that Gnat's death, which deeply was imprest,
But bends whatever power his aged years
Him lent, yet being such, as though their might
He lately flew his dreadful foe in fight.

LXXXII.

By that same river lurking under green.
Eftsoons he 'gins to fashion forth a place,
And squaring it in compass well beseen,
There plotteth out a tomb by measured space:
His yron-headed spade tho' making clean,
To dig up sods out of the flowrie gras,
His work he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

LXXXIII.

An heap of earth he hoorded up on high,
Enclosing it with banks on every side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of green turfs edifice;
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the tomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble-stone, in order set,
That never might his lucky scape forget.

LXXXIV.

And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow,
The rose, engroined in pure scarlet dye,
The lilly fresh, and violet below,
The marigold, and chearful rosemary,
The Spartan myrtle, whence sweet gum doe
flow,

The purple hyacinth, and fresh costmary,
And saffron, fought for in Cilician soil,
And laurel, th' ornament of Phœbus' toil;

LXXXV.

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the sabine flowre
Matching the wealth of th' antient frankincence,
And pallid ivy, building his own bowre,
And box, yet mindfull of his old offence,
Red amaranthus, luckless paramour,
Ox-eye, still green, and bitter patience;
Ne wants there pale Narciss, that in a well
Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell.

LXXXVI.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatso other herb of lovely hue
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To clothe her self in colours fresh and new,
He planted there, and rear'd a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue;
To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
The shepheard bath thy death's record engraved.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

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JANUARY,

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

The Argument.

This Æglogue is a soliloque of Colin Clout, by which name the Poet means himself; complaining of his unprosperous love of Rosalind; and comparing his condition to that of his wretched weather-beaten flock, and to the rigorous season of the year.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (no better do him call),
When winter's wastefull spight was almost spent,
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Let forth his flock, that had been long ypent;
So faint they wox, and feeble in the fold,
That now uncathes their feet could them uphold.

All as the sheep, such was the shepherd's look,
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
May seem he lov'd, or else some care he took;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Though to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus he plain'd, the while his sheep there
fed:

"Ye gods of love! that pity lovers pain
(If any gods the pain of lovers pity),
Look from above, where you in joys remain,
And bow your ears unto my dolefull ditty.
And, Pan! thou shepherd's god, that once did
love,
Pity the pains that thou thyself didst prove.

Thou barren ground, whom winter's wrath hath
wasted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight;
Whylom thy fresh spring flower'd, and after hast-
ed,

Thy Summer proud, with daffadillies dight,
And now is come thy Winter's stormy state,
Thy mantle marr'd wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as winter reigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stours do breed my balefull smart,
As if my years were waste and woxen old;
And yet, alas! but now my spring begun,
And yet, alas! it is already done.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their
bower,
And now are cloath'd with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blossoms, wherewith your buds did
flower,
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in drery icicles remain.

Also my lustfull lease is dry and fear,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
The blossoms which my branch of youth did
bear,
With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

Thou feeble Flock! whose fleece is rough and
rent,
Whose knees are weak through fast and evil fare,
Maist witness well, by thy ill government,
Thy master's mind is overcome with care:

Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn:
With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn.

A thousand fithes I curse that careful hour
Wherein I long the neighbour town to see,
And eke ten thousand fithes I bless the stour
Wherein I saw so fair a fight as she:
Yet all for naught: such fight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breed both joy and
pain!

It is not Hobbino! wherefore I plain,
Albe my love he seek with daily suit:
His clownish gifts and courtesies I disdain,
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbino! thy gifts been vain;
Colin them gives to Rosalind again.

I love thilk las (alas! why do I love?)
And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my good will, but both reprove,
And of my rural music holdeth scorn.
Shepherd's device she hateth as the snake,
And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth
make.

Wherefore, my Pipe, albe rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
And thou unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mind, yet canst not when thou
should;
Both pipe and Muse shall fore the while abide."
So broke his oaten pipe, and down did lie.

By that the welked Phoebus' gan avail
His weary wain, and now the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heaven 'gan over-hale;
Which seen, the pensive boy, half in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his fullen sheep,
Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to
weep.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Anchora speme.

With mourning pine I : you with pining moan.
I was weak, I was ; then lean, I quite lean :

A thousand times I curse that careless hour
When I left the neighbourhood town to see,
And the ten thousand times I bless the hour
When I saw to find a light in thee.
Yet all for naught : that light hath bred my pain.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

The Argument.

Cuddy, a young shepherd, inveighing against the season of the year, and comparing to old age, which he treats with scorn, is reprov'd by Thenot, an old shepherd, who, to shew him his folly, relates a moral fable of an Oak and a Briar, but without curing the young shepherd's vanity. By Tityrus, mention'd in this Æglogue, and elsewhere in the Author's works, is meant Geoffrey Chaucer, in imitation of whose stile and manner this Æglogue is written.

CUDDY, THENOT.

CUDDY.

AN for pitty ! will rank winter's rage
These bitter blasts never 'gin t'assuage ?
The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride :
My ragged ronts all shiver and shake,
As done high towers in an earthquake :
They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails
Peack as a peacock ; but now it avails.

THE. Leudly complaineft, thou lazy lad,
Of winter's wrack for making thee sad ?
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worfe,
From worfe unto that is worst of all,
And then return to his former fall ?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live till the lusty prime ?

Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
Some in much joy, many in many tears,
Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
Of summer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
Ne never was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently took that ungently came ;
And ever my flock was my chief care,
Winter or summer they mought well fare.

CUD. No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear
Chearfully the winter's wrathful chear,
For age and winter accord full nigh,
This chill, that cold ; this crooked, that wry ;
And as the lowring weather looks down,
So seemest thou like Good-Friday to frown ;
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My ship unwont in storms to be tost,

THE. The sovereign of seas he blames in
vain,

That once sea-beat will to sea again :
So loytring live you little heard-grooms,
Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms ;
And when the shining sun laugheth once,
You deem the spring is come at once :
Tho gin you, fond Flies! the cold to scorn,
And, crowing in pipes made of green corn,
You thinken to be lords of the year ;
But est when ye count you freed from fear,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred brows,
Full of wrinkles and frosty furrows,
Drerily shooting his stormy dart,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the heart :
Then is your careless courage accoyd,
Your careful herds with cold be annoyed :
Then pay you the price of your surquedry,
With weeping, and wailing, and misery,

CUD. Ah! foolish old Man! I scorn thy skill,
That wouldst me my springing youth to spill ;
I deem thy brain emperished be
Through rusty eld, that hath rotted thee ;
Or siker thy head very totty is,
So on thy corb shoulder it leans amiss.
Now thy self hath lost both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldst crop,
But were thy years green, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline :
Tho wouldst thou learn to carol of love,
And hery with hymns thy lasses glove ;
Tho wouldst thou pipe of Phillis' praise,
But Phillis is mine for many days ;
I wone her with a girdle of gelt,
Emboft with bugle about the belt :
Such an one shepherds would make full fain ;
Such an one would make thee young again.

THE. Thou art a son, of thy love to boft ;
All that is lent to love will be lost.

CUD. Seest how brag yond bullock bears,
So smirk, so smooth, his pricked ears ?
His horns been as brade as rainbow bent,
His dewlap as lythe as las of Kent :
See how he venteth into the wind,
Weeneft of love is not his mind ?
Seemeth thy flock thy counsel can,
So lustless been they, so weak, so wan ;
Cloathed with cold, and hoary with frost,
Thy flock's father his courage hath lost.
Thy ewes, that wont to have blown blags,
Like wailful widdows hangen their crags ;
The rather lambs been starved with cold,
All for their master is lustless and old.

THE. Cuddy, I wot thou kenst little good,
So vainly to advance thy headless hood ;
For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderness, whose inn penance,
And stoop gallant age, the host of grievance,
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheep on the hills of Kent ?

CUD. To naught more, Thenot, my mind is
bent

Than to hear novels of his devise ;
They been so well thewed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.

THE. Many meet tales of youth did he
make,

And some of love, and some of chivalry,
But none fitter than this to apply.
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

" There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely display'd,
But of their leaves they were disaray'd :
The body big and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height ;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine,
But now the gray moss marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decay'd, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament :
It was embellisht with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wanted to repair
The shepherd's daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlands with his colowres,
And in his small bushes used to shroud,
The sweet nightingale singing so loud,
Which made this foolish Breere wex so bold ?
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.

Why stand's there (quoth he) thou brutish
block ?

Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy flock ;
Seest how fresh my flowres been spread,
Died in lilly white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green,
Colours met to cloath a maiden queen ?
Thy waste bigness but cumpers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round :
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,
My cinamon smell too much annoyeth :
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.
So spake this bold Breere with great disdain,
Little him answer'd the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adaw'd,
That of a weed he was over-craw'd.

It chaunced after upon a day,
The husband-man's self to come that way,
Of custom to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compas round :
Him when the spightful Breere had espyed,
Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his lord stirring up stern strife :

O my liege Lord! the god of my life,
Pleaseth you pond your suppliant's plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure ;
And but your goodness the same recure,
Am like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the good man on the lea,
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proud weed
(As most usen ambitious folk)
His colour'd crime with craft to cloke.

Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowring blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in sommer-time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wide;
Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spight;
And oft his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your godlyhead to assuage
The rancorous rigour of his might;
Nought ask I, but onely to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good sufferaunce,
And praying to be garded from grievance.

To this this Oak cast him to reply
Well as he couth; but his enemy
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man nould stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat;
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Aye little help to harm there needeth)
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled be,
But to the root bent his sturdy stroak,
And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain,
Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an antient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,

And often crost with the priests' crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew;
But like fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this misery;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And fighed to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
Tho down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shrunk under him, and seem'd to shake:
There lieth the Oak pitied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a lord alone,
Puff'd up with pride and vain pleasure;
But all this glee had no continuance:
For estsoons winter 'gan to approach,
The blustering Borcas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Breere,
For now no succour was seen him neere.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heaped snow burdned him so sore,
That now upright he can stand no more;
And being down is trod in the durt
Of cattel, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Breere,
For scorning eld——"

cuD. Now I pray thee shepherd, tell it not
forth:

Here is a long tale and little worth.
So long have I listened to thy speech,
That grafted to the ground is my breech;
My heart-blood is well nigh frozen I feel,
And my galage grown fast to my heel;
But little ease of thy leud tale I tasted;
Hie thee home, Shepherd, the day is nigh wasted,

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

*Iddio, perche é vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo effempio.*

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

*Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa iddio.*

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA.

The Argument.

Two shepherds take occasion, from the approach of the spring, to discourse of love, describ'd here as a person. One of them relates a story of his having discover'd him lately hid in a bush, and of his being wounded by him.

WILLY. THOMALIN.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, why fitten we so,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon so fair a morrow?
The joyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall allegg this bitter blast,
And flake the winter sorrow.

THO. Siker, Willy, thou warnest well,
For winter's wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth;
The grafs now 'gins to be refresht,
The swallow peeps out of her nest,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.

WIL. Seest not thilk same hawthorn stud,
How bragly it begins to bud
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready Maia's bower,
That new is uprist from bed:
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learn with Lettice to wex light,

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That scornfully looks askaunce;
Tho will we little love awake,
That now sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THO. Willy, I ween thou be a sot,
For lusty Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WIL. How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy self his slumber broke?
Or made privy to the same?

THO. No; but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blue;
And were not that my sheep would stray,
The privy marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

WIL. Thomalin, have no care for-thy,
My self will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flock and thine;
For, alas! at home I have a fire,
A stepdame eke, as hot as fire,
That duly adays counts mine.

F f

THO. Nay but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheep for that may chauce to swerve,
And fall into some mischief:
For sithens is but the third morrow
That I chaunst to fall asleep with sorrow,
And waked again with grief;
The while thilk same unhappy owe,
Whose clouted leg her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjointed both her bones:
Mought her neck been jointed attones,
She should have need no more spell;
Th' elf was so wanton and so wood;
(But now I trow can better good)
She mought ne gang on the green,

WIL. Let be as may be that is past;
That is to come let be forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast seen.

THO. It was upon a holy-day,
When shepherds grooms han leave to play,
I cast to go a shooting;
Long wandring up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within the ivy tod,
(There shrouded was the little god)
I heard a busie bustling;
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if any thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thick,
Might see the moving of some quick,
Whose shape appeared not;
But were it fairy, fiend, or snake,
My courage earn'd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot:
With that sprang forth a naked swain,
With spotted wings like peacock's train,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gilden quiver at his back,
And silver bow, which was but slack,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That seeing I level'd again,
And shot at him with might and main,

As thick as it had hailed.
So long I shot, that all was spent,
Tho pumy stones I hastily hent,
And threw, but nought availed:
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched:
Therewith afraid I ran away,
But he that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heel;
For then I little smart did feel,
But soon it fore increased;
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth fore,
Ne wote I how to cease it.

WIL. Thomalin, I pity thy plight,
Perdy with Love thou diddest fight,
I know him by a token:
For once I heard my father say
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net
Which he for carrion-crows had set
That in our pear-tree haunted!
Tho said he was a winged lad,
But bow and shafts as then none had,
Else had he fore be daunted.
But see, the welkin thicks apace,
And stooping Phœbus steeps his face;
It's time to haste us homeward.

WILLY'S EMBLEM.

*To be wise and eke to love,
Is graunted scarce to gods above.*

THOMALIN'S EMBLEM.

*Of honey and of gall in love there is store;
The honey is much, but the gall is more.*

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA.

The Argument.

The design of this Æglogue is to introduce a panegyric, in the pastoral kind, on Queen Elizabeth: it begins with a complaint of Hobbinol (a shepherd mention'd in the first Æglogue) for Colin's neglect of his friendship for the sake of Rosalind, with whom he was fallen in love; and from the mentioning of Colin's skill in poetry, Hobbinol takes occasion to recite one of his songs or poems on Eliza, queen of shepherds.

THENOT. HOBBINOL.

THE.

TELL me, good Hobbinol, what gars thee greet?
What! hath some wolf thy tender lambs ytern,
Or is thy bag-pipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
Or art thou of thy loved lass forlorn?
Or been thine eyes attemptred to the year,
Quenching the gasping furrows thirst with rain?
Like April shower so stream the trickling tears
Adown thy cheek; to quench thy thirsty pain.

HOV. Nor this nor that so much doth make me
mourn,
But for the lad whom long I lov'd so dearn
Now loves a lass that all his love doth scorn:
He, plung'd in vain, his tress'd locks doth tear,
Shepherds delights he doth them all forswear;
His pleasant pipe, which makes us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs wherein he all out-went.

THE. What is he for a lad you so lament?

Is love such pinching pain to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle love?

HOV. Colin; thou kenst the southern shepherd's
boy;

Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart:
Whylo! on him was all my care and joy,
Forcing with gifts to win his wanton heart.
But now from me his madding mind is start,
And wooes the widdow's daughter of the glenne;
So now fair Rosalind hath bred his smart;
So now his friend is changed for a frenne.

THE. But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinol, record some one,
The whiles our flocks do graze about in sight,
And we close shrouded in this shade alone.

F f ij

HOB. Contented I: then will I sing his lay
Of fair Eliza, queen of shepherds all,
Which once he made as by a spring he lay,
And tuned it unto the water's fall.

" Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed brook
" Do bathe your breast,
" Forfake your watry bowers, and hither look
" At my request.
" And eke you Virgins that on Parnasse dwell,
" Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
" Help me to blaze
" Her worthy praise,
" Which in her sex doth all excel.

" Of fair Eliza be your silver song,
" That blessed wight,
" The flower of virgins; may she flourish long
" In princely plight;
" For she is Syrinx' daughter without spot,
" Which Pan, the shepherds' god, of her begot:
" So sprung her grace
" Of heavenly race,
" No mortal blemish may her blot.

" See where she sits upon the grassy green,
" (O seemly sight!)
" Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden queen,
" And ermines white:
" Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
" With damask roses and daffadillies set;
" Bay-leaves between,
" And primroses green,
" Embellish the sweet violet.

" Tell me, have ye seen her angelike face,
" Like Phœbe fair?
" Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,
" Can you well compare?
" The red rose medled with the white yfere,
" In either cheek depeinten lively chear;
" Her modest eye,
" Her majesty,
" Where have you seen the like but there?

" I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head,
" Upon her to gaze;
" But when he saw how broad her beames did
" " spread,
" It did him amaze.
" He blusht to see another sun below,
" Ne durst again his fiery face out-show.
" Let him if he dare,
" His brightness compare
" With her's, to have the overthrow.

" Shew thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,
" And be not abasht:
" When she the beames of her beauty displays,
" O how art thou dasht?
" But I will not match her with Latona's seed;
" Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed.
" Now she is a stone,
" And makes daily mone,
" Warning all other to take heed.

" Pan may be proud that ever he begot
" Such a bellibone,
" And Syrinx rejoice, that ever was her lot
" To bear such an one.
" Soon as my younglings crying for the dam,
" To her will I offer a milk-white lamb:
" She is my goddess plain,
" And I her shepherd's swain,
" Albe forswonk and forswat I am.

" I see Calliope speed her to the place,
" Where my goddess shines,
" And after her the other Muses trace
" With their violines.
" Been they not bay-branches which they do bear,
" All for Eliza in her hand to wear?
" So sweetly they play,
" And sing all the way,
" That it a heaven is to hear.

" Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
" To the instrument:
" They dauncen deffly, and singen foote
" In their merriment: [even?
" Wants not a fourth Grace to make the dance
" Let that room to my Lady be yeven,
" She shall be a Grace
" To fill the fourth place.
" And reign with the rest in heaven.

" And whither renns this bevy of ladies bright,
" Ranged in a row?
" They, been all Ladies of the Lake behight
" That unto her go.
" Cloris, that is the chiefeft nymph of all,
" Of olive branches bears a coronall:
" Olives been for peace,
" When wars do surcease:
" Such for a princefs been principal.

" Ye shepherds' daughters that dwell on the green,
" Hye you there apace:
" Let none come there but that virgins been,
" To adorn her grace:
" And when you come, whereas she is in place,
" See that your rudeness do not you disgrace:
" Bind your fillets fast,
" And gird in your waste,
" For more fineness, with a taudry lace.

" Bring hither the pink and purple cullumbine,
" With gylliflowers;
" Bring coronations, and sops in wine,
" Worn of paramours:
" Strow me the ground with daffadownhillies,
" And coullips, and kingcups, and loved lillies:
" The pretty pawnee
" And the chevisaunce
" Shall match with the fair flowre-delice.

" Now rise up, Eliza, decked as thou art
" In royal ray;
" And now ye dainty damsels may depart
" Each one his way.

" I fear I have troubled your troops too long,
 " Let Dame Eliza thank you for her song,
 " And if you come heather
 " When damfins I geather,
 " I will part them all you among."

THE. And was thilk fame song of Colin's own
 making?

Ah! foolish Boy! that is with love yblent;
 Great pity is he be in such taking,
 For nought caren that been so leudly bent.

HOB. Siker I hold him for a greater son
 That love's the thing he cannot purchase.
 But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
 And twinkling stars the daylight hence chase.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

O quam te memorem virga!

HOBBINOL'S EMBLEM.

O Dea certe!

F f iij

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

MAY.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

The Argument.

Palindore, inviting Piers to join with the youths and shepherds in mirth, and the pleasures of the season, and in celebrating the festival of May, is reprov'd by him, and told that a life of vanity and luxury, while their flocks are neglected, does not become good shepherds. Piers describes the Pastoral life, at first simple and frugal, without wealth, yet free from want and from vice, but corrupted afterwards by licentiousness, and by the ambition of power and command, which expos'd both the shepherds and their flocks to be destroy'd by the wolves. And, to shew how dangerous it is to have any communication with bad company, he relates a fable of the Kid and her Dam.

This Æglogue is purely allegorical, and seems to be design'd as a moral lesson on the life of Christians, and particularly of the clergy, and on the difference between those of the Reform'd and those of the Romish persuasion; as appears further by a passage in the seventh Æglogue, in which Palinode is again mentioned as giving an account of the lordly lives of the shepherds at Rome.

PALINODE. PIERS.

PALINODE.

Is not this the merry month of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh array?
How falls it, then, we no merrier been,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy green?
Our blonket leveries been all too fad
For thilk same season, when all is yclad
With pleafance; the ground with grafs, the woods
With green leaves, the bushes with blossoming
buds,
Youth's folk now flocken in every where,
To gather May-buskets and smelling breere,

And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the kirk-pillars e'er day-light,
With hawthorn buds and sweet eglantine,
And girdlonds of roses, and sops in wine.
Such merry-make holy saints doth queam,
But we here sitten as drown'd in a dream.

PIERS. For yonkers, Palinode, such follies fit,
But we tway been men of elder wit.

PAL. Siker this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shole of shepherds out-go,
With singing and shouting, and jolly chear;
Before them yode a lusty tabrere,

That to the many a horn-pipe plaid,
 Whereto they dauncen each one with his maid.
 To see these folks make such jouissance,
 Made my heart after the pipe to daunce :
 Tho to the green wood thy speeden them all,
 To fetchen home May with their musical;
 And home they bringen in a royal throne,
 Crowned as a king; and his queen attone
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
 A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend
 Of lovely nymphs. (O that I were there,
 To helpen the ladies their May-bush bear!)
 Ah! Piers, been not thy teeth on edge, to think
 How great sport thy ginen with little swink?

PIERS. Perdy, so far am I from envy,
 That their fondness inly I pity :
 Those faitours little regarden their charge,
 While they, letting their sheep run at large,
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustihed and wanton meriment.
 Thilke same been shepherds for the devel's sted,
 That playen while their flocks be unsted:
 Well it is seen their sheep be not their own;
 That letten them run at random alone :
 But they been hired for little pay,
 Of other that caren as little as they
 What fallen the flock, so they han the fleece,
 And get all the gain, paying but a piece.
 I muse what account both these will make,
 The one for the hire which he doth take,
 And th' other for leaving his Lord's task,
 When great Pan accounted of shepherds shall
 ask.

PAL. Siker now I see thou speakest of spight,
 All for thou lackest some dele their delight.
 I (as I am) had rather be envied,
 All were it of my foe, that sonly pitied;
 And yet, if need were, pitied would be,
 Rather then other should scorn at me;
 For pitied is mishap that has remedy,
 But scorned been deeds of fond foolery.
 What shoulde shepherds other things tend,
 Than sith their God his good does them send,
 Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleasure.
 The while they here liven at ease and leisure?
 For when they been dead their good is ygo,
 They slepen in rest, well as other moe :
 Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
 But what they left behind them is lost.
 Good is no good but if it be spend;
 God giveth good for none other end.

PIERS. Ah! Palinode, thou art a world's child :
 Who touches pitch, mote needs be defil'd,
 But shepherds (as Algrind used to say)
 Mought not live like as men of the lay.
 With them it fits to care for their heir,
 Enaunter their heritage do impair :
 They must provide for means of maintenance;
 And to continue their wont countenance :
 But shepherd must walk another way,
 Sike worldly sovenance he must for-say.
 The son of his loins why should he regard,
 To leave enriched with that he hath spar'd?
 Should not thilke God that gave him that good
 Eke cherish his child, if in his ways he stood?

For if he mislive in lewdness and lust,
 Little boots all the wealth and the trust
 That his father left by inheritance;
 All will be soon wasted with misgovernance:
 But through this, and other their miscreance,
 They maken many a wrong chevifance,
 Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
 The floods whereof shall them overflow.
 Sike mens folly I cannot compare
 Better then to the ape's foolish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet, God wote, such cause has she none)
 That with her hard hold and straight embracing,
 She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
 So oftentimes, whenas good is ment,
 Evil ensueth of wrong intent.

The time was once, and may again retorn,
 (For ought may happen that hath been befor)
 When shepherds had none inheritance,
 Ne of land nor fee in sufferance,
 But what might arise of the bare sheep,
 (Were it more or less) which they did keep,
 Well I wis was it with shepherds tho,
 Nought having nought feared they to forge,
 For Pan himself was their inheritance,
 And little them served for their maintenance.
 The shepherd's God so well them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided;
 Butter enough, honey, milk, and whey,
 And their flocks' fleeces them to-array,
 But tract of time, and long prosperity,
 (That nource of vice, this of insolency)
 Lulled the shepherds in such security,
 That not content with loyal obeysance,
 Some gan to gape for greedy governance,
 And match themselves with mighty potentates,
 Lovers of lordships, and troublers of states,
 Tho 'gan shepherds swains to look aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learn to lig soft :
 Tho under coloure of shepherds, some-while
 There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile,
 That often devoured their own sheep,
 And often shepherd that did 'em keep;
 This was the first sourse of shepherd's sorrow,
 That now nill be quit with bale nor borrow.

PAL. Three things to bear been very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear is outrageous :
 Women that of love's longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but have it they must :
 So when the cholar is enflamed with rage,
 Wanting revenge is hard to assuage :
 And who can counsel a thirsty soul,
 With patience to forbear the offer'd bowl?
 But of all burdens that a man can bear,
 Most is a fool's talk to bear and to hear.
 I ween the giant has not such a weight,
 That bears on his shoulders the heaven's height,
 Thou findest fault where nys to be found,
 And buildest strong wark upon a weak ground :
 Thou railest on right without reason,
 And blamest 'em much for small encheason.
 How wolden shepherds live if not so?
 What, should they pinen in pain and woe?
 Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borrow,
 If I may rest, I nill live in sorrow,

Sorrow ne need to be hastened on,
For he will come without calling anon.
While times endure of tranquillity,
Usen we freely our felicity;
For when approachen the stormy frowers,
We mought with our shoulders bear off the sharp
showres;

And sooth to sain, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepherds so twiten each other's life,
And layen their faults the worlds beforen,
The while their foes done each of hem scorn.
Let none mislike of that may not be amended;
So contek soon by concord nought be ended.

PIERS. Shepherd, I list no accordance make
With a shepherd, that does the right way for-
sake,

And of the twain, if choice were to me,
Had leave my foe than my friend he be;
For what concord han light and dark sam?
Or what peace has the lion with the lamb?
Such faitours, when their false hearts been hid,
Will do as did the fox by the kid.

PAL. Now Piers, of fellowship tell us that
saying;
For the lad can keep both our flocks from stray-
ing.

PIERS. Think same Kid (as I can well de-
vise)
Was too very foolish and unwise;
For on a time, in sommer season,
The goat her dam, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the green wood,
To brouse, or play, or what she thought good;
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young son, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as Kid mought be.
His velvet head began to shoot out,
And his wreathed horns 'gan newly sprout,
The blossoms of lust to bud did begin,
And sprung forth rankly under his chin,
" My Son, (quoth she) and with that 'gan weep.
(For careful thoughts in her heart did creep)
" God blest thee, poor Orphan! as he mought me
" And send the joy of thy jollity.
" Thy father, (that word she spake with pain,
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twain)
" Thy father, had he lived this day,
" To see the branches of his body display,
" How would he have joyed at this sweet sight?
" But ah! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
" And cut off his days with untimely woe,
" Betraying him unto the trains of his foe.
" Now I, a wailful widow behight,
" Of my old age have this one delight,
" To see thee succeed in thy father's stead,
" And flourish in flowers of lustihead;
" For even so thy father his head upheld,
" And so his haughty horns did he weld."
The marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her heart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speech,
With some old sorrow that made a new breach:

Seemed she saw in her youngling's face
The old lineaments of his father's grace.
At last her sullen silence she broke,
And 'gan his new-budded beard to stroke.
" Kiddy, (quoth she) thou kenst the great care
" I have of thy health and thy welfare,
" Which many wild beasts liggin in wait
" For to entrap in thy tender state;
" But most the Fox, maister of collusion,
" For he has vowed thy last confusion.
" For thy, my Kiddy, be ruled by me,
" And never give trust to his treacheree;
" And if he chance come when I am abroad,
" Spar the yate fast, for fear of fraud;
" Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
" Open the door at his request."

So schooled the goat her wanton son,
That answer'd his mother, All should be done.
Tho went the pensive dame out of door,
And chaunc'd to stumble at the threshold-floor;
Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,
(For such as signs of ill luck been dispraised)
Yet forth she yode, thereat half aghast,
And Kiddy the door sparred after her fast.
It was not long after she was gone,
But the false Fox came to the door anone;
Not as a fox, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poor pedlar he did wend,
Bearing a truss of trifles at his back,
As bells, and babies, and glasses in his pack;
A biggen he had got about his brain;
For in his head-piece he felt a sore pain;
His hinder heel was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout:
There at the door he cast me down his pack,
And laid him down, and groaned, alack! alack!
Ah! dear Lord! and sweet Saint Charity,
That some good body would once pity me.

Well heard Kiddy all this fore constraint,
And leng'd to know the cause of his complaint;
Tho creeping close behind the wicket's clink,
Privily he peeped out through a chink,
Yet not so privily but the Fox him spied,
For deceitful meaning is double eyed.

" Ah! good young maister (then 'gan he cry)
" Jesus blest that sweet face I espy,
" And keep your corps from the carefull stounds
" That in my carrion carcass abounds."

The Kid pitying his heaviness,
Asked the cause of his great distress,
And also who, and whence that he were?

Tho he, that had well ycond his lear,
Thus medled his talk with many a tear:
" Sick, sick, alas! a little lack of dead,
" But I be relieved by your beastly-head.
" I am a poor sheep, albe my colour dun,
" For with longer travel I am brent in the sun;
" And if that my grandfire me said to be true,
" Siker I am very sybbe to you,
" So be your goodlihead do not disdain
" The base kindred of so simple fwain.
" Of mercy and favour then I you pray
" With your aid to forestall my near decay."

Tho out of his pack a glafs he took,
Wherein while Kiddy unwares did look,
He was fo enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deemed dear for the jewel;
Tho opened he the door, and in came
The falfe Fox, as he were ftark lame:
His tail he clapt betwixt his legs twain,
Left he fhould be deferyed by his train.

Being within, the Kid made him good glee,
All for the love of the glafs he did fee.
After his chear, the pedlar 'gan chat,
And tell many leafings of this and that,
And how he could fhew many a fine knack,
Though fhewed his ware and opened his pack,
All fave a bell, which he left behind
In the basket, for the Kid to find;
Which when he ftrooped down to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch;
Ne ftayed he once the door to make faft,
But ran away with him in all hafte.

Home when the doubtful dame had her hide,
She mought fee the door ftand open wide.
All aghaft loudly ſhe 'gan to call
Her Kid, but he nould answer at all:
Tho on the floor ſhe ſaw the merchandife
Of which her fon had fet too dear a price.
What help! her Kid ſhe knew well is gone;

She weeped, and wailed, and made great moan.
Such end had the Kid, for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with ſimplicity,
And ſuch end, perdy, does all hem remain,
That of ſuch falſers' frienſhip been fain.

PAL. Truly, Piers, thou art beſide thy wit,
Furtheſt fro the mark, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sir John, to ſay to-morrow
At the kirk, when it is holiday,
For well he means, but little can ſay.
But and if foxes been ſo crafty as ſo,
Much needeth all ſhepherds hem to know.

PIERS. Of their falſhood more could I recount,
But now the bright ſun 'ginneſh to diſmount;
And for the dewy night now draw'th nigh,
I hold it beſt for us home to hie.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

Pas men apiftos apifteti.

PIER'S EMBLEM.

Tis a' ara piſtis apiftor.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

J U N E.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA.

The Argument.

Hobbinol, from a description of the pleasures of the place, excites Colin to the enjoyment of them. Colin declares himself incapable of delight, by reason of his ill success in love, and his loss of Rosalind, who had treacherously forsaken him for Menalcas, another shepherd. By Tityrus (mentioned before in the Second Æglogue, and again in the Twelfth) is plainly meant Chaucer, whom the Author sometimes professed to imitate. In the person of Colin, as before, is represented the Author himself; and Hobbinol's inviting him to leave the hilly country, seems to allude to his leaving the North, where, as is mentioned in his life, he had for some time resided.

HOBBINOL. COLIN.

HOBBINOL.

Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasant sight
From other shades hath ween'd my wandering
mind,
Tell me what wants me here to work delight?
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as no where else I find;
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight,
The bramble bush, where birds of every kind
To th' water's fall their tunes attemper right.

COL. O! happy Hobbinol, I bless thy state,
That Paradise hast found which Adam lost:
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to been ylost;
Thy lovely lays here mayst thou freely boast:
But I, unhappy Man! whom cruel Fate
And angry gods pursue from coast to coast,
Can no where find to shroud my luckless pate.

HOB. Then if by me thou list advised be,
Forsake the soil that so doth thee bewitch;
Leave me those hills where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holly-bush, nor brere, nor winding ditch,
And to the dales resort, where shepherds rich,
And fruitfull flocks, been every where to see:
Here no night-ravens lodge, more black than pitch,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor ghastly owls do see,

But friendly Fairies, met with many Graces,
And lightfoot Nymphs, can chase the lingring
Night
With heydgenies and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst Sisters Nine, which dwell on Parnass' hight,
Do make them music for there mere delight;
And Pan himself to kiss their chrystall faces
Will pipe and daunce, when Phœbe shineth bright:
Such peerless pleasures have we in these places.

COL. And I, whilst youth and course of careless
years

Did let me walk withouten links of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peers,
But riper age such pleasures doth reprove;
My fancy eke from former follies move
To stayed steps; for time in passing wears
(As garments doen, which waxen old above)
And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pipe
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made;
Tho would I seek for queen-apples unripe;
To give my Rosalind, and in sommer shade
Dight gaudy girlonds was my common trade,
To crown her golden locks; but years more ripe,
And los of her, whose love as life I wayde,
Those weary wanton toys away did wipe.

HOB. Colin, to hear thy rimes and roundelays,
Which thou wert wont on wasteful hills to sing,
I more delight then lark in summer days,
Whose eccho made the neighbour groves to ring,
And taught the birds, which in the lower spring
Did shroud in shady leaves from sunny rays,
Frame to thy song their cheerfull cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet lays.

I saw Calliope with Muses moe,
Soon as thy oaten pipe began to found,
Their ivory lutes and tamburins forgo,
And from the fountain where they sate around
Ren after hastily thy silver sound;
But when they came where thou thy skill didst
show,
They drew aback, as half with shame confound
Shepherd to see them in their art out-go.

COL. Of Muses, Hobbinol, I con no skill,
For they been daughters of the highest Jove,
And holden scorn of homely shepherd's quill;
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,
I never list presume to Parnass' hill,
But piping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myself, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth praise or
blame,
Ne strive to win renown, or pass the rest:
With shepherd fits not follow flying Fame,
But feed his flock in fields where falls him best.
I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely drest;

The fitter they my careful case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And pour my piteous complaints out in the same.

The god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely as I can to make;
He, whilst he lived, was the sovereign head
Of shepherds all that been with love ytake:
Well couth he wail his woes, and lightly flake
The flames which love within his heart had bred,
And tell us merry tales to keep us wake,
The while our sheep about us safely fed.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
(O why should Death on him such outrage show!)
And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
But if on me some little drops would flow
Of that the spring was in his learned hed,
I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.

Then should my complaints, caus'd of discourtesee,
As messengers of this my painful plight,
Fly to my love wherever that she be,
And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight,
As she deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou, Menalcas! that by treachery
Didst underfong my las to wax so light,
Shoudst well be known for such thy villany.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
Ye gentle Shepherds! which your flocks do feed,
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Bear witness all of this so wicked deed,
And tell the las, whose flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultless faith is turn'd to faithless fear,
That she the truest shepherd's heart made bleed
That lives on earth, and loved her most dear.

HOB. O! careful Colin, I lament thy case,
Thy tears would make the hardest flint to flow!
Ah! faithless Rosalind, and void of grace,
That art the root of all this rueful woe!
But now is time, I guess, homeward to go:
Then rise, ye blessed flocks! and home apace,
Lest night with stealing steps do you foreflo,
And wet your tender lambs that by you trace.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Gia speme spenta.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

J U L Y.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA.

The Argument.

Morrel, a goat-herd, calls to Thomalin, a shepherd, to come up to him on the hilly ground where he is sitting. Thomalin gives his reasons why he prefers the lower station. The moral of this Æglogue is to reprove ambition in shepherds, and seems more particularly level'd against the pomp and dominion of the Romish clergy.

THOMALIN. MORREL.

THOMALIN.

Is not thilk same a goat-herd proud,
That fits on yonder bank.
Whose straying herd themself doth shroud
Among the bushes rank?

MOR. What, ho, thou jolly shepherd's swain,
Come up the hill to me;
Better is than the lowly plain,
Als for thy flock and thee.

THOM. Ah! God shield, man, that I should clime,
And learn to look aloft;
This read is rife, that oftentime
Great climbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle,
And though one fall through heedless haste,
Yet is his miss not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared up
His fiery footed teme,
Making his way between the Cup
And golden Diademe;
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
With dogs of noysom breath,

Whose balefull barking brings in haste,
Pine, plagues, and drery death.
Against his cruel scorching heat,
Where thou hast coverture,
The wasteful hills unto his threat
Is a plain overture:

But if thee lust to holden chat
With feely shepherd's swain,
Come down and learn the little what
That Thomalin can sain.

MOR. Siker thous but a lasy loord,
And rekes much of thy fwink,
That with fond terms and witless words
To blear mine eyes dost think.
In evill hour thou henst in hond
Thus holy hills to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stond,
And of them han their name.
St. Michel's Mount who does not know,
That wards the western coast?
And of St. Bridget's Bow'r I trow
All Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Musus' skill

Fain most-what, that they dwell
(As goat-herds wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well,
And wonned not the great good Pan
Upon mount Olivet,
Feeding the blessed flock of Dan,
Which did himself beget.

THOM. O blessed Sheep! O Shepherd great!
That bought his flock so dear,
And them did save with bloody sweat
From wolves that would them tear.

MOR. Beside, as holy Fathers sain,
There is a holy place
Where Titan riseth from the main
To ren his daily race,
Upon whose tops the stars been staied,
And all the sky doth lean,
There is the cave where Phœbe laied
The shepherd long to dream.
Whilom there used shepherds all
To feed their flocks at will
Till by his folly one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.
And sithence shepherds been foresaid
From places of delight,
For-thy I ween thou be afraid
To clime this hilles hight.
Of Synah can I tell thee more,
And of our Lady's Bow'r;
But little needs to strow my store,
Suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
And Sylvanes haunten rathe;
Here has the salt Medway his source,
Wherein the nymphs do bathe;
The salt Medway that trickling streams
Adown the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Thames
His brakish waves be meynt.
Here grows melampode every where,
And teribinth, good for goats,
The one my madding kids to smear,
The next to heal their throats.
Hereto the hills been nigher heaven,
And thence the passage eath,
As well can prove the piercing levin,
That seldom falls beneath.

THOM. Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorel,
Of heaven to deemen so;
How be I am but rude and borrel,
Yet nearer ways I know.
To kirk the nar, to God more far,
Has been an old said saw;
And he that strives to touch a star,
Oft stumbles at a straw.
Alsoon may shepherds clime to sky
That leads in lowly dales,
As goat-herd proud, that sittin high,
Upon the mountain fails.
My-seely sheep like well below,
They need not melampode,
For they being hale enough, I trow,
And liken their abode;
But if they with thy goats should yede,
They soon might be corrupted,

Or like not of the frowy fede,
Or with the weeds be gluttid.
The hills where dwelled holy saints,
I reverence and adore,
Not for themself, but for the saints
Which had been dead of yore.
And now they been to heaven forewent,
Their good is with them go;
Their sample only to us lent,
That als we mought do so.
Shepherds they weren of the best,
And lived in lowly leas,
And sith their souls be now at rest,
Why done we them diseafe?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind often sain)
That whilom was the first shepherd,
And liv'd with little gain:
And meek he was, as meek mought be,
Simple as simple sheep;
Humble, and like in each degree
The flock which he did keep.
Often he used of his keep
A sacrifice to bring,
Now with a kid, now with a sheep
The altars hallowing.
So louted he unto the Lord,
Such favour couth he find,
That never sithence was abhor'd
The simple shepherd's kind.
And such I weend the brethren were
That came from Canaan,
The brethren Twelve, that kept yfere
The flocks of mighty Pan.
But nothing such thilk shepherd was
Whom Ida hill did bear,
That left his flock to fetch a las,
Whose love he bought too dear:
For he was proud, that ill was paid,
(No such mought shepherds be)
And with leud lust was over-laid;
Tway things doen ill agree.
But shepherds mought be meek and mild,
Well eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follies undefil'd,
And stout as steed of brass.
Sike one (said Algrind) Moses was,
That saw his Maker's face,
His face, more clear then crystal glafs,
And spake to him in place.
This had a brother (his name I know)
The first of all his coat,
A shepherd true, yet not so true
As he that earst I hote.
Whilom all these were low and leef,
And lov'd their flocks to feed,
They never stroven to be chief,
And simple was their weed:
But now (thanked be God therefore)
The world is well amend,
Their weeds been not so nighly wore,
Such simples mought them shend.
They been yclad in purple and pall,
So hath their God them blist,

They reign and rulen over all,
 And lord it as they list.
 Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,
 (Mought they good shepherds been)
 Their Pan their sheep to them has fold,
 I say as some have seen.
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)
 Yode late on pilgrimage
 To Rome (if such be Rome) and then
 He saw thilk misuage;
 For shepherds (said he) there doen lead,
 As lords doen elsewhere;
 Their sheep han crust, and they the bread;
 The chips, and they the chear:
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
 (O feely sheep the while!)
 The corn is theirs let others thresh,
 Their hands they may not file.
 They han great store and thrifty flocks,
 Great friends and feeble foes;
 What need hem caren for their flocks,
 Their boys can look to those.
 These wizards welter in wealth's waves,
 Pamper'd in pleasures deep;
 They han fat kerns and leany knaves,
 Their fasting flocks to keep.
 Sike mister men been all misgone,
 They heapen hills of wrath;
 Sike sirly shepherds han we none,
 They keepen all the path.

MOR. Here is a great deal of good matter
 Lost for lack of telling;
 Now siker I see thou dost but clatter,
 Harm may come of melling.

Thou meddlest more than shall have thank
 To witen shepherd's wealth;
 When folk been fat, and riches rank,
 It is a sign of health.
 But say me, what is Algrind, he
 That is so oft bynempt?

THOM. He is a shepherd great in gree,
 But hath been long ypent;
 One day he fate upon a hill,
 (As now thou wouldest me,
 But I am taught by Algrind's ill
 To love the low degree)
 For sitting so with bared scalp,
 An eagle soared high,
 That weening his white head was chalk,
 A shell-fish down let fly:
 She ween'd the shell-fish to have broke,
 But therewith brui'd his brain;
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 He lies in lingring pain.

MOR. Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
 But shall be better in time.
 Now farewel, Shepherd, sith this hill
 Thou hast such doubt to clime.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

In medio virtus.

MORREL'S EMBLEM.

In summo felicitas.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

The Argument.

Two shepherds, Perigot and Willy, contend for a prize in verse. Perigot relates, in a song, the manner of his falling in love; Willy bears his part, in a kind of repartee or under-song. Cuddy, who was judge between them, having prais'd them both, repeats a kind of roundelay, of despair, made by Colin on Rosalind; in which the reader may observe that, instead of rhyme, the art of the verse consists in the regular changes on the six words which are at the close of the first six lines.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CUDDY.

WILLY.

TELL me, Perigot, what shall be the game
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy music match?
Or been thy bagpipes ren far out of frame?
Or hath the cramp thy joints benumb'd with ach?

PER. Ah! Willy, when the heart is ill assay'd,
How can bagpipe or joints be well apay'd?

WIL. What the foul evil hath thee so bestad?
Whylom thou wast peregal to the best,
And went to make the jolly shepherds glad,
With piping and dancing didst pass the rest.

PER. Ah! Willy, now I have learn'd a new
dane;

My old music marr'd by a new mischance.

WIL. Mischief mought to that mischance be-
That so hath raft us of our merriment; [fall,
But read me what pain doth thee so appall?
Or lovest thou, or been thy yonglings miswent?

PER. Love hath misled both my yonglings and
me;

I pine for pain, and they my plaint to see.

WIL. Perdy, and weal away! ill may they
thrive;

Never knew I lover's sheep in good plight;
But and if rimes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantasies shall soon be put to flight.

PER. That shall I do though mouchel worfe I
far'd:

Never shall be said that Perigot was dar'd.

WIL. Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I
plight,

A mazer ywrought of the maple ware,
Wherein is enchaced many a fair sight
Of bears and tygers, that maken fierce war,
And over them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrail'd with a wanton ivy twine.

Thereby is a lamb in the wolve's jaws;
But see how fast renneth the shepherd's swain
To save the innocent from the beasts paws,
And here with his sheep-hook hath him slain.
'Tell me such a cup hast thou ever seen?
Well mought it besceem any harvest queen.

PER. Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted lamb,
Of all my flock there nis like another,
For I brought him up without the damb,
But Colin Clout rast me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the plaine field;
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

WIL. Siker make liker account of his brother;
But who shall judge the wager won or lost?

PER. That shall yonder herd-groom and none
other,
Which over the pouffe hitherward doth post.

WIL. But for the sun-beam so fore doth us
beat,

Were not better to shun the scorching heat? [swain;

PER. Well agreed, Willy; then set thee down
Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing.

CUD. 'Gin, when ye list, ye jolly shepherds
twain;

Sike a judge as Cuddy were for a king.

PER. "It fell upon a holy eve,

WIL. Hey, ho, holiday!

PER. When holy Fathers wont to thrive;

WIL. Now 'ginneeth this roundelay.

PER. Sitting upon a hill so high,

WIL. Hey, ho, the high hill!

PER. The while my flock did feed thereby,

WIL. The while the shepherd self did spill;

PER. I saw the bouncing bellibone,

WIL. Hey, ho, Bonnibel!

PER. Tripping over the dale alone;

WIL. She can trip it very well.

PER. Well decked in a frock of grey,

WIL. Hey ho, grey is greet!

PER. And in a kirtle of green say,

WIL. The green is for maidens meet.

PER. A chaplet on her head she wore,

WIL. Hey, ho, chapelet!

PER. Of sweet violets therein was store,

WIL. She sweeter then the violet.

PER. My sheep did leave their wonted food,

WIL. Hey, ho, feely sheep!

PER. And gaz'd on her as they were wood,

WIL. Wood as he that did them keep.

PER. As the bony las passed by,

WIL. Hey, ho, bony las!

PER. She rov'd at me with glauncing eye,

WIL. As clear as the crystal glas;

PER. All as the sunny beam so bright,

WIL. Hey, ho, the sun-beam!

PER. Glanceth from Phœbus' face forthright,

WIL. So love into thy heart did stream:

PER. Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,

WIL. Hey, ho, the thunder!

PER. Wherein the lightfom levin shrouds,

WIL. So cleaves thy soul afunder:

PER. Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray,

WIL. Hey, ho, the moon-light!

PER. Upon the glittering wave doth play,

WIL. Such play is a piteous plight.

PER. The glance into my heart did glide,

WIL. Hey, ho, the glider!

PER. Therewith my soul was sharply gride;

WIL. Such wounds soon wexen wider.

PER. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,

WIL. Hey, ho, Perigot!

PER. I left the head in my heart-root,

WIL. It was a desperate shot.

PER. There it rancleth aye more and more.

WIL. Hey, ho, the arrow!

PER. Ne can I find salve for my sore,

WIL. Love is a careless sorrow.

PER. And though my bale with death I bought,

WIL. Hey, ho, heavy chear!

PER. Yet should thilk las not from my thought,

WIL. So you may buy gold too dear.

PER. But whether in painful love I pine,

WIL. Hey, ho, pinching pain!

PER. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine,

WIL. But if thou can her obtain.

PER. And if for graceless grief I die,

WIL. Hey, ho, graceless grief!

PER. Witness she flew me with her eye,

WIL. Let thy folly be the prief.

PER. And you that saw it, simple sheep,

WIL. Hey, ho, the fair flock!

PER. For prief thereof my death shall weep,

WIL. And mone with many a mock.

PER. So learn'd I love on a holy eve,

WIL. Hey, ho, holy day!

PER. That ever since my heart did grieve,

WIL. Now endeth our roundelay."

CUD. Siker sike a roundle never heard I none;
Little lacketh Perigot of the best,

And Willy is not greatly overgone,

So weren his under-songs well addrest.

WIL. Herd-groom, I fear me thou have a squin
eye;

Arreed uprightly who has the victory.

CUD. Faith of my soul I deem each have gain-
ed;

For thy let the lamb be Willy his own;

And for Perigot, so well hath him pained,

To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

PER. Perigot is well pleased with the doom,

Ne can Willy wite the witless herd-groom.

WIL. Never dempt more right of beauty, I
ween,

The shepherd of Ida that judg'd beauty's queen.

CUD. But tell me, Shepherds, should it not
yshend

Your roundels fresh, to hear a doleful verse

Of Rosalind (who knows not Rosalind?)

That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearse.

PER. Now say it, Cuddy, as thou art a lad;

With merry thing it's good to meddle sad.

WIL. Faith of my soul thou shalt ycrowned
be

In Colin's steed if thou this song areed;

For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.
CUD. Then listen each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthfull as ye may.

"Ye wastfull Woods! bear witness of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound;
Ye careless Birds are privy to my cries,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part;
Thou, pleasant Spring, hast lull'd me oft asleep,
Whose streams my trickling tears did oft augment.

Resort of people doth my grief augment,
The walled towns do work my greater woe;
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow eccho of my careful cries;
I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
Whose wailful want debars mine eyes of sleep.

Let streams of tears supply the place of sleep;
Let all that sweet is void, and all that may augment
My dole draw near. More meet to wail my woe
Been the wild woods, my sorrows to resound,
Than bed nor bower, both which I fill with
cries,
When I them see so waste, and find no part

Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gasteul grove therefore, till my last sleep
Do close mine eyes; so shall I not augment
With sight of such as change my restless woe.
Help me, ye baneful Birds! whose shrieking
sound
Is sign of dreery death, my deadly cries

Most ruthfully to tune; and as my cries
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)

VOL. II.

You hear all night, when Nature craveth sleep,
Increase, so let your yrksome yelles augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the day in woe,
I vowed have to waste, till safe and found

She home return, whose voice's silver sound
To chearful songs can change my chearless cries.
Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleep
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
The memory of his misdeed that bred her woe.

And you that feel no woe, when as the sound
Of these my nightly cries ye hear apart,
Let break your founder sleep, and pity augment."

PER. O Colin, Colin! the shepherd's joy,
How I admire each turning of the verse;
And Cuddy, fresh Cuddy, the liefeft boy,
How dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse!

CUD. Then blow your pipes, Shepherds, till
you be at home;
The night hieth fast, it's time to be gone.

PERICOT'S EMBLEM.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLY'S EMBLEM,

Vinto non vito.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM,

Felici chi puo.

G g

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA.

The Argument.

DIGGON DAVIE, a shepherd, complains to his friend Hobbinol of the poverty to which he was reduced by travelling into a far country in hopes of greater gain, and describes the deceitful and profligate lives of the shepherds he had seen, and the wretched condition of their flocks. This Æglogue is full of allegorical satire, like the Fifth and Seventh. The Author has chosen to write it in older language than the rest, and with a sprinkling of the Welsh dialect. It is probable he had some private reason for it, and that under the fictitious names were represented real persons.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOL.

DIGGON DAVIE! I bid her good-day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.

DIG. Her was her while it was day-light,
But now her is a most wretched wight:
For day that was is wightly past,
And now at last the dirk night doth haste.

HOB. Diggon, areed who has thee so dight;
Never I wist thee in so poor a plight.
Where is the fair flock thou wast wont to lead?
Or been they chaffred, or at mischief dead?

DIG. Ah! for love of that is to thee most leef,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old grief;

Siike question rippeth up cause of new woe,
For one open'd, mote unfold many mo.

HOB. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in heart,
I know to keep is a burdensome smart:
Each thing imparted is more eath to bear:
When the rain is fallen the clouds waxen clear.
And now sithence I saw thy head last,
Thrice three moons been fully spent and past;
Since when thou hast measured much ground,
And wandred weel about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate;
But tell me first of thy flock's estate,

DIG. My sheep been wasted (woe is me therefore!)

The jolly shepherd that was of yore
Is now nor jolly nor shepherd more.
In foreign coasts men said was plenty;
And so there is, but all of misery:
I dempt there much to have eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my heart fore.
In the countries where I have been,
No being for those that truly mean,
But for such as of guile maken gain,
No such country as there to remain;
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a market of their good name:
The shepherds there robben one another,
And layen baits to beguile her brother;
Or they will buy his sheep out of the coat,
Or they will carven the shepherd's throat.
The shepherd's swain you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men;
They looken big as bulls that been bate,
And bearen the crag so stiff and so state,
As cock on his dunghill crowing crank.

HOB. Diggon, I am so stiff and so stank,
That uneath may I stand any more;
And now the western wind bloweth fore,
That now is in his chief sovereignty,
Beating the withered leaf from the tree;
Sit we down here under the hill,
Tho may we talk and tellen our fill,
And make a mock at the blustering blast:
Now say on, Diggon, whatever thou hast.

DIG. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the stound
That ever I cast to have lorn this ground:
Wele-away the while I was so fond
To leave the good that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was uncouth;
So lost the dog the flesh in his mouth.
My feely sheep (ah! feely sheep!)
That hereby I whylome us'd to keep,
All were they lusty as thou diddest see,
Been all starved with pine and penury;
Hardly my self escaped thilk pain,
Driven for need to come home again.

HOB. Ah! son, now by thy los is taught
That seldom change the better brought:
Content who lives with tried state,
Need fear no change of frowning Fate;
But who will seek for unknown gain,
Oft lives by los, and leaves with pain.

DIG. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewicht
With vain desire and hope to be enricht:
But siker so it is, as the bright star
Seemeth a greater when it is far:
I thought the foil would have made me rich,
But now I wote it is nothing sikh;
For either the shepherds been idle and still,
And led off their sheep what way they will,
Or they been false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compass many wrong emprise:
But more been fraught with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodness taken delight,
But kindle coals of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire;

Which when they thinken again to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They say they con to heaven the high-way,
But by my soul I dare underfay
They never set foot in that same trode,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the devil at commaund,
But ask hem therefore what they han paund;
Marry that great Pan bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the black bower of sorrow.
But they han sold thilk same long ago,
For they would draw with hem many mo.
But let him gang alone a God's name;
As they han brewed, so let them bear blame.

HOB. Diggon, I pray thee speak not so dirk;
Such myster faying me seemeth to mirk.

DIG. Then plainly to speak of shepherds most
what,

Bad is the best (this English is flat)
Their ill haviour gers men missay
Both of their doctrine and their fay.
They say the world is much war than it wont,
All for her shepherds is beastly and blont.
Other fain, but how truly I note,
All for they holden shame of thy cote:
Some stick not to say (hot cole on her tongue)
That like mischief grasseth hem emong,
All for thy casten too much of world's care,
To deck her dame and enrich her heir:
For such encheafon, if you go nie,
Few chimneys reeken you shall espie.
The fat ox that woont lig in the stall,
Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Ylik as monster of many heads:
But they that shooten nearest the prick,
Sain other the fat from their beards do lick:
For big bulls of Basan brace hem about,
That with their horns batten the more stout;
But the lean souls treaden under foot,
And to seek redress mought little boot;
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Than ought of the gotten good to restore:
For they been like foul wagmoires overgraft,
That if any galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou dost swink,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sink.
Yet better leave off with a little los,
Than by much wrestling to leese the gros.

HOB. Now, Diggon, I see thou speakest too
plain;

Better it were little to fain,
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured;
Such ill as is forced nought needs be endured.
But of sike pastors how done the flocks creep?

DIG. Sike as the shepherds, sike been her sheep;
For they nill listen to the shepherd's voice;
But if he call hem, at their good choice
They wander at will and stay at pleasure,
And to their folds yead at their own leasure.
But they had be better come at their call;
For many han into mischief fall,
And ben of ravenous wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOB. Fie on thee, Diggon, and all thy foul
leasng;

Well is known that fith the Saxon king
Never was wolfe seen, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom;
But the fewer wolves (the sooth to sain)
The more been the foxes that here remain.

DIG. Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise,
They talk not widely as they were woont,
For fear of raungers and the great hoont,
But privily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

HOB. Or privy or pert if any bin,
We have great bandogs will tear their skin,

DIG. Indeed thy Ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur:
But not good dogs him needeth to chafe,
But heedye shepherds to discern their face;
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been so grave and full of maintenance.
But shall I tell thee what my self know
Chaunced to Rossin not long ygoe?

HOB. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meek, wise and merciabe,
And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy,
(Ah, for Colin! he whylom my joy)
Shepherds sich God mought us many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend

DIG. Thilk same shepherd mought I well
mark,

He has a dog to bite or to bark;
Never had shepherd so keen a cur,
That waketh and if but a leaf stir.
Whilom there wonned a wicked wolf,
That with many a lamb had gutted his gulf,
And ever at night wont to repair
Unto the flock, when the welkin shone fair,
Yclad in clothing of feely sheep,
When the good old man used to sleep;
Tho at midnight he would bark and ball,
(For he had est learned a cur's call)
As if a wolf were among the sheep:
With that the shepherd would break his sleep,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was far away,
This wolfish sheep would catchen his prey,
A lamb, or a kid, or a weanell waft,
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.
Long time he used this slippery prank,
Ere Rossy could for his labour him thank.
At end, the shepherd his practise spied,
(For Rossy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at even he came to the flock,
Fast in their folds he did them lock,
And took out the woof in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheep's blood at his throte.

HOB. Marry, Diggon, what should him af-
fray,
To take his own where ever it lay?

For had his weasand been a little widdier,
He would have devoured both hidder and shid-
der.

DIG. Mischief light on him, and God's great
curse,

Too good for him had been a great deal wurse,
For it was perillous beast above all,
And eke had he con'd the shepherd's call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-cote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte.
As if the old man's self had been:
The dog his maister's voice did it ween,
Yet half in doubt he open'd the door,
And ran out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter than thought,
Fast by the hide the wolf Lowder caught,
And had not Rossy ren to the Steven,
Lowder had been slain thilk same even.

HOB. God shield, Man, he should so ill have
thrive,

All for he did his devoir believe.
If like been wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?

DIG. How but with heed and watchfulness,
Forstallen hem of their wiliness;
For-thy with shepherds fits not play,
Or sleep, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever ligger in watch and ward,
From suddain force their flocks for to gard.

HOB. Ah! Diggon, thilk same rule were too
straight,

All the cold season to watch and wait:
We been of flesh, men as other be,
Why should we be bound to such misery?
Whatever thing lacke'h changeable rest,
Mought needs decay when it is at best.

DIG. Ah! but, Hobbinol, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile;
What shall I do? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and loss to amend;
Ah! good Hobbinol, mought I thee pray
Of aid or counsel in my decay.

HOB. Now, by my soul, Diggon, I lament
The hapless mischief that has thee hent;
Netheless thou seest my lowly fail,
That froward Fortune doth ever avail:
But were Hobbinol as God mought please,
Diggon should soon find favour and ease:
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thee comfort;
There mist thou lig in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

DIG. Ah! Hobbinol, God mought it thee re-
quite,
Diggon on few such friends did ever lite.

DIGGON'S EMBLEM.

Inopem me copia fecit.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA.

The Argument.

The following Æglogue, which rises above the common style of pastoral, is on the subject of poetry. Piers commends Cuddy for his skill in this art. Cuddy complains of the little encouragement given to it; and being prompted by Piers to leave the ordinary themes of shepherds, and to choose some subject of heroic song, takes occasion to mention Colin, as best qualify'd for such an attempt, if his mind were not perplex'd with unprosperous love.

PIERS, CUDDY.

CUDDY, for shame, hold up thy heavy head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace
And weary this long lingring Phæbus' race.
Whylom thou wont the shepherds' lads to lead
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding bafe,
Now they in thee, and thou in sleep, art dead.

CUDDY. Piers, I have piped earst so long with pain,
That all mine oaten reeds been rent and wore,
And my poor Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much less gain.
Such pleafance makes the grasshopper so poor,
And lig so laid, when winter doth her strain,

The dappier ditties that I wont devise,
To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much, what I the bet for-thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prize:
I beat the bush, the birds to them do fly:
What good thereof to Cuddy can arise?

PIERS. Cuddy, the praise is better than the price,
The glory eke much greater than the gain:
O what an honour is it to restrain
The lust of lawless youth with good advice,
Or prick them forth with pleafance of thy vein,
Whereto thou list their trained wills entice?

Soon as thou gins to set thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou doost their soul of sense bereave,
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From Pluto's baleful bower withouten leave;
His musick's might the hellish hound did tame.

CUD. So praysen babes the peacock's spotted train,

And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
But who rewards him here the more for-thy,
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the sky,
Sike words been wind, and waften soon in vain.

PIERS. Abandon then the base and viler clown,
Lift up thy self out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
Turn thee to those that weld the awful crown,
To doubted knights, whose woundless armour
rusts,
And helms unbruzen wexen daily brown.

There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
And stretch her self at large from east to west;
Whither thou list in fair Eliza rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,
That first the White Bear to the Stake did bring.

And when the stubborn stroke of stronger sounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol loud, and lead the Millers round,
All were Eliza one of thilk same ring;
So mought our Cuddy's name to heaven sound.

CUD. Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I hear,
Through his Mecænas left his oaten reed,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And est did sing of wars and deadly dreed,
So as, the heavens did quake his verse to hear.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in clay,
And great Augustus long ygo is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to play:
For ever who in derring-dō were dread,
The lofty verse of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue 'gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty Manhood brought a bed of ease,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace among the learned troupe;
Tho 'gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,
And sunbright honour pen'd in shameful coup.

And if that any buds of poesy
Yet of the old stock 'gan to shoot again,
Or it mens follies mote to force to fain,
And roll with rest in rimes of ribauldry,
Or as it sprung it wither must again,
Tom Piper makes us better melody.

PIERS. O peerless Poesie! where is then thy place?

If not in princes' palace thou dost sit,
(And yet is princes' palace the most fit)
Ne breast of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make the wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou cam'st, fly back to heaven a-pace.

CUD. Ah! Percy, it is all too weak and wan,
So high to fore and make so large a flight;
Her peeced pineons been not so in plight:
For Colin fits such famous flight to scan;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high and sing as foot as swan.

PIERS. Ah! son, for love does teach him climb
so high,
And lifts him up out of the loathsome mire;
Such immortal mirror as he doth admire,
Would raise one's mind above the starry sky,
And cause a caitive courage to aspire,
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUD. All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly Love is such a tyrant fell,
That where he rules all powers he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves that takes two webs in hand.

Who ever casts to compass weighty prize,
And thinks to throw out thundering words of threat,

Let pour in lavish cups and thrifty bits of meat,
For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus' wife,
And when with wine the brain begins to sweat,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rime should rage;

O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt girlonds of wild ivy twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With quient Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cools ere it be warm,
For-thy content us in this humble shade,
Where no such troublous tides han us assaid;
Here we our slender pipes may safely charm.

PIERS. And when my goats shall han their bel-
lies laid,
Cuddy shall have a kid to store his farm.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Agitante galeformis illo, &c.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA.

The Argument.

Colin being desired by Thenot to sing, excuses himself by his concern for the death of Dido, the daughter of a shepherd of note, and probably a friend of the Author, whose memory, at Thenot's farther request, he celebrates in a funeral elegy.

THENOT, COLIN.

THENOT.

COLIN, my Dear, when shall it please thee sing
As thou weert wont, songs of some joifance?
Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleep through Love's misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovenance.
Among the shepherds' swains may aye remain,
Whether thee list thy loved lass advance,
Or honour Pan, with hymns of higher vein.

COL. Thenot, now nis the time of merry-make,
Nor Pan to herie, nor with Love to play;
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
But now sad winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yearly task,
Yltabliged hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken up his inn in Fishes Hask,

Thilke fullen season sadder plight doth ask,
And loatheth like delights as thou doost praise:
The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne mask,
As she was wont in youngth and summer-days;
But if thou algate lust light virelays,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thyself deserves like poet's praise?
Relieve thy oaten pipes that sleeppen long.

THE. The nightingale is soveraign of song,
Before him fits the tit mouse silent be,
And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,
Should Colin make judge of my foolery:
Nay, better learn of hem that learned be,
And han been watred at the Muses' well;
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell:

But if sad winter's wrath, and season chill,
 Accord not with thy Muse's merriment,
 To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
 And sing of sorrow and death's dreriment;
 For dead is Dido, dead alas! and drent;
 Dido! the great shepherd his daughter sheen;
 The fairest May she was that ever went,
 Her like she has not left behind, I ween:
 And if thou wilt bewail my woeful teen,
 I shall thee give yond collet for thy pain;
 And if thy rimes as round and rueful been
 As those that did thy Rosalind complain,
 Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain
 Than kid or collet, which I thee benempt:
 Then up, I say, thou jolly shepherd swain,
 Let not my small demand be so contempt.

COL. Thenot, to that I chose thou dost me
 tempt,

But ah! too well I wote my humble vein,
 And how my rimes been rugged and unkempt;
 Yet as I cop my cunning I will strain.

"Up, then, Melpomene! the mournfull Muse
 of Nine,

Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;
 Up, grisly Ghosts! and up my ruful rime!
 Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more,
 For dead she is that mirth thee made of yore;
 Dido, my dear, alas! is dead,
 Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.

O heavy herse!

Let streaming tears be poured out in store;

O careful verse!

Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentish downs
 abide,

Wail ye this woeful waste of Nature's wark;

Wail we the wight whose presence was our
 pride;

Wail we the wight whose absence is our cark;

The sun of all the world is dim and dark;

The earth now wants her wonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night.

O heavy herse!

Break we our pipes, that shrill'd as loud as lark;

O careful verse!

Why do we longer live, (ah! why live we so
 long?)

Whose better days death hath shut up in woe?

The fairest flower our girlond all among

Is faded quite, and into dust ygo.

Sing now, ye shepherd's daughters, sing no mo

The songs that Colin made you in her praise,

But into weeping turn your wanton lays.

O heavy herse!

Now is time to die; nay, time was long ygo;

O careful verse!

Whence is that the flowret of the field doth
 fade,

And lieth buried long in Winter's bale?

Yet soon as Spring his mantle is displayde,

It flowreth fresh, as it should never fail:

But thing on earth that is of most avail,

As vertue's branch and beautie's bud,

Reliyeu not for any good.

O heavy herse!

[quail;

The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must

O careful verse!

[fain)

She, while she was, that (was a woful word to

For beauty's praise and pleasure had no peer;

So well she couth the shepherds entertain

With cakes and cracknels, and such country cheer:

Ne would she scorn the simple shepherd's swain;

For she would call him often heam,

And give him curds and clouted cream.

O heavy herse!

Als Colin Clout she would not once disdain;

O careful verse!

But now like happy cheer is turn'd to heavy
 chance,

Such pleasure now misplac'd by dolor's dint;

All musick sleeps, where death doth lead the
 daunce,

And shepherds' wonted solace is extinct.

The blue in black, the green in gray, is tint;

The gaudy girlonds deck her grave,

The faded flowers her corse embrace,

O heavy herse!

Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with tears be
 sprint;

O careful verse!

O thou great shepherd, Lobbin, how great is
 thy grief;

Where bin the nosegays that she dight for thee?

The coloured chaplets wrought with a chief,

The knotted rush-rings, and gilt rosemaree?

For she deemed nothing too dear for thee.

Ah! they been all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blew all away,

O heavy herse!

Thereof nought remains but the memoree;

O careful verse!

Ay me! that dreery death should strike so
 mortal stroke,

That can undo Dame Nature's kindly course;

The faded locks fall from the lofty oke,

The flouds do grasp, for dried is their source,

And flouds of tears flow in their steed perforce:

The mantled meadows mourn,

Their lundry colours tourn.

O heavy herse!

The heavens melt in tears without remorse;

O careful verse!

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former
 food,

And hang their heads as they would learn to
 weep;

The beasts in forest wild as they were wood,

Except the wolves, that chase the wandring sheep,

Now she is gone that safely did hem keep:

The turtle on the bared branch

Laments the wound that death did launch.

O heavy herse!

And Philomel her song with tears doth steep;

O careful verse!

The water nymphs that wont with her to sing

and dance,

And for her girlond olive branches bear,

Now baleful boughs of cypress done advance;

The Muses, that were wont green bays to wear,
Now bringen bitter elder branches fere;
The Fatal Sisters eke repent
Her vital thread so soon was spent.

O heavy herse! [cheer;

Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with heavy
O careful verse! [hope

O trustless state of earthly things, and slipper
Of mortal men, that swink and sweat for mought,
And shooting wide, do misse the marked scope;
Now have I learn'd (a lesson dearly bought)
That nis on earth assurance to be fought;
For what might be in earthly mould
That did her buried body hold?

O heavy herse!

Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought;

O careful verse!

But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters' deadly
spight,

And gates of hell, and fiery furies force,
She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,
Her soul unbodied of the burdenous corse?

Why then weeps Lobbin, then so without remorse?

O Lob! thy loss no longer lament;

Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.

O happy herse!

Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrow's
sourse,

O joyful verse!

Why wail we then? why weary we the gods with
plaints,

As if some evil were to her betight?

She reigns a goddess now among the faints,

That whylom was the faint of shepherds light,

And is installed now in heaven's hight.

I see the blessed soul, I see

Walk in Elysian fields so free.

O happy herse!

Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)

O joyful verse!

Unwise and wretched men to weet what's good
or ill,

We deem of death as doom of ill desert;

But knew we, Fools, what it us brings until,

Die would we daily, once it to expert;

No danger there the shepherd can assert;

Fair fields and pleasant lays there been;

The fields aye fresh, the grafs aye green.

O happy herse!

Cease now my song, my woe now wasted is;

O joyful verse!

Dido is gone afore (whose turn shall be the
next?

Their lives she with the blessed gods in blifs,

There drinks she nectar with ambrosia mixt,

And joys enjoys that mortal men do miss.

The honour now of highest god she is,

That whylom was poor shepherds' pride,

While here on earth she did abide.

O happy herse!

Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is;

O joyful verse!"

THE. Aye, frank shepherd, how been thy verses
ment

With doleful pleafance, so as I ne wot,

Whether rejoyce or weep for great constraint?

Thine be the cosset, well hast thou it got.

Up, Colin up, ynough thou mourned hast;

Now 'gins to mizzle, hie we homeward fast.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

La mort ny mord.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA.

The Argument.

This last Æglogue, like the first, is a soliloquy of Colin, reflecting on the pleasures and levities of his youth, the progress of his riper years, and complaining that his life is now blasted, and brought to its winter season, through his long and hopeless passion for Rosalind.

THE gentle shepherd fate besides a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brere,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere :
There as he fate in secret shade alone,
Thus 'gan he make of love his piteous moan.

“ O sovereign Pan ! thou god of shepherds all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,
And when our flocks into mischance mought fall,
Do'st save from mischief the unwary sheep,
Als of their maisters hast no less regard
Than of the flocks, which thou dost watch and
ward ;

I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties, tun'd to shepherd's oaten reed,
Or if I ever sonnet sung so clear,
As it with pleasure mought thy fancy feed)
Hearken awhile from thy green cabinet,
The lawrel song of careful Colin.

Whilom in youth, when flowr'd my youthful
spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there,
For heat of heedless lust me so did sting,
That I oft doubted danger had no fear :
I went the wastful woods and forrest wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to been espipe.

I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make my Christmas-game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the heartless hare till she were tame.
What wrecked I of wintry ages wast?
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

How often have I seal'd the craggy oak,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For like to me was liberty and life.

And for I was in thilk same looser yeers
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my
birth,
Or I too much believ'd my shepherd peers)
Somedele ybent to song and musick's mirth,
A good old shepherd, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepherd's swain whatever fed in field;
And if that Hobbinol right judgment bare,
To Pan his own self pipe I need not yeeld:
For if the flocking nymphs did follow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

But, ah! such pride at length was ill repaid;
The shepherds' god (perdy god was he none)
My hurtless pleasure did me ill upbraid,
My freedom lorn, my life he left to mone.
Love they him called that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

Tho' gan my lovely spring bid me farewell,
And sommer season sped him to display
(For Love then in the Lion's house did dwell)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray
A comet stir'd up that unkindly heat,
That reigned (as men said) in Venus' seat.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choice I had to chuse my wandring way,
But whether Luck and Love's unbridled lore
Would lead me forth on fancies bit to play:
The bush my bed, the bramble was my bow'r,
The woods can witness many a woful stow'r.

Where I was wont to seek the hony bee,
Working her formal rowms in wexen frame,
The grievously todestool grown there mought I see,
And loathed paddocks lording on the same:
And where the chaunting birds lull'd me asleep,
The ghastly owl her grievous inn doth keep.

Then as the spring gives place to elder Time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of sommer's pride,
All so my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper season self apply'd,
And learn'd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheep and me from
shame.

To make fine cages for the nightingale,
And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
Was better seen, or hurtful beasts to hunt?
I learned als the signs of heaven to ken,
How Phœbus fails, where Venus sits, and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
The suddain rising of the raging seas,
The sooth of birds, by beating of their wings,
The pow'r of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t'enrage the restless sheep,
And which be wont to work eternal sleep.

But, ah! unwise and witless Colin Clout,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weed,
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy fore heart-root,
Whose rankling wound as yet does risely bleed.
Why liv'st thou still, and yet hast thy death's
wound?
Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found?

Thus is my sommer worn away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hasten'd all too rathe;
The ear that budded fair is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gain is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the seed that in youth was sown,
Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

My boughs and bloosmes, that crowned were at
And promised of timely fruit such store, [first,
Are left both bare and barren now at earst;
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
And rotted e'er they were half mellow ripe;
My harvest waste, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew
Been wither'd, as they had been gather'd long;
Their roots been dried up for lack of dew,
Yet dew'd with tears they han been e'er among,
Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spill the flowers that should her girlond dight?

And I, that whilom wont to frame my pipe
Unto the shifting of the shepherd's foot,
Sike follies now have gather'd as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unfoot.
The looser lass I cast to please no more,
One if I please enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care,
Which when I thought have thresh'd in swelling
sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley, bare:
Soon as the chaff should in the fan be fin'd,
All blown away was of the wavering wind.

So now my year draws to my latter term,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harvest hastes to stir up Winter stern,
And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right:
So now he storms with many a sturdy stour;
So now his blustering blast each coast doth scour.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows old hath plight;
My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright:
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure, past;
No fun now shines, clouds han all over-cast.

Now leave, you Shepherds' Boys, your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and weary of this sound;
Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,
Was never pipe of reed did better found:
Winter is come that blows the bitter blast,
And after winter drery death does haste.

Gather together ye my little flock,
My little flock, that was to me most lief;

Let me, ah! let me in your folds ye lock,
E'er the breme winter breed your greater grief.
Winter is come, that blows the baleful breath,
And after winter cometh timely death.

Adieu, Delights, that lulled me asleep;
Adieu, my Dear, whose love I bought so dear;
Adieu, my little Lambs and loved Sheep;
Adieu, ye Woods, that oft my witness were:
Adieu, good Hobbinol, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind Colin bids her adieu.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Vivitur ingenio, cetera mortis erunt.

EPILOGUE.

Loe! I have made a Calendar for every yeere,
That steale in strength, and time in durance, shall
outweare,
And if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the world's dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepherd how to feed his
sheepe,
And from the falser's fraude his folded flocke to
keepe.
Goe, little Calendar! thou hast a free passport;
Goe, but a lowely gate amongst the meaner fort:

Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his
stile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough-man plaid
awhile;
But follow them farre off, and their high steps
adore;
The better please, the worse displease; I ask no
more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

H Y M N S.

To the right Honourable and most vertuous Ladies,

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND;

AND THE LADY MARY,

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymns in the praise of love and beauty, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion, than honey to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies to call in the same; but being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reform them, making (instead of those two Hymns of earthly or naturall love and beauty) two others of heavenly and celestial; the which I do dedicate jointly unto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beauty, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily show unto me, until such time as I may, by better means, yield you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutiful happiness. And even so I pray for your happiness.

Your Honours most bounden ever,

In all humble service,

Greenwich, this first of
September 1596.

EDMUND SPENSER.

H Y M N S.

A N H Y M N

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdu'd my poor captiv'd heart,
And raging now therein with restless stowre,
Dost tyrannize in every weaker part,
Fain would I seek to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing be.

And now t' assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I mean to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquest to areed,
By which thou madest many hearts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embru'd,
And by thy cruel darts to thee subdu'd.

Only I fear my wits, enfeebled late
Through the sharp sorrows which thou hast me
bred,
Should faint, and words should fail me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-head:
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to over spread
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mighty God of
Love!

Out of thy silver bowres and secret bliss,
Where thou dost sit in Venus' lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kifs,
That sweeter far than any nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle fury, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengeful darts;
And ye, fair Nymphs! which oftentimes have
loved
The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your hearts

For to receive the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft when you were sorry.

And ye, fair blossoms of youth's wanton breed!
Which in the conquests of your beauty's boast,
Wherewith your lover's feeble eyes you feed,
But starve their hearts, that needeth nurture most,
Prepare your selves to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymn to sing,
Made in the honour of your sovereign king.

GREAT God of might, that reigneth in the mind,
And all the body to thy heft dost frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,
That dost the lions and fell tygers tame,
Making their cruel rage thy scornful game,
And in their roaring taking great delight,
Who can express the glory of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancy,
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penury,
Though elder than thine own nativity,
And yet a child, renewing still thy years,
And yet the eldest of the heavenly peers?

For e'er this world's still moving mighty mass
Out of great Chaos' ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heaven's view, and in deep darkness kept
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In Venus' lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan rear his head, by Clotho being waked.

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at first from heaven's life-giving fire,
He gan to move out of his idle seat;
Weakly at first, but after with desire
Lifted aloft, he 'gan to mount up higher,

And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
Thro all the great wide waste yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His own fair mother, for all creatures' sake,
Did lend him light from her own goodly ray;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whose sundry parts he from themselves did sever,
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the air, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themselves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspire
Each against other by all means they may,
Threatning their own confusion and decay:
Air hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till Love relented their rebellious ire.

He then them took, and tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loved means,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keep themselves within their sundry reigns,
Together link'd with adamantine chains;
Yet so as that in every living wight
They mix themselves, and shew their kindly
might.

So ever since they firmly have remained,
And duly well observed his behest;
Thro which now all these things that are contained
Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
Their being have, and daily are increast
Through secret sparks of his infused fire,
Which in the barren cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likeness of their kind,
Whilst they seek only, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning find;
But man, that breathes a more immortal mind,
Not for lust's sake, but for eternity,
Seeks to enlarge his lasting progeny:

For having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fire,
He is enlumin'd with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspire;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desire
That seems on earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beauty, born of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seem,
Or that resembleth more th' immortal flame
Of heavenly light, than beauty's glorious beam.
What wonder then if with such rage extreme
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravish'd be?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with count'nance
coy,

Rest not till they have pierc'd the trembling
hearts,

And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which sucks the blood, and drinketh up the life
Of careful wretches with consuming grief.

Thenceforth they 'plain, and make full piteous
moan

Unto the author of their baleful bane;
The days they waste, the nights they grieve and
groan,

Their lives they loath, and heaven's light disdain;
No light but that whose lamp doth yet remain
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They 'sdeign to see, and seeing it still die.

The whilst thou tyrant Love dost laugh and scorn
At their complaints, making their pain thy play,
Whilst they lie languishing like thralls forlorn,
The whiles thou dost triumph in their decay;
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
Thou dost enmarble the proud heart of her
Whose love before their life they do prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassal, whose yet bleeding heart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so
fore,

That whole remains scarce any little part;
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrozen her disdainful brest,
That no one drop of pity there doth rest.

Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou dost shew no favour unto me,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to flake the rigour of my shame?
Certes small glory dost thou win hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeed, as men thee call,
The world's great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the sovereign lord of all,
How falls it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou dost afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doth thy lovely hearts despise,
And on thy subjects most dost tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That ere thou dost them unto grace restore,
Thou maist well try if thou wilt ever swerve,
And maist them make it better to deserve,
And having got it, may it more esteem;
For things hard gotten men more deadly deem.

So hard those heavenly beauties be ensir'd
As things divine, least passions do impress,
The more of steadfast minds to be admir'd,
The more they stayed be on steadfastness;
But baseborn minds such lamps regard the less,
Which at first blowing take not hasty fire;
Such fancies feel no love, but loose desire.

For Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest sky,
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust,
Whose base effect through cowardly distrust
Of his weak wings dare not to heaven flie,
But like a moldwarp in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves
enure

To dirty dross, no higher dare aspire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestial fire
Which kindleth love in generous desire,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavy earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all fordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it self excel,
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantasie,
Still full, yet never satisfide with it,
Like Tantale, that in store doth starved lie,
So doth he pine in most satiety;
For nought may quench his infinite desire,
Once kindled through that first conceived fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attain;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seems in it all blisses to contain,
In sight whereof all other blifs seems vain:
Thrice happy Man! might he the same possess,
He fains himself, and doth his fortune blefs.

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus far happy he himself doth ween,
That heavens such happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seen
His heart's enshrined saint, his heaven's queen,
Fairer then fairest, in his faining eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicity.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do her favour to obtain;
What brave exploit, what peril hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what adventurous pain
May please her best, and grace unto him gain;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune fears,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he bears.

Thou art his god, thou art his mighty guide,
Thou, being blind, letst him not see his fears,
But carriest him to that which he hath ey'd,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand
swords and spears;
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armest his resistless hand.

Witness Leander in the Euxine waves,
And stout Æneas in the Trojan fire,
Achilles pressing through the Phrygian glaves,
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his love retire;
For both through heaven and hell thou makest
way,

To win them worship'd which do thee obey.

And if by all these perils and these pains
He may but purchase liking in her eye,
What heavens of joy then to himself he feigns!
Eftsoones he wipes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
Had it been death, yet would he die again,
To live thus happy as her grace to gain.

Yet when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T' approach more near, till in her inmost brest
He may embosom'd be and loved best;
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone;
For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more than hellish pain!
And to his feigning fantasie represent
Sights never seen, and thousand shadows vain,
To break his sleep, and waste his idle brain:
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not believe
Least part of th' evils which poor lovers grieve.

The gnawing envy, the heart-fretting fear,
The vain surmises, the distrustful shows,
The false reports that flying tales do bear,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
The feigned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more than any tongue can tell,
Do make a lover's life a wretch's hell.

Yet is there one more cursed than they all,
That canker-worm, that monster, Jealousie,
Which eats the heart and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all Love's delight to misery,
Through fear of loosing his felicity.
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joys defaced!

By thee, O Love! thou dost thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and dost the more endear
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after storms, when clouds begin to clear,
The sun more bright and glorious doth appear;
So thou thy folk, through pains of Purgatory,
Dost bear unto thy blifs, and heaven's glory.

There thou them placest in a paradise
Of all delight and joyous happy rest,
Where they do feed on nectar heavenly wise,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest,
Of Venus' dearlings, through her bounty blest,
And lie like gods in ivory beds arrayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

A N H Y M N

I N H O N O U R O F B E A U T Y.

Ah! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry me?
 What wantless fury dost thou now inspire
 Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
 Whilst seeking to aslake thy raging fire,
 Thou in me kindlest much more great desire,
 And up aloft above my strength dost raise
 The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I earst, in praise of thine own name,
 So now in honour of thy mother dear,
 An honourable Hymn I eke should frame,
 And with the brightness of her beauty clear,
 The ravisht hearts of gazeful men might rear
 To admiration of that heavenly light,
 From whence proceeds such soul-enchanting
 might.

Thereto do thou, great Goddess! Queen of
 Beauty,
 Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
 Without whose sovereign grace and kindly duty
 Nothing on earth seems fair to fleshly sight,
 Do thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
 T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyn,
 And beautify this sacred Hymn of thine:

That both to thee, to whom I mean it most,
 And eke to her, whose fair immortal beam
 Hath darted fire into my feeble ghost,
 That now it wasted is with woe's extream,
 It may so please, that she at length will stream
 Some dew of grace into my wither'd heart,
 After long sorrow and consuming smart.

What time this world's great Workmaster did
 cast

To make all things such as we now behold,
 It seems that he before his eyes had plac'd
 A goodly pattern, to whose perfect mould
 He fashion'd them as comely as he could,
 That now so fair and seemly they appear,
 As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous pattern, wherefoere it be,
 Whether in earth laid up in secret store,
 Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
 With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,
 Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore,
 Whose face and feature doth so much excel
 All mortal sense, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
 Or more or less, by influence divine,
 So it more fair accordingly it makes,
 And the gross matter of this earthly mine
 Which closeth it thereafter doth refine,
 Doing away the dross which dims the light
 Of that fair beam which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestial powre,
 The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
 And life-full spirits privily doth poure
 Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
 They seem to please; that is thy sovereign might,
 O Cyprian queen! which flowing from the beam
 Of thy bright star, thou into them dost stream.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire,
Light of thy lamp, which shining in the face,
Thence to the soul darts amorous desire,
And robs the hearts of those which it admire;
Therewith thou pointest thy son's pois'ned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost
marrow.

How vainly then do idle wits invent,
That Beauty is nought else but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measur'd, with meet disposition;

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the
heart,

And therein stir such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolorous smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why do not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are array'd with much more orient hue,
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Work like impression in the looker's view?
Or why do not fair pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art
Excell'd, in perfect limning every part?

But ah! believe me there is more than so,
That works such wonders in the minds of men;
I that have often prov'd too well it know,
And whoso list the like assays to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confess it then,
That Beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward shew of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall
decay,

And those sweet rosie leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth lovers' fire,
Shall never be extinguish'd, nor decay,
But when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire;
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the purest sky.

For when the soul, the which derived was,
At first, out of that great immortal spright,
By whom all live to love, whylom did pass
Down from the top of purest heaven's hight
To be embodied here, it then took light

And lively spirits from that fairest star
Which lights the world forth from his fiery car.

Which powre retaining still or more or less
When she in fleshly seed is eft enraced,
Through every part she doth the same impress,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her self, adorning it with spoil
Of th' heavenly riches which she robb'd ere-
while.

Thereof it comes, that these fair souls, which
have

The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the gross matter by a sovereign might
Temper so trim, that it may well be seen
A palace fit for such a virgin queen.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit, and it more fairely dight
With chearful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-ever that thou dost behold
A comely corpse, with beauty fair endewed,
Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thowed,
Fit to receive the seed of vertue strewed;
For all that fair is, is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle dround,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is perform'd with some foul imperfection.

And oft it falls (ay me, the more to rue!)
That goodly Beauty, albe heavenly born,
Is foul abus'd, and that celestial hue,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,
Whilst every one doth seek and sue to have it,
But every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that fair Beauty's blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will;
Nathemore the soul is fair and beauteous still,
However flesh's fault it filthy make,
For things immortal no corruption take.

But ye, fair Dames! the world's dear ornaments,
And lively images of heaven's light,
Let not your beams with such disparagements

Be dimm'd, and your bright glory darkned quite;

But mindful still of your first country's sight,
Do still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shines in your beauteous face.

Loath that foul blot, that hellish firebrand,
Disloyal lust, fair Beauty's foulest blame,
That base affection, which your ears would bland,
Commend to you by Love's abused name,
But is indeed the bond-slave of Defame,
Which will the girland of your glory mar,
And quench the light of your bright-shining star.

But gentle Love, that loyal is and true,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And add more brightness to your goodly hue,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of your's, your likeness doth display;
Like as two mirrours by oppos'd reflection,
Do both expresse the face's first impression.

Therefore to make your beauty more appear,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye bear,
That men the more admire their fountain may;
For else what booteth that celestial ray,
If it in darkness be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be viewed never?

But in your choice of loves this well advise,
That likeliest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms' first source may sympathize,

And with like beauty's parts be inly deckt;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant war,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do jar.

For love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts compos'd of stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and true consent,
Which they have harbour'd since their first descent

Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see,
And know each other here belov'd to be.

Then wrong it were that any other twain
Should in Love's gentle band combined be
But those whom Heaven did at first ordain,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all that like the beauty which they see
Straight do not love; for Love is not so light
As straight to burn at first beholder's sight.

But they which love indeed look otherwise,
With pure regard and spotless true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refined form, which they present
Unto their mind, void of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from flesh's frail infection,

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in itself it hath remaining still,
Of that first sun, yet sparkling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beauty to his fancy's will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirrour of his own thought doth admire.

Which seeing now so inly fair to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirit's proportion to agree,
He thereon fixing all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicity,
Counting it fairer than it is indeed,
And yet indeed her fairness doth exceed.

For lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be
Than other mens, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can see,
Through mutual receipt of beames bright,
Which carry privy message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost fair display,
As plain as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of Loves still flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fiery launces;
Whom having wounded, back again they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe;
Who seeing her fair eyes' so sharp effect,
Cures all their sorrows with one sweet aspect.

In which how many wonders do they reed
To their conceit, that others never see?
Now of her smiles, with which their souls they feed,
Like gods with nectar in their banquets free;
Now of her looks, which like to cordials be;
But when her words' embassage forth she sends,
Lord, how sweet musick that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight

Do seem like twinkling stars in frosty night;
But on her lips, like rosie buds in May,
So many millions of chaste Pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more
Thy handmaids be, which do on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties' store,
That may it more to mortal eyes commend,
And make it more admir'd of foe and friend,
That in mens hearts thou maist thy throne install,
And spread thy lovely kingdom over all.

Then Iö, triumph! O great Beauty's Queen,
Advance the banner of thy conquest high,
That all this world, the which thy vassals been,
May draw to thee, and with due fealty
Adore the powre of thy great majesty,

Singing this Hymn in honour of thy name,
Compil'd by me, which thy poor liegeman am !

In lieu whereof grant, O great Sovereign !
That she whose conquering beauty doth captive
My trembling heart in her eternal chain,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first from me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you fair Venus' dearling, my dear Dread !
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddess of my life,
When your fair eyes these fearful lines shall
read,

Deign to let fall one drop of due relief,
That may recure my heart's long pining grief,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty
hath.

That can restore a damned wight from death.

H h iij

A N H Y M N

OF HEAVENLY LOVE

It lov'd in heav'n, it lov'd in heav'n,
(For love is heav'n, and of it all power
Is lov'd in heav'n, and of it all power
Is lov'd in heav'n, and of it all power
Is lov'd in heav'n, and of it all power
Is lov'd in heav'n, and of it all power
Is lov'd in heav'n, and of it all power
Is lov'd in heav'n, and of it all power

With him be reign'd, before all time
In heav'n, glory and immortal reign
Together with that heav'n, from heav'n
And who, most holy, most almighty spirit
Whom heav'n's throne no thought of earth
With him be reign'd, before all time
In heav'n, glory and immortal reign
Together with that heav'n, from heav'n
And who, most holy, most almighty spirit
Whom heav'n's throne no thought of earth

Yet O most blessed spirit, pure lamp of light,
Eternal spring of grace and love
Vouchsafe to shed into my heart
Some kind drop of thy celestial dew
That may my heart with love make true
And give me words to sing thy praise
To all the worlds by thy spirit wrought

Yet O most blessed spirit, pure lamp of light,
Eternal spring of grace and love
Vouchsafe to shed into my heart
Some kind drop of thy celestial dew
That may my heart with love make true
And give me words to sing thy praise
To all the worlds by thy spirit wrought

I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n
I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n
I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n
I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n

And ye who want with grace and love
To love, to love, to love, to love
I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n
I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n
I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n

And ye who want with grace and love
To love, to love, to love, to love
I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n
I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n
I love, I love, I love, I love,
From heav'n, from heav'n, from heav'n

Before this world's darkness, in which things
Are now confused, found my peace
The spirit I love, and my love
Is now my light, and my love
Is now my light, and my love
Is now my light, and my love
Is now my light, and my love
Is now my light, and my love

That this eternal love, which now
Is all the things, more than a fall of love

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovereign might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymn may sing
Unto the God of Love, high Heaven's King.

Many lewd lays (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fools call Love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly praises of true Love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vain desire
To read my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warm your selves at my wide sparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame;
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursues,
Begins his own, and my old fault renews.

Before this world's great frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling sphere, and parts their howers by
space,
That high eternal Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it self by love.

It lov'd it self, because it self was fair,
(For fair is lov'd, and of it self begot
Like to it self his eldest Son and heir,
Eternal, pure, and void of sinful blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of love's dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equal honour crown'd.

With him he reign'd, before all time prescribed,
In endless glory and immortal might,
Together with that third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almighty Spright!
Whose kingdom's throne no thoughts of earthly
wight
Can comprehend, much less my trembling verse
With equal words can hope it to reherse

Yet; O most blessed Spirit! pure lamp of light,
Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestial dew,
That may my rimes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marvels by thy mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powreful grace,
And full of fruitful Love, that loves to get
Things like himself, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beauty, next he did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Maker's light.

To them the heavens' illimitable height
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence
behold,

Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gems of shining gold)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternal bliss,
And be partakers of those joys of his.

There they in their trinal triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his own dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And caroll hymns of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one,
For he his beams doth unto them extend,
That darkness there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliss, an end,
But there their tameless time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happiness decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they 'gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in God's own seat without commission:
The brightest angel, even the child of Light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,
And with his only breath them blew away
From heaven's hight, to which they did aspire,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fire,
Where they in darkness and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Maker's love,
Next to himself in glorious degree,
Degenerating to hate fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill
agree)

And now of sin to all ensample be:
How then can sinful flesh it self assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

But that eternal fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and empty place
In his wide palace, through those angels' fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknown colonie therein,
Whose root from earth's base ground-work should
begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Which he had fashon'd in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breath'd a living spright

Into his face, most beautiful and fair,
Endew'd with wisdom, riches heavenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resembled might
Himself, as mortal thing immortal could;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his own like mould,
In whom he might his mighty self behold;
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like it self in lovely shape may be.

But man, forgetful of his maker's grace
No less than angels, whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promis'd heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners due,
And all his off-spring into thralldom threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remain
Of never-dead yet ever-dying pain.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at
first

Made of meer love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despair'd hell,
Him, wretch, in dool would let no longer
dwell,

But cast out of that bondage to redeem,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreem.

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,
In which he reigned with his glorious fire,
He down descended, like a most demiss
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
That he for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
And him restore unto that happy state
In which he stood before his hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man sur-
pass,
Could make amends to God for man's mis-
guide,
But only man himself, whose self did slide:
So taking flesh of sacred virgin's womb,
For man's dear sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was born
Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torn
Of cruel hands, who with despightful shame
Reviling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of Love's deep wound, that pierst the piteous
heart

Of that dear Lord with so entire affection,
And sharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soul did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free his foes, that from his heart had
swerved!

What heart can feel least touch of so fore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so dear wound?

Whose bleeding source their streams yet never stanch,
But still do flow, and freshly still redownd,
To heal the sores of sinful souls unsound,
And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slime.

O blessed Well of Love! O Flowre of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Star! O Lamp of Light!
Most lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy pain:
Aye me! what can us less than that behove?
Had he required life for us again,
Had it been wrong to ask his own with gain?
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band,
Ne ought demands but that we loving be,
As he himself hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the fool of life, which now we have,
Even he himself, in his dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that self mould and that self Maker's hand
That we, and to the same again shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with self-same price redeemed
That we however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake,

Knowing that whatsoe'er to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy he by his most holy reed
Unto us taught, and, to approve it true,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deed,
Shewing us mercy (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,

And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much himself that loved us we love.

Then rouse thy self, O Earth! out of thy soil,
In which thou wallow'st like to filthy swine,
And doost thy mind in durty pleasures moyl,
Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift up to him thy heavy-clouded eyne,
That thou this sovereign bounty maist behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Begin from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylful oxe and humble ass,
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes fought on lowest knee.

From thence read on the story of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His cancred sores, his fights, his toyl, his strife,
His pains, his poverty, his sharp assays,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malic'd both of great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betray'd, and false accused,
How with most scornful taunts, and fell despights
He was revil'd, disgrac'd, and foul abused;
How scourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how
bruised;
And, lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucifide,
With bitter wound through hands, through feet,
and side!

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy soul, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and grone in grieved thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy softned spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meek zeal
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
And to his sovereign mercy do appeal;
Learn him to love that loved thee so dear,
And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must him love, and his behests embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy self unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himself for thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so posselt,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his dear self, that shall thy feeble breast

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravish'd thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly fights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceited sprights,
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Spright!
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortal eyes below,
Of that immortal beauty, there with thee,
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see;

That with the glory of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair-seeming shews, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie view
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order due,
To contemplation of th' immortal skye;
Of the soar faulcon so I learn to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she herself for stronger flight can breathe,

Then look who list, thy gazeful eyes to feed
With sight of that is fair, look on the frame
Of this wide universe, and therein reed
The endless kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aim,

All which are made with wondrous wise respect
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

First, the earth, on adamantine pillars founded
Amid the sea, engirt with brasen bands,
Then th' air still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On every side, with piles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortal hands;
And, last, that mighty shining crystal wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appear,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more clear
And fair it grows, till to his perfect end
Of purest Beauty it at last ascend;
Ayr more than water, fire much more than ayr,
And heaven than fire, appears more pure and
fair.

Look thou no further, but affix thine eye
On that bright shiny round still moving mass,
The house of blessed Gods, which men call Skye,
All sow'd with glistring stars more thick than
grass,
Whereof each other doth in brightness pass,
But those two most, which ruling night and
day,
As king and queen the heaven's empire sway;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seen
That to their beauty may compared be,
Or can the sight that is most sharp and keen
Endure their captain's flaming head to see?
How much less those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more than these,
As these are fairer than the land and seas?

For far above these heavens which here we see
Be others far exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same be,
But infinite in largeness and in height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotless bright,
That need no sun t' illuminate their spheres,
But their own native light far passing theirs.

And as these heavens still by degrees arise,
Until they come to their first Mover's bound,
That in his mighty compass doth comprise,
And carry all the rest with him around,
So those likewise do by degrees redound,
And rise more fair, till they at last arrive
To the most fair, whereto they all do strive.

Fair is the heaven where happy souls have place,
In full enjoyment of felicity,
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the divine eternal Majesty;
More fair is that where those ideas on his
Enranged be which Plato so admired,
And pure intelligences from God inspired,

Yet fairer is that heaven in which do reign
The sovereign powers and mighty potentates,
Which in their high protections do contain
All mortal princes and imperial states;
And fairer yet, whereas the royal seats
And heavenly dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet far more fair be those bright cherubims,
Which all with golden wings are over-dight,
And those eternal burning seraphims,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more
bright,
Be th' angels and archangels, which attend
On God's own person without rest or end.

These thus in fair each other far excelling,
As to the highest they approach more near,
Yet is that highest far beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their beauties joyn'd together were;
How then can mortal tongue hope to express
The image of such endless perfectness?

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mind
Leave to bethink how great that Beauty is
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find;
How much more those essential parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his bliss,
His grace, his doom, his mercy, and his might,
By which he lends us of himself a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himself in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glass, through which he may
Be seen of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels selves cannot endure his sight.

But we, frail wights! whose sight cannot sustain
The sun-bright beams when he on us doth shine,
But that their points rebutted back again
Are dull'd, how can we see with feeble cyne
The glory of that majesty divine,
In sight of whom both sun and moon are dark,
Compar'd to his least resplendent spark?

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to look,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brazen book,
To read enregistred in every nook
His goodness, which his beauty doth declare;
For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To imp the wings of thy high-flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplaion,
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do
And like the native brood of eagles kind, [blind,
On that bright Sun of Glory fix thine eyes,
Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
Before the footstool of his majesty
Throw thyself down, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare look up with corruptible eye
On the dread face of that great Deity,
For fear lest if he chance to look on thee
Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercy-seat,
Close cover'd with the Lamb's integrity,
From the just wrath of his avengeful threat
That sits upon the righteous throne on high;
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firm and durable than steel or brass,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth pass.

His sceptre is the rod of righteousness,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
Under the rigour of his judgment just;
His seat is Truth, to which the faithful trust,
From whence proceed her beams so pure and
bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light far exceeding that bright blazing spark
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,
That with his beams enlumineth the dark
And dampish air, whereby all things are red,
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortal wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wizards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth shine
Is many thousand times more bright, more clear,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal actions here
And even the thoughts of men, do plain appeare;
For from th' Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his own brightness from the sight
Of all that look thereon with eyes unsound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fire,
The instruments of his avenging ire.

There in his bosom Sapience doth sit,
The sovereign darling of the Deity,
Clad like a queen in royal robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerless majesty,
And all with gems and jewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter than the stars appear,
And make her native brightness seem more clear,

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in sign of highest sovereignty,
And in her hand a sceptre she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on high,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her powre imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto his will,
And all the creatures which they both contain;
For of her fulness which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remain
As their great Maker did at first ordain,
Through observation of her high behest,
By which they first were made and still increast.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell,
For she the daughters of all women's race,
And angels eke, in beauty doth excell,
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,
And more increast by her own goodly grace,
That it doth far exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictur'd Venus with so curious quill,
That all posterity admired it,
Have pourtray'd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she herself, had she remained still,
And were as fair as fabling wits do feign,
Could once come near this Beauty sovereign.

But had those wits, the wonders of their days,
Or that sweet Teian poet, which did spend
His plenteous vein in setting forth her praise,
Seen but a glimpse of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would her face commend,
Above that idle of his faining thought,
That all the world should with his rimes be
fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t' express her least perfections part,
Whose beauty fills the heavens with her light,
And darks the earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weak and faint
The pourtrait of so heavenly hue to point.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her sovereign praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that fair love of mighty Heaven's King;
Enough is me t' admire so heavenly thing,
And being thus with her huge love posselt,
In th' only wonder of herself to rest.

But who so may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his own beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestial face
All joy, all bliss, all happiness have place;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of herself can win the wishful sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternal portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures she conceive,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And hear such heavenly notes and carolings
Of God's high praise, that fills the brasen sky,
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly care forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense
Or idle thought of earthly things remain,
But all that earst seem'd sweet seems now offence,
And all that pleased earst now seems to pain:
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they see;
All other sights but fained shadows be.

And that fair lamp which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seems foul, and full of sinful blame;
And all that pomp to which proud minds aspire
By name of Honour, and so much desire,
Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,
And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can de-
light,
But in the aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned mind
All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah, then, my hungry Soul! which long hast
fed,
On idle fancies of my foolish thought,
And with false Beauty's flattering bait misled,
Hast after vain deceitful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee
nought
But late repentance through thy folly's prief,
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief;

And look at last up to that sovereign light
From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty
springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

THE VISIONS OF BETHSHEBA

The first vision was in a vision
And darkness was the vision all about
When sudden light of heaven's fire out-broke
And rent the royal robe of the root;
Which makes me much and ever to complain,
For no such shadow shall be had again.

Within this wood, out of a rock did rise
A spring of water, suddenly tumbling down,
Whence approached me in any wise
The heavenly shepherd from the under crown,
Her many Mide and the Nymphs withal,
That twenty in accord did tune their voices
To the soft sounding of the waters fall,
That my glad heart thereat did much rejoice.
But while therein I took my chief delight,
I saw (alas!) the raging earth devour
The spring, the place, and all clear out of
light,
Which yet grieves my heart even to this
hour.

And wounds my soul with cruel memory,
To see such pleasures gone to judgment.

I saw a phoenix in the wood alone,
With purple wings and crest of golden hue;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anon,
That of some heavenly sight I had the view,
Until he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring that late devoured was
What lay I more? Each thing at last we see
Dropt pale away: the phoenix there (alas!)
Spung the fire himself, the water side,
Himself there with his beak, as in disdain,
And so forthwith in great despite he died,
That yet my heart burns in exceeding pain,
For with and part of his happy sight,
O let mine eye no more see such a sight!

Being one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieves me to think thereof,
At my right hand a kind apparition;
So fair as more the prettiest you could see,
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chase,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
Which deadly force to in their cruel race
They pinched the hanches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in their time I spide,
Under a rock where she, alas! appeared,
Fell to the ground, and there unmovably died.
Cruel Death vanquishing in noble beauty,
O makes me wail to have a destiny.

After as for a tall ship did appear,
Made all of hoon and white ivory;
The sails of gold, of all the noblest were;
Mild was the wind, calm was the sea to see,
The sky each where did show full bright and
clear.

With rich treasures the gay ship laden was,
Her laden stern did to the bottom the sea,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas!)
Struck on a rock that under water lay,
And perished with all recovery.
O how great was and how awful alas!
Doom vex my heart with perplexity,
Thus in a moment to the last end drove
So great riches as like cannot be found!

The heavenly branches did I see with
Out of the bush and hilly land-tree,
Amongst the young green wood of Paradise;
Some noble plant I thought to see:
Such these as birds thereon yeshooded were;
Charming to birds their lovely melody,
That with their twosome I was ravished there,
While on this forest land was mine eye.

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

I.

BEING one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to think thereon.
At my right hand a hind appear'd to me,
So fair as mote the greatest god delite ;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white :
With deadly force so in their cruel race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time I spide,
Under a rock where she, alas ! opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruel Death vanquishing so noble beauty,
Oft makes me wail so hard a destiny.

II.

After at sea a tall ship did appear,
Made all of heben and white ivory ;
The sails of gold, of silk the tackle were :
Mild was the wind, calm seem'd the sea to be,
The sky each where did show full bright and
fair :

With rich treasures this gay ship fraited was,
But sudden storm did so turmoil the air,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas !)
Strake on a rock that under water lay,
And perished past all recovery.
O how great ruth and sorrowful assay
Doth vex my spirit with perplexity,
Thus in a moment to see lost and dround
So great riches as like cannot be found !

III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lusty laurel-tree,
Amidst the young green wood of Paradise ;
Some noble plant I thought to see :
Such store of birds therein yshrouded were,
Chaunting in shade their fundry melody,
That with their sweetness I was ravisht nere.
While on this laurel fixed was mine eye,

The sky 'gan every where to over-cast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heaven's fire out-braст,
And rent this royal tree quite by the root ;
Which makes me much and ever to complain,
For no such shadow shall be had again.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rock did rise
A spring of water mildly tumbling down,
Whereto approached not in any wise
The homely shepherd nor the ruder clown,
But many Muses and the Nymphs withal,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft founding of the waters fall,
That my glad heart thercat did much rejoyce.
But while therein I took my chief delight,
I saw (alas !) the gaping earth devour
The spring, the place, and all clean out of
sight,
Which yet aggrieves my heart even to this
hour,
And wounds my soul with ruful memory,
To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

V.

I saw a phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings and crest of golden hue ;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the view,
Until he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring that late devoured was.
What say I more ? Each thing at last we see
Doth pass away : the phœnix there (alas !)
Spying the tree destruid, the water dride,
Himself smote with his beak, as in disdain,
And so forthwith in great despite he dide,
That yet my heart burns in exceeding pain,
For ruth and pity of so hapless plight.
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight !

VI.

At last, so fair a lady did I spy,
That thinking yet on her I burn and quake;
On herbs and flowres she walked pensively,
Mild, but yet love she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet woven as they were,
As snow and gold together had been wrought.
Above the waste a dark cloud shrouded her,
A stinging serpent by the heel her caught,
Wherewith she languisht as the gather'd flowre,
And well assur'd she mounted up to joy.
Alas! on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter grief and sorrowful annoy,
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with storms of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle trustless state
Of vain world's glory, flitting to and fro,
And mortal men tossed by troublous Fate,
In restless seas of wretchedness and woe,
I wish I might this weary life forego,
And shortly turn unto my happy rest,
Where my free spirit might not any mo
Be vext with fights that do her peace molest.
And ye, fair Lady! in whose bounteous brest
All heavenly grace and virtue shrined is,
When ye these rimes do read, and view the rest,
Loath this base world, and think of heaven's bliss:
And though ye be the fairest of God's creatures,
Yet think that death shall spoil your goodly fea-
tures,

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I.

It was the time when Rest, soft sliding down
From heaven's height into mens' heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleep doth drown
The carefull thoughts of mortal miseries,
Then did a ghost before mine eyes appear,
On that great river's bank that runs by Rome,
Which calling me by name, bade me to rear
My looks to heaven, whence all good gifts do
come;

And crying loud, lo, now behold (quoth he)
What under this great temple placed is!
Lo, all is nought but flying vanity!
So I, that know this world's inconstancies,
Sith only God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

II.

On high hill's top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just assize,
With hundred pillours fronting fair the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining crystal, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afric gold's enchase:
Gold was the parget, and the cieling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;
The floor of jasp and emerauld was dight.
O world's vaineess! whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a sharped spire of diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in square, appear to me,
Justly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seem to bear,
Made of the metal which we all do honour,
And in this golden vessel couched were
The ashes of a mighty emperour.

Upon four corners of the base were pight,
To bear the frame, four lyons great, of gold,
A worthy tomb for such a worthy wight:
Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold.
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

IV.

I saw rais'd up on ivory pillors tall,
Whose bases were of richest metals wark,
The chapters alabaster, the fryses crystal,
The double front of a triumphal ark:
On each side pourtraid was a Victory,
Clad like a nymph, that wings of silver wears,
And in triumphant chair was set on hy
The antient glory of the Roman peers.
No work it seem'd of earthly craftsman's wit,
But rather wrought by his own industry
That thunder darts for Jove his fire, doth fit.
Let me no more see fair thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seen so fair a sight
With sudden fall to dust consumed quight.

V.

Then was the fair Dodonian tree far seen,
Upon seven hills to spread his gladfom gleam,
And conquerors bedecked with his green,
Along the banks of the Ausonian stream:
There many an ancient trophy was addrest,
And many a spoil, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave race's greatness did attest,
That whilom from the Trojan blood did flow.
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to view,
When, lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble bows down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronk to groan;
And since I saw the root in great disdain
A twin of forked trees send forth again.

VI.

I saw a wolf under a rocky cave
Nursing two whelps; I saw her iittle ones
In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,

While she her neck wreath'd from them for the
nones :

I saw her range abroad to seek her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T' embrew her teeth and claws with lukewarm
blood

Of the small heards, her thirst for to assuage :
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Down from the mountains bord'ring Lombardy,
That with an hundred spears her flank wide
rended :

I saw her on the plain outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her own soil ;
Soon on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoil.

VII.

I saw the bird that can the sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she 'gan her wings t'assure,
Following th'ensample of her mother's flight,
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the clouds, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughty mountain's hight,
Until she raught the god's own mansions ;
There was she lost, when suddain I beheld,
Where tumbling through the air in fiery fold,
All flaming down she on the plain was feld,
And soon her body turn'd to ashes cold.
I saw the fowl that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worm arise.

VIII.

I saw a river swift, whose foamy billows
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall ;
I saw it cover'd all with grisly shadows,
That with black horror did the air appall :
There-out a strange beast with seven heads arose,
That towns and castles under her breast did cour,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equal ravin to devour.
Much was I maz'd to see this monster's kind
In hundred forms to change his fearful hue,
When as at length I saw the wrathful wind,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scythian
mew,
That sperst these clouds, and in so short as thought,
This dreadful shape was vanished to nought.

IX.

Then all astonied with this mighty ghast,
An hideous body big and strong I saw, [loast,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging
Stern face, and front full of Saturn-like awe,
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pour'd forth a water whose out-gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creaky shore aslot,
Whereon the Trojan prince spilt Turnus' blood ;
And at his feet a bitch-wolf suck did yield
To two young babes : his left the palm-tree stout,
His right hand did the peaceful olive wield,
And head with laurel garnisht was about :
Sudden both palm and olive fell away,
And fair green laurel-branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a river's side a virgin fair,
Folding her arms to heaven with thousand throbs,

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And outraging her cheeks and golden hair,
To falling rivers' sound thus tun'd her sobs.
Where is (quoth she) this whilom honored face ;
Where the great glory and the ancient praise
In which all worlds felicity had place,
When gods and men my honour up did raise ?
Suffic'd it not that civil wars me made
The whole world's spoil, but that this hydra

new,

Of hundred Hercules' to be assaid,
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes
anew,

So many Neroes and Caligulas
Out of these crooked shores must daily raise ?

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see,
Waving aloft with triple point to sky,
Which like incense of precious cedar tree,
With balmy odours fill'd the air far and nigh :
A bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
Here-out up to the throne of gods did fly,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoke she unto heaven did fly.
Of this fair fire the scattered rays forth threw
On every side a thousand shining beams,
When sudden dropping of a silver dew
(O grievous chance !) gan quench those precious
flames,
That it which earst so pleasant scent did yield,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphur smeld.

XII.

I saw a spring out of a rock forth rall,
As clear as crystal, 'gainst the sunny beams,
The bottom yellow, like the golden grail
That bright Pactolus washt with his streams ;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there for which men's heart could
long,

And there a noise alluring sleep soft trembled,
Of many accords, more sweet than mermaids'
song :

The seats and benches shone of ivory,
And handred nymphs sat side by side about,
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcry,
A troupe of satyrs in the place did rout,
Which with their villain feet the stream did ray,
Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs
away.

XIII.

Much richer than that vessel seem'd to be
Which did to that sad Florentine appear,
Casting mine eyes far off, I chanc'd to see,
Upon the Latine coast her self to rear ;
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close envy to these riches rare,
Which 'gan assail this ship with dreadful threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare ;
And finally, the storm impetuous
Sunk up these riches, second unto none,
Within the gulf of greedy Nereus :
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure, drowned in the main ;
But I the ship saw after rais'd again.

I i

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd these visions sad,
 I saw a city like unto that same
 Which saw the messenger of tidings glad,
 But that on sand was built the goodly frame :
 It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,
 And no less rich than fair, right worthy sure
 (If ought here worthy) of immortal days,
 Or if ought under heaven might firm endure.
 Much wondered I to see so fair a wall,
 When from the northern coast a storm arose,
 Which breathing fury from his inward gall
 On all, which did against his course oppose,
 Into a cloud of dust sperst in the air
 The weak foundations of this city fair.]

XV.

At length, even at the time when Morpheus
 Most truly doth unto her eyes appear,
 Weary to see the heavens still wavring thus,
 I saw Typhæus's sister coming near,
 Whose head full bravely with a morion hid,
 Did seem to match the goods in majestic;
 She by a rivers bank, that swift down slid,
 O'er all the world did raise a trophie hie;
 An hundred vanquisht kings under her lay,
 With arms bound at their backs in shameful wise.
 Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
 I saw the heavens in war against her rise,
 Then down she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
 That with great noise I wakt in sudden wonder.

VISIONS OF THE WORLD'S VANITY.

ONE day, whiles that my daily cares did sleep,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter meditation deep
Of things exceeding reach of common reason,
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is and mean debac'd,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Grief of good minds, to see goodness disgrac'd :
On which whenas my thought was throughly
plac'd,

Unto my eyes strange shows presented were,
Picturing that which I in mind embrac'd,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere :
Such as they were (fair Lady!) take in worth,
That when time serves may bring things better
forth.

II.

In summer's day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
I saw a bull as white as driven snow,
With gilden horns embowed like the moon,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying low ;
Up to his ears the verdant grafs did grow,
And the gay flowres did offer to be caten,
But he with fatness so did overflow,
That he, all wallowed in the weeds down beaten,
Ne car'd with them his dainty lips to sweeten ;
Till that a brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten,
And vext so fore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased :
So by the small the great is oft diseased.

III.

Beside the fruitful shore of muddy Nile,
Upon a sunny bank outstretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mighty crocodile,
That, cram'd with guiltless blood and greedy
pray

Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things less than his disdainful pride :
I saw a little bird call'd Tedula,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forc'd this hideous beast to open wide
The grieved gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feed, as Nature doth provide,
Upon his jaws, that with black venom swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdain,
Sith that so small so mighty can constrain ?

IV.

The kingly bird, that bears Jove's thunder-clap,
One day did scorn the simple scarabee,
Proud of his highest service and good hap,
That made all other fowls his thralls to be :
The silly fly that no redress did see,
Spy'd where the eagle built his trowing nest,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his young ones, and himself distress'd,
Ne suffred him in any place to rest
But drove in Jove's own lap his eggs to lay,
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forc'd with the filth his eggs to fling away ;
For which when as the fowl was wroth, said
Jove,
Lo ! how the least the greatest may reprove.

V.

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleep)
That makes the sea before his face to fly,
And with his flaggy fins doth seem to sweep
The foamy waves out of the dreadful deep,
The huge leviathan, Dame Nature's wonder,
Making his sport, that many makes to weep ;
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide abyfs him forced forth to spew,

That all the sea did roar like heaven's thunder,
And all the waves were stain'd with filthy hue.
Hereby I learned have not to dispise
What-ever thing seems small in common eyes.

VI.

An hideous dragon, dreadful to behold,
Whose back was arm'd against the dint of spear,
With shields of brasse, that shone like burnish'd
gold,
And forked sting, that death in it did bear,
Strove with a spider, his unequal peer,
And bad defiance to his enemy :
The subtil vermin, creeping closely near,
Did in his drink shed poison privily,
Which through his intrails spreading diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,
And him enforc'd to yield the victory,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
O how great vainness is it then to scorn
The weak, that hath the strong so oft forlorn !

VII.

High on a hill a goodly cedar grew,
Of wondrous length and straight proportion,
That far abroad her dainty odours threw ;
'Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beauty was not any one :
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worm, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vital moisture fed :
Thenceforth her garland, so much honoured,
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same !)
And her fair locks fell from her lofty head,
That shortly bald and bared she became.
In which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
To see so goodly thing so soon decay'd.

VIII.

Soon after this I saw an elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his back did bear (as batteillant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly,
That he himself, through foolish vanity,
Both for his rich attire and goodly form,
Was puffed up with passing surquedry,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorn ;
Till that a little ant, a filly worm,
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pain'd,
That casting down his towres, he did deform
Both borrow'd pride, and native beauty stain'd.
Let therefore nought that great is therein glory,
Sith so small thing his happiness may vary.

IX.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship, with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide,
Through the main sea making her merry flight ;

Fair blew the wind into her bosom right,
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seem to dance, as in delight,
And at her own felicity did smile :
All suddenly there clove unto her keel
A little fish, that men call Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heel,
That wind nor tide could move her thence away.
Strange thing me seemeth that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty lion, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger thoroughly satisfy'd
With prey of beasts and spoils of living blood,
Safe in his dreadless den him thought to hide :
His sternness was his praise, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruel claws :
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battail even to his jaws ;
Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth draws,
And his proud heart is fill'd with fretting ire :
In vain he threatens his teeth, his tail, his paws,
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire.
That dead himself he wished for despight :
So weakest may annoy the most of might.

XI.

What time the Roman empire bore the reign
Of all the world, and flourish'd most in might,
The nations 'gan their sovereignty disdain,
And cast to quit them from the bondage quite ;
So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Galls were, by corrupting of a maid,
Possess'd nigh of the Capitol through flight,
Had not a goose the treachery bewraid :
If then a goose great Rome from ruin staid,
And Jove himself the patron of the place,
Preserv'd from being to his foes betraid,
Why do vain men mean things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endur-
ance ?

XII.

When these sad sights were over-past and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and dear affection,
To see so great things by so small distress :
Thenceforth I 'gan in my engrieved breast
To scorn all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are oppress'd,
And unawares do into danger fall.
And ye, that read these Ruines tragical,
Learn by their loss to love the low degree,
And if that Fortune chance you up to call
To Honour's feat, forget not what ye be ;
For he that of himself is most secure,
Shall find his state most fickle and unsure.

PROSOPOPAIA:
O R,
MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

To the Right Honourable

THE LADY COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

Most fair and virtuous Lady! having often sought opportunity, by some good means, to make known to your Ladyship the humble affection and faithful duty which I have always professed, and am bound to bear to that house from whence ye spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which, having long sithens composed in the raw conceit of my youth, I lately, amongst other papers, lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, moved to set them forth. Simple is the device, and the composition mean, yet carrieth some delight; even the rather because of the simplicity and meanness thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladyship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you, until, with some other more worthy labour, I do redeem it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost duty. Till then, wishing your Ladyship all increase of honour and happiness, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyship's ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

It was the month in which the righteous maid,
That for disdain of sinful world's upbraid,
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Into her silver bower the sun received,
And the hot Syrian dog on him awaiting,
After the chafeful lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had th' air with his noisom breath,
And pour'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and
death.
Emongst the rest, a wicked malady
Reign'd emongst men, that many did to die,

Depriv'd of sense and ordinary reason,
That it to leeches seemed strange and geason,
My fortune was, 'mongst many others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe,
And my weak body, set on fire with grief,
Was robb'd of rest and natural relief.
In this ill plight there came to visit me
Some friends, who, sorry my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearful wise,
And means of gladfom solace to devise;

But seeing kindly Sleep refuse to do
 His office, and my feeble eyes forgo,
 They sought my troubled sense how to deceive
 With talk, that might unquiet fancies reave;
 And sitting all on seats about me round,
 With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
 They cast in course to waste the weary hours;
 Some told of ladies and their paramours:
 Some of brave knights and their renowned squires;
 Some of the Fairies and their strange attires;
 And some of giants hard to be believed;
 That the delight thereof me much relieved.
 Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother Hubberd, who did far surpass
 The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
 She, when her turn was come her tale to tell,
 Told of a strange adventure that betided
 Betwixt the Fox and th' Ape, by him misguided,
 The which for that my sense it greatly pleased
 All were my spirit heavy and diseased,
 I'll write in terms as the same did say,
 So well as I her words remember may:
 No Muse's aid me needs hereto to call;
 Base is the style, and matter mean withal.

"Whylom (said she) before the world was civil,
 The Fox and th' Ape, disliking of their evil
 And hard estate, determined to seek
 Their fortune far abroad, lyeke with his lyeke;
 For both were crafty and unhappy witted;
 Two fellows might no where be better fitted.

The Fox, that first this cause of grief did find,
 'Gan first thus plain his case with words unkind.
 Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
 (Both two sure bands in friendship to be ty'd)
 To whom may I more trustely complain
 The evil plight that doth me sore constrain,
 And hope thereof to find due remedy?
 Hear then my pain and inward agony.
 Thus many years I now have spent and worn
 In mean regard and basest fortune's scorn,
 Doing my country service as I might,
 No less, I dare say, than the proudest wight,
 And still I hoped to be up advanced
 For my good parts, but still it hath mischanced:
 Now therefore, that no lenger hope I see,
 But froward fortune still to follow me,
 And losels lifted high where I did look,
 I mean to turn the next leaf of the book;
 Yet ere that any way I do betake,
 I mean my gossip privy first to make.

Ah! my dear Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape)
 Deeply do your sad words my wits awhape,
 Both for because your grief doth great appear,
 And eke because my self am touched near;
 For I likewise have wasted much good time,
 Still waiting to preferment up to clime,
 Whilst others always have before me stept,
 And from my beard the fat away have swept,
 That now unto despair I 'gin to grow,
 And mean for better wind about to throw;
 Therefore, to me, my trusty Friend, arcad
 Thy counsel: two is better than one head.

Certes (said he) I mean me to disguise
 In some strange habit, after uncouth wize,

Or like a pilgrim or a lymiter,
 Or like a gipsen or a juggeler,
 And so to wander to the worldes end,
 To seek my fortune where I may it mend,
 For worse than that I have I cannot meet:
 Wide is the world I wote, and every street
 Is full of fortunes and adventures straunge,
 Continually subject unto chaunge.
 Say, my fair Brother, now, if this device
 Do like you, or may you to look entice.
 Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous
 well,

And would ye not poor fellowship expell,
 My self would offer you t'accompany
 In this adventure's chanceful jeopardy;
 For to wax old at home in idleness
 Is disadvantageous, and quite fortuneless:
 Abroad where change is, good may gotten be.

The Fox was glad, and quickly did agree;
 So both resolv'd the morrow next ensuing,
 So soon as day appear'd to peoples viewing,
 On their intended journey to proceed,
 And over night, what-so thereto did need,
 Each did prepare in readiness to be.
 The morrow next, so soon as one might see
 Light out of heaven's windows forth to look,
 Both their habiliments unto them took,
 And put themselves (a God's name) on their
 way,

When-as the Ape beginning well to wey
 This hard adventure, thus began t'advise.

Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
 What course ye ween is best for us to take,
 That for ourselves we may a living make.
 Whether shall we profess some trade or skill,
 Or shall we vary our device at will,
 Even as new occasion appears?
 Or shall we tie our selves for certain yeares
 To any service, or to any place?
 For it behoves, ere that into the race
 We enter, to resolve first hereupon.

Now, surely, Brother, (said the Fox anon)
 Ye have this matter motioned in season;
 For every thing that is begun with reason
 Will come by ready means unto his end,
 But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
 Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
 That not to any certain trade or place,
 Nor any man, we should our selves apply;
 For why should he that is at liberty
 Make himself bond? sith then we are free-born,
 Let us all servile base subjection scorn,
 And as we be sons of the world so wide,
 Let us our father's heritage divide,
 And challenge to our selves our portions dew
 Of all the patrimony, which a few
 Now hold in hugger-mugger in their hand,
 And all the rest do rob of good and land;
 For now a few have all, and all have nought,
 Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
 There is no right in this partition,
 Ne was it so by institution
 Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
 But that she gave like blessing to each creature,

As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought call'd mine or thine: thrice happy
then

Was the condition of mortal men:
That was the Golden Age of Saturn old,
But this might better be the world of Gold;
For without gold now nothing will be got;
Therefore (if please you) this shall be our plot;
We will not be of any occupation,
Let such vile vassals, born to base vocation,
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle;
But we will walk about the world at pleasure,
Like two free-men, and make our ease our trea-
sure,

Free-men some beggars call; but they be free,
And they which call them so more beggars be:
For they do swink and sweat to feed the other,
Who live like lords of that which they do gather,
And yet do never thank them for the same,
But as their due by Nature do it clame.
Such will we fashion both ourselves to be,
Lords of the world, and so will wander free
Where-so us listeth, uncontroll'd of any:
Hard is our hap if we (amongst so many)
Light not on some that may our state amend;
Seldom but some good cometh ere the end.

Well seem'd the Ape to like this ordinance;
Yet well considering of the circumstance,
As pausing in great doubt a while he staid,
And afterwards with grave advisement said;
I cannot, my lief Brother, like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell;
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that beggars' life is best,
And they that think themselves the best of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall:
But this I wote withal, that we shall runne
Into great daunger, like to be undone,
Wildly to wander thus in the world's eye,
Withouten passport or good warrantye;
For fear least we like rogues should be reputed,
And for ear marked beasts abroad be bruted;
Therefore I read that we our counsels call,
How to prevent this mischief ere it fall,
And how we may with most security,
Beg amongst those that beggars do defy.

Right well, dear Gossip, ye advised have,
(Said then the Fox) but I this doubt will save;
For ere we farther pass, I will devise
A passport for us both in fittest wise,
And by the names of soldiers us protect,
That now is thought a civil begging sect.
Be you the souldier, for you likest are
For manly semblance and small skill in war;
I will but wait on you, and as occasion
Falls out, my self fit for the same will fashion.

The passport ended, both they forward went,
The Ape clad souldier-like, fit for th' intent,
In a blue jacket, with a cross of red,
And many flits, as if that he had shed [ceived,
Much blood through many wounds therein re-
Which had the use of his right arm bereaved;

Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plumie-feather all to pieces tore;
His breaches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugeze, loose like an empty gut,
And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with traveling:
But neither sword nor dagger he did bear;
Seems that no foe's revengement he did fear:
In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one far in eld:
Shame light on him that through so false illusion
Doth turn the name of Souldiers to abusion,
And that which is the noblest mysterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie.

Long they thus travelled, yet never met
Adventure which might them a working set;
Yet many ways they fought, and many tryde,
Yet for their purposes none fit espy'd.
At last they chaunc'd to meet upon the way,
A simple husband-man in garments gray,
Yet though his vesture were but mean and base,
A good yoeman he was, of honest place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay cloth-
ing;

Gay without good is good heart's greatest loath-
ing.

The Fox him spying bade the Ape him dight
To play his part, for so he was in fight
That (if he err'd not) should them entertain.
And yield them timely profit for their pain.
Eftsoons the Ape himself 'gan to uprear,
And on his shoulders high his bat to bear,
As if good service he were fit to do,
But little thrift for him he did it to;
And stoutly forward he his steps did strain,
That like a handsome swain it him became.
When-as they nigh approached, that good man
Seeing them wander loosely, first began
I' enquire, of custom, what and whence they
were?

To whom the Ape, I am a Souldiere,
That late in war have spent my dearest blood,
And in long service lost both limbs and good,
And now constrain'd that trade to over-give,
I driven am to seek some means to live;
Which might it you in pity please t'efford,
I would be ready both in deed and word,
To do you faithful service all my days.
This yron world (that same he weeping says)
Brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest state;
For misery doth bravest minds abate,
And make them seek for that they wont to scorn,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorn.

The honest man, that heard them thus com-
plain,
Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his pain,
And, well dispos'd him some relief to show,
Askt if in husbandry he ought did know;
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sow,
To hedge, to ditch, to thresh, to thatch, to mow,
Or to what labour else he was prepar'd?
For husband's life is laborous and hard.

When-as the Ape him hear so much to talk
Of labour, that did from his liking baul,

He would have flipt the collar handsomly,
And to him said, Good Sir! full glad am I
To take what pains may any living wight,
But my late maimed limbs lack wonted might
To do their kindly services as needeth;
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feed-

eth,
So that it may no painful work endure,
Ne to strong labour can it self enure;
But if that any other place you have,
Which asks small pains, but thriftness to save,
Or care to overlook, or thrust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your own ghostly father.

With that the husband-man 'gan him avize,
That it for him was fittest exercise
Cattle to keep, or grounds to over-see,
And asked him if he could willing be
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swine,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kine?

Gladly (said he) whatever such like pain
Ye put to me, I will the same sustain;
But gladliest I of your fleecy sheep
(Might it you please) would take on me to keep;
For ere that unto arms I me betook,
Unto my father's sheep I us'd to look,
That yet the skill thereof I have not lost;
There-to right well this curdog, by my cost,
(Meaning the Fox) will serve my sheep to gather,
And drive to follow after their belwether.
The husband-man was meanly well content
Tryal to make of his endeavourment,
And home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flock, with liberty full large,
Giving account of the annual increase,
Both of their lambs and of their woolly fleece.

Thus is this Ape become a shepherd swain,
And the false Fox his dog; God give them
pain,

For ere the year have half his course out-run,
And do return from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill account of thrift.

Now when-as time flying with wings swift,
Expired had the term that these two javels
Should render up a reckning of their travels
Unto their master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,
Ne how to escape great punishment or shame
For their false treason and vile thievery;
For not a lamb of all their flock's supply
Had they to shew, but ever as they bred
They slew them, and upon their flesh fed;
For that disguised dog lov'd blood to spill,
And drew the wicked shepherd to his will;
So twixt them both they not a lamkin left,
And when lamb's fail'd, the old sheep's lives they
rest;

'That how t' acquit themselves unto their lord
They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.
The Fox then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
Respite till morrow t' answer his desire;
For time's delay new hope of help still breeds,
The good man granted, doubting nought their
deeds,

And bade next day that all should ready be;
But they more subtil meaning had than he;
For the next morrow's meed they closely ment,
For fear of afterclaps, for to prevent;
And that same evening, when all shrouded were
In careless sleep, they without care or fear
Cruelly fell upon their flock in fold,
And of them flew at pleasure what they wold;
Of which when as they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole away, and took their hasty flight,
Carry'd in clouds of all-concealing night.
So was the husband-man left to his loss,
And they unto their fortune's change to tofs,
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing many through their cloaked guile,
That at the last they 'gan to be descry'd
Of every one, and all their sleights espy'd,
So as their begging now them failed quite,
For none would give, but all men would them
wite;

Yet would they take no pains to get their living,
But seek some other way to gain by giving;
Much like to begging, but much better named,
For many beg which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Fox had gotten him a gown,
And th' Ape a cassock side-long hanging down,
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other state abroad to range;
For since their souldier's pafs no better sped,
They forg'd another, as for clerks book-red:
Who passing forth, as their adventures fell,
Through many haps which needs not here to tell,
At length chanc'd with a formal priest to meet,
Whom they in civil manner first did greet,
And after askt an alms for God's dear love.
The man straight-way his choler up did move,
And with reproachful terms 'gan them revile
For following that trade so base and vile,
And askt what licence or what pafs they had?
Ah! (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)
It's an hard case when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to sterving,
Or asked for their pafs by every squib
That list at will them to revile or snib;
And yet (God wote) small odds I often see
'Twixt them that ask and them that asked be.
Nath'less, because you shall not us misdeem,
But that we are as honest as we seem,
Ye shall our passport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well moved be.
Which when the priest beheld, he view'd it
nere,

As if therein some text he studying were,
But little else (God wote) could thereof skill,
For read he could not evidence nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one tittle worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversity of sects,
And hateful heresies, of God abhor'd;
But this good Sir did follow the plain word,

Ne medled with their controversies vain;
 All his care was his service well to fain,
 And to read homelies on holy-days;
 When that was done, he might attend his plays:
 An easy life, and fit high God to please.
 He, having over-lookt their pafs at ease,
 'Gan at the length them to rebuke again,
 That no good trade of life did entertain,
 But lost their time in wandring loose abroad,
 Seeing the world, in which they bootless boad,
 Had ways enow for all therein to live,
 Such grace did God unto his creatures give.

Said then the Fox, Who hath the world not tride,
 From the right way full eath may wander wide;
 We are but novices new come abroad,
 We have not yet the tract of any troad,
 Nor on us taken any state of life,
 But ready are of any to make prief:
 Therefore might please you, which the world
 have proved,
 Us to devise, which forth but lately moved,
 Of some good course, that we might undertake,
 Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make.

The priest 'gan wex half proud to be so praid,
 And thereby willing to afford them aid;
 It seems (said he) right well that ye be clerks,
 Both by your witty words and by your werks:
 Is not that name enough to make a living
 To him that hath a whit of Nature's giving?
 How many honest men see ye arise
 Daily thereby, and grow to goodly prize?
 To deans, to archdeacons, to commissaries,
 To lords, to principals, to prebendaries,
 All jolly prelates, worthy rule to bear,
 Who ever them envie; yet spite bites near:
 Why should ye doubt then but that ye likewise
 Might unto some of those in time arise?
 In the mean time to live in good estate,
 Loving that love, and hating those that hate,
 Being some honest curate, or some vicar,
 Content with little in condition sicker.

Ah! but (said th' Ape) the charge is wondrous
 great,
 To feed mens souls, and hath an heavy threat.
 To feed mens souls (quoth he) is not in man,
 For they must feed themselves, do what we can;
 We are but charg'd to lay the meat before;
 Eat they that list, we need to do no more.
 But God it is that feeds them with his grace,
 The bread of life pour'd down from heavenly
 place;
 Therefore, said he, that with the budding rod
 Did rule the Jews, "All shall be taught of
 "God."

That same hath Jesus Christ now to him raught,
 By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught;
 He is the Shepherd, and the Priest is he;
 We but his shepherd swains ordain'd to be:
 Therefore herewith do not your self dismay;
 Ne is the pains so great but bear ye may;
 For not so great as it was wont of yore
 It's now adays, ne half so straight and sore:
 They whylom used duly every day
 Their service and their holy things to say

At morn and even, besides their anthems sweet,
 Their peny masses, and their complynes meet,
 Their dirges, their trentals, and their shrifts,
 Their memories, their singings, and their gifts:
 Now all these needles works are laid away,
 Now once a week, upon the Sabbath-day,
 It is enough to do our small devotion,
 And then to follow any merry motion.
 Ne are we tyed to fast but when we list,
 Ne to wear garments base, of wollen twist,
 But with the finest silks us to aray,
 That before God we may appear more gay,
 Resembling Aaron's glory in his place;
 For far unfit it is that persons base
 Should with vile clothes approach God's majestie,
 Whom no uncleannes may approachen nie;
 Or that all men which any master serve,
 Good garments for their service should deserve;
 But he that serves the Lord of Hosts most high,
 And that in highest place t'approach him nigh,
 And all the people's prayers to present
 Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
 Both to and fro, should not deserve to wear
 A garment better than of wool or hair.
 Beside, we may have lying by our sides
 Our lovely lasses, or bright shining brides:
 We be not tyde to wilful chastity,
 But have the gospel of free liberty.

By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
 The Fox was well enduc'd to be a parson,
 And of the priest eftsoons 'gan to enquire
 How to a benefice he might aspire?
 Marry, there (said the priest) is art indeed;
 Much good deep learning one thereout may reed;
 For that the ground-work is and end of all,
 How to obtain a beneficial.
 First, therefore, when ye have in handsom wise
 Your selves attired, as you can devise,
 Then to some noble man your self apply,
 Or other great one in the worldes eye,
 That hath a zealous disposition
 To God, and so to his religion;
 There must thou fashion eke a goodly zeale,
 Such as no carpers may contrayr reveale,
 For each thing fained ought more wary be;
 There thou must walk in sober gravitie,
 And seem as faint-like as Saint Radegund;
 Fast much, pray oft, look lowly on the ground,
 And unto every one do curtesie meek.
 These looks (nought saying) do a benefice seek,
 And be thou sure one not to lack ere long.
 But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
 And there to hunt after the hoped prey,
 Then must thou thee dispose another way;
 For there thou needs must learn to laugh, to lye,
 To face, to forge, to scoff to company,
 To crouch, to please, to be a beetle-stock
 Of thy great master's will, to scorn, to mock;
 So maist thou chance mock out a benefice,
 Unless thou canst one conjure by device,
 Or cast a figure for a bishoprick;
 And if one could, it were but a school-trick.
 These be the ways by which without reward
 Livings in courts be gotten, though full hard;

For nothing there is done without a fee :
 The courtier needs must recompenced be
 With a benevolence, or have in gage
 The *primetias* of your parsonage :
 Scarce can a bishoprick forpass them by,
 But that it must be gelt in privy.
 Do not thou, therefore, seek a living there,
 But of more private persons seek elsewhere
 Whereas thou mayst compound a better peny,
 Ne let thy learning question'd be of any :
 For some good gentleman that hath the right
 Unto his church for to present a wight,
 Will cope with thee in reasonable wise,
 That if the living yearly do arise
 To forty pound, that then his youngest son
 Shall twenty have, and twenty thou hast won ;
 Thou hast it won, for it is of frank gift,
 And he will care for all the rest to shift,
 Both that the bishop may admit of thee,
 And that therein thou maist maintained be.
 This is the way for one that is unlearn'd
 Living to get, and not to be discern'd ;
 But they that are great clerks, have nearer
 ways,
 For learning-fake to living them to raise :
 Yet many eke of them (God wot) are driven
 T' accept a benefice in pieces riven.
 How sayst thou (Friend) have I not well discourst
 Upon this common-place (though plain, not
 wourst) ?
 Better a short tale than a bad long thriving ;
 Needs any more to learn to get a living ?
 Now sure, and by my hallidom, (quoth he)
 Ye a great master are in your degree ;
 Great thanks I yield you for your discipline,
 And do not doubt but duly to incline
 My wits thereto, as ye shall shortly hear.
 The priest him wish'd good speed, and well to
 fare ;
 So parted they as either's way them led.
 But th' Ape and Fox e'er long so well them sped,
 Through the priest's wholesom counsel lately
 taught,
 And through their own fair handling wisely
 wrought,
 That they a benefice 'twixt them obtained,
 And crafty Reynold was a priest ordained,
 And th' Ape his Parish-Clark procur'd to be ;
 Then made they revel-rout and goodly glee :
 But e'er long time had passed, they so ill
 Did order their affairs, that th' evil-will
 Of all their parish'ners they had constrain'd,
 Who to the Ordinary of them complain'd,
 How foully they their offices abus'd,
 And them of crimes and heresies accus'd,
 That Pursivants he often for them sent ;
 But they neglecting his commandement,
 So long persisted obstinate and bold,
 Till at the length he published to hold
 A Visitation, and them cited thether ;
 Then was high time their wits about to gether.
 What did they then but made a composition
 With their next neighbour priest for light con-
 dition,

To whom their living they resigned quight
 For a few pence, and ran away by night.
 So passing through the country in disguise,
 They fled far off, where none might them sur-
 prize,
 And after that long strayed here and there,
 Through every field and forest far and neare,
 Yet never found occasion for their tourn,
 But almost starv'd, did much lament and mourn.
 At last they chanc'd to meet upon the way
 The mule all deck'd in goodly rich array,
 With bells and bosses that full loudly rung,
 And costly trappings that to ground down hung :
 Lowly they him saluted in meek wise,
 But he through pride and fatness 'gan despise
 Their meanness, scarce vouchsaf'd them to re-
 quite :
 Whereat the Fox, deep growling in his sprite,
 Said, Ah ! Sir Mule, now blessed be the day
 That I see you so goodly and so gay
 In your attires, and eke your filken hyde
 Fill'd with round flesh, that every bone doth hide ;
 Seems that in fruitful pastures ye do live,
 Or Fortune doth you secret favour give.
 Foolish Fox (said the Mule) thy wretched need
 Praise the thing that doth thy sorrow breed,
 For well I ween thou canst not but envy
 My wealth, compar'd to thine own misery,
 That art so lean and meagre waxen late,
 That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.
 Ay me ! (said then the Fox) whom evil hap
 Unworthy in such wretchedness doth wrap,
 And makes the scorn of other beasts to be : [ye ?
 But read (fair Sir ! of grace) from whence come
 Or what of tydings you abroad do hear ?
 News may perhaps some good unweeting bear.
 From royal court I lately came (said he)
 Where all the bravery that eye may see,
 And all the happiness that heart desire,
 Is to be found : he nothing can admire
 That hath not seen that heaven's pourtraicture ;
 But tydings there is none, I you assure,
 Save that which common is, and known to all,
 That courtiers, as the tide, do rise and fall.
 But tell us (said the Ape) we do you pray,
 Who now in court doth bear the greatest sway ?
 That if such fortune do to us befall,
 We may seek favour of the best of all.
 Marry (said he) the highest now in grace
 Be the wild beasts that swiftest are in chace,
 For in their speedy course and nimble flight
 The lion now doth take the most delight,
 But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
 Enchaste with chain and circulet of gold ;
 So wild a beast so tame ytaught to be,
 And buxom to his bands, is joy to see ;
 So well his golden circlet him becometh,
 But his late chain his liege unmeet esteemeth,
 For so brave beasts he loveth best to see
 In the wild forest raunging fresh and free :
 Therefore, if fortune thee in court to live,
 In case thou ever there will hope to thrive,
 To some of these thou must thyself apply,
 Else as a chistle-down in th' air doth fly,

So vainly shalt thou to and fro be toft,
And loſe thy labour and thy fruitleſs coſt :
And yet full few that follow them I ſee
For vertue's bare regard advanched be,
But either for ſome gainful benefit,
Or that they may for their own turns be fit ;
Natheleſs, perhaps, ye things may handle ſo,
That ye may better thrive than thouſands moe.

But (ſaid the Ape) how ſhall we firſt come in,
That after we may favour ſeek to win ?

How elſe (ſaid he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a ſtately pace,
That men may think of you in general,
That to be in you which is not at all ;
For not by that which is the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that ſame that ſeemeth :
Ne do I doubt but that I well can fashion
Yourſelves thereto according to occaſion :
So fare ye well, good courtiers may ye be ;
So proudly neighing, from them parted he.

Then 'gan this crafty couple to devize
How for the court themſelves they might aguize,
For thither they themſelves meant to addreſs,
In hope to find their happier ſucceſs :
So well they ſhifted, that the Ape anon
Himſelf had clothed like a gentleman,
And the fly Fox, as like to be his groome,
That to the court in ſpeedy fort they came ;
Where the fond Ape himſelf uprearing high
Upon his tiptoes, ſtalketh ſtately by,
As if he were ſome great Magnifico,
And boldly doth amongſt the boldeſt go ;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfeſaunce,
Supports his credit and his countenance.
Then 'gan the courtiers gaze on every ſide,
And ſtare on him with big looks baſen wide,
Wondering what miſter wight he was, and whence,
For he was clad in ſtrange accouſtrements,
Fashion'd with quient deviſes, never ſeen
In court before, yet there all fashions been ;
Yet he them in newfangeleneſs did paſs :
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla turcheſca, much the more admir'd,
And his looks loſtie, as if he aſpir'd
To dignity, and 'ſdeign'd the low degree,
That all which did ſuch ſtrangeneneſs in him ſee,
By ſecret means 'gan of his ſtate enquire,
And privily his ſervant thereto hire,
Who, throughly arm'd againſt ſuch coverture,
Reported unto all that he was ſure
A noble gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel
far'd,

And ſeen the manners of all beaſts on ground,
Now here arriv'd, to ſee if like he found.

Thus did the Ape at firſt him credit gain,
Which afterwards he wiſely did maintain
With gallant ſhow, and daily more augment
Through his fine feats and courtly complement ;
For he could play, and dance, and vaute, and
ſpring,

And all that elſe pertains to revelling,
Only through kindly aptneſs of his joints ;
Beſides, he could do many other points,

The which in court him ſerved to good ſteed ;
For he 'mongſt ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands' and merry leaſings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well ;
But he ſo light was at leger-demain,
That what he touch'd came not to light again :
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly look,
And tell them that they greatly him miſtook :
So would he ſcoff them out with mockery,
For he therein had great felicity,
And with ſharp quips joy'd others to deſace,
Thinking that their diſgracing did him grace ;
So whiſt that other like vain wits he pleaſed,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eaſed :
But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,
To hear the javel ſo good men to nip ;
For though the vulgar yield an open ear,
And common courtiers love to gybe and ſwear
At every thing which they hear ſpoken ill,
And the beſt ſpeeches with ill meaning ſpill,
Yet the brave courtier, in whoſe beauteous
thought

Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath ſuch baſe condition, to backbite
Any's good name for envy or deſpite ;
He ſtands on terms of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of court's inconstant mutability,
Ne after every tatling fable fly,
But hears and ſees the follies of the reſt,
And thereof gathers for himſelf the beſt ;
He will not creep, nor crouch with fained face,
But walks upright with comely ſtedfaſt pace,
And unto all doth yield due courteſie,
But not with kiſſed hand below the knee,
As that ſame apiſh crue is wont to do,
For he diſdains himſelf t' embaſe there-to :
He hates full leaſings and vile flattery,
To filthy blots in noble gentry ;
And loathful idleneſs he doth deteſt,
The canker-worm of every gentle breſt ;
The which to baniſh with fair exerciſe
Of knightly feats he daily doth deviſe ;
Now managing the mouths of ſtubborn ſteeds,
Now practiſing the proof of warlike deeds ;
Now his bright arms aſſaying, now his ſpear,
Now the nigh-aimed ring away to bear ;
At other times he caſts to ſue the chace
Of ſwift wild beaſts, or run on foot a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in arms moſt
needful)

Or elſe by wreſtling to wex ſtrong and heedful ;
Or his ſtiff arms to ſtretch with eughen bow,
And many legs ſtill paſſing to and fro,
Without a gown'd beaſt him faſt beſide,
A vain enſample of the Perſian pride,
Who after he had won th' Aſſyrian foe,
Did ever after ſcorn on foot to go.
Thus when this courtly gentleman with toil
Himſelf hath wearied, he doth recoil
Unto his reſt, and there with ſweet delight
Of muſick's ſkill revives his toiled ſpright,
Or elſe with loves and ladies gentle ſports,
The joy of youth, himſelf he recomforts ;

Or, lastly, when the body list to pause,
His mind unto the Muses he withdraws;
Sweet Lady Muses! ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light,
With whom he close confers with wise dis-
course

Of Nature's works, of heaven's continual course,
Of foreign lands, of people different,
Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
Of dreadful battails of renowned knights,
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The only up-shot whereto he doth aim;
For all his mind on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposes,
And in his prince's service spends his days,
Not so much for to gain, or for to raise
Himself to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to win worthy place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meet to gain him praise;
For he is fit to use in all assays,
Whether for arms and warlike amenance,
Or else for wise and civil governance;
For he is practiz'd well in policy,
And thereto doth his courting most apply;
To learn the enterdeale of princes strange,
To mark th' intent of counsels, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men some while,
Supplanted by fine falsehood and fair guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerful wit,
Which, through wise speeches and grave confer-
ence

He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.

Such is the rightful courtier in his kind;
But unto such the Ape lent not his mind;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would defery his leud conditions;
But the young lusty gallants he did chose
To follow, meet to whom he might disclose
His witless pleasance and ill-pleasing vein.
A thousand ways he them could entertain,
With all the thriftless games that may be found,
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfit,
With shuttlecocks, mis-seeming manly wit,
With courtizans and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize:
Ne them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorn
A pandar's coat; (so basely was he born)
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But, ah! for shame,
Let not sweet poets praise, whose only pride
Is vertue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of losels' wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetry be named:
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such as he depended most upon,
And with the sugry sweet thereof allure
Chaste ladies' ears to fantasies impure.

To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vain humours fed
With fruitless follies and unsound delights;
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honour or brave thought of arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked charms
And strong conceits he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there half a day;
And when so love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wit, and kindle wise desire,
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would scoff at learning, and eke scorn
The sectaries thereof, as people base,
And simple men, which never came in place
Of world's affairs, but, in dark corners mew'd,
Mutter'd of matters as their books them shew'd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd speech
Against God's holy ministers oft reach,
And mock divines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression
But mock high God himself, whom they pro-
fess?

But what car'd he for God or godliness?
All his care was himself how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning means he could devise;
Were it by honest ways or otherwise,
He made small choice; yet sure his honesty
Got him small gains, but shameless flattery,
And filthy brocade, and unseemly shifts,
And borrow base, and some good ladies gifts;
But the best help which chiefly him sustain'd,
Was his man Reynold's purchase which he
gain'd;

For he was school'd by kind in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practice ill
Of coosinage and cleanly knavery,
Which oft maintain'd his master's bravery.
Besides, he us'd another slippery sleight,
In taking on himself in common sight
False personages, fit for every fied,
With which he thousands cleanly coosined;
Now like a merchant, merchants to deceive,
With whom his credit he did often leave
In gage for his gay master's hopeless det;
Now like a lawyer, when he land would let,
Or sell fee-simples in his master's name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same;
Then would he be a broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win;
Then would he seem a farmer, that would sell
Bargains of woods which he did lately sell,
Or corn, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to coosin men not well aware;
Of all the which there came a secret fee
To th' Ape, that he his countenance might be.
Besides all this he us'd oft to beguile
Poor suters that in court did haunt some while;
For he would learn their business secretly,
And then inform his master hastily,
That he by means might cast them to prevent,
And beg the sute the which the other ment:

Or otherwise, false Reynold would abuse
The simple suiter, and wish him to chuse
His master, being one of great regard
In court, to compass any fate not hard,
In case his pains were recompenc'd with reason;
So would he work the silly man by treason
To buy his master's frivolous good-will,
That had not power to do him good or ill.

So pitiful a thing is suters' state!
Most miserable man! whom wicked Fate
Hath brought to court to sue for had-ywift,
That few have found, and many one have mist;
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy princes grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to runne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone,
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend.

Whoever leaves sweet home, where mean estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment meek,
And will to court for shadows vain to seek,
Or hope to gain, himself a daw will try;
That curse God send unto mine enemy:
For none but such as this bold Ape unblest
Can ever thrive in that unlucky quest,
Or such as have a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his master furnish can.

But yet this Fox could not so closely hide
His crafty feats, but that they were descryde
At length, by such as fate in Justice' seat,
Who for the same him foully did entreat,
And having worthily him punished,
Out of the court for ever banished.
And now the Ape wanting his huckster-man,
That wont provide his necessaries, 'gan
To grow into great lack, ne could up-hold
His countenance in those his garments old;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all men him uncased 'gan deride,
Like as a puppet placed in a play,
Whose part once past, all men bid take away,
So that he driven was to great distress,
And shortly brought to hopeless wretchedness,
Then closely as he might he cast to leave
The court, not asking any pass or leave.
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne never staid in place, ne spake to wight,
Till that the Fox his coveymate he had found,
To whom complaining his unhappy stound,
At last again with him in travel join'd,
And with him far'd, some better chance to find;
So in the world long time they wandered,
And nuckle want and hardnes suffered,
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so far to seek for misery,

And leave the sweetness of contented home,
Though eating hips, and drinking watry some.

Thus as they them complained to and fro,
Whil'st through the forest reckless they did go,
Lo, where they spide how in a gloomy glade
The lion sleeping lay in secret shade,
His crown and sceptre lying him beside,
And having doft for heat his dreadful hide;
Which when they saw, the Ape was sore afraid,
And would have fled, with terror all dismay'd;
But him the fox with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away,
For now was time (if ever they would hope)
To aim their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for ever highly to advance,
In case the good which their own happy chaunce
Them freely offered they would wisely take.

Scarce could the Ape yet speak, so did he
quake,
Yet as he could he askt how good might grow
Where nought but dread and death did seem in
show?

Now (said he) whiles the lion sleepeth found,
May we his crown and mace take from the
ground,

And eke his skin, the terror of the wood,
Where-with we may ourselves (if we think good)
Make kings of beasts and lords of forests all,
Subject unto that power imperial.
Ah! but (said the Ape) who is so bold a wretch
That dare his hardy hand to those out-stretch,
When as he knows his meed, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?

Fond Ape (said then the Fox) unto whose
breast

Never crept thought of honour nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a king to be,
And rather rule and reign in sovereign fee,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One joyous hour in blisful happiness
I chuse before a life of wretchedness:
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile hearted cowardice,
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may colour it with some pretext
Of this or that, that may excuse the crime;
Else we may fly; thou to a tree mayst clime,
And I creep under ground, both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to do as I do teach.

The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and
quake,
Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glory and rash covetise;
But first 'gan question whether should assay
Those royal ornaments to steal away.

Marry that shall yourself, (quoth he thereto)
For ye be fine and nimble it to do;
Of all the beasts which in the forests be,
Is not a fitter for this turn than ye;
Therefore, mine own dear Brother! take good
hart,
And ever think a kingdom is your part.

Loth was the Ape (though praised) to adventure,
 Yet faintly 'gan his work to enter,
 Afraid of every leaf that stirr'd him by,
 And every stick that underneath did lie :
 Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
 For making noise, and still his ear he lent
 To every sound that under heaven blew ;
 Now went, now slept, now crept, now backward drew,
 That it good sport had been him to have ey'd :
 Yet at the last (so well he him apply'd)
 Through his fine handling and his cleanly play,
 He all those royal signs had stoln away,
 And with the Fox's help them born aside
 Into a secret corner unespide ;
 Whether whenas they came, they fell at words,
 Whether of them should be the lord of lords ?
 For th' Ape was strifeful and ambitious,
 And the Fox guileful, and most covetous,
 That neither pleased was to have the rein
 Twixt them divided into even twain,
 But either (algaes) would be lords alone ;
 For love and lordship bide no paragone.

I am most worthy (said the Ape) sith I
 For it did put my life in jeopardy ;
 Thereto I am in person and in stature
 Most like a man, the lord of every creature,
 So that it seemeth I was made to reign,
 And born to be a kingly soveraign.

Nay, (said the Fox) Sir Ape, you are astray ;
 For though to steal the diadem away
 Were the work of your nimble hand, yet I
 Did first devise the plot by policy,
 So that it wholly springeth from my wit,
 For which also I claim myself more fit
 Than you to rule ; for government of state
 Will without wisdom soon be ruinate ;
 And where ye claim your self for outward shape

Most like a man, man is not like an Ape
 In his chief parts, that is, in wit and spirit,
 But I therein most like to him do merit,
 For my sly wyles and subtil craftinefs,
 The title of the kingdom to possess.
 Nath'less (my Brother) since we parted are
 Unto this point, we will appease our jar,
 And I with reason meet will rest content,
 That ye shall have both crown and government,
 Upon condition that ye ruled be
 In all affairs, and counselled by me,
 And that ye let none other ever draw
 Your mind from me, but keep this as a law,
 And hereupon an oath unto me plight.

The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
 And there-to swore ; for who would not oft
 swear,
 And oft unswear, a diadem to bear ?
 Then freely up those royal spoils he took,
 Yet at the lion's skin he inly quook,
 But it dissembled, and upon his head
 The crown, and on his back the skin, he did,
 And the false fox he helped to array :
 Then when he was all dight, he took his way

Into the forest, that he might be seen
 Of the wild beasts in his new glory sheen.
 There the two first whom he encountred were
 The sheep, and th' as, who, stricken both with
 fear

At sight of him, 'gan fast away to fly ;
 But unto them the Fox aloud did cry,
 And in the king's name bade them both to stay,
 Upon the pain that thereof follow may.
 Hardly nath'less were they restrained so,
 Till that the Fox forth toward them did go,
 And there dissuaded them from needless fear,
 For that the king did favour to them bear,
 And therefore dreadless bade them come to
 court,

For no wild beasts should do them any torte
 There or abroad, ne would his majesty
 Use them but well, with gracious clemency,
 As whom he knew to him both fast and true ;
 So he persuaded them with homage due
 Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
 Who gently to them bowing in his gate,
 Received them with chearful entertain.

Thence, forth proceeding with his princely
 train,

He shortly met the tyger and the boar,
 Which with the simple camel raged fore
 In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
 Upon his fleshy corps to make invasion ;
 But soon as they this mock-king did espy,
 Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
 Thinking indeed that it the lion was.

He then, to prove whether his power would
 pass

As current, sent the Fox to them straightway,
 Commanding them their cause of strife bewray,
 And if that wrong on either side there were,
 That he should warn the wronger to appear
 The morrow next at court it to defend,
 In the mean time upon the king t' attend.

The subtle Fox so well his message said,
 That the proud beasts him readily obeyd ;
 Whereby the Ape, in wondrous stomach wox,
 Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Fox,
 That king indeed himself he shortly thought,
 And all the beasts him feared as they ought,
 And followed unto his palace hie,
 Where taking congee, each one by and by
 Departed to his home in dreadful awe,
 Full of the feared sight which late they saw.

The Ape thus seized of the regal throne,
 Eftsoons, by counsel of the Fox alone,
 'Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
 That so his rule might longer have endurance.
 First to his gate he pointed a strong guard,
 That none might enter but with issue hard ;
 Then for the safeguard of his personage,
 He did appoint a warlike equipage
 Of forraign beasts, not in the forrest bred,
 But part by land and part by water fed ;
 For tyranny is with strange aid supported.
 Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted,
 Bred of two kinds, as griffins, minotaures,
 Crocodiles, dragons, beavers, and centaures :

With those himself he strengthened mightily,
 That fear he need no force of enemy :
 Then 'gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
 Like as the Fox did guide his graceless skill,
 And all wild beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
 And with their spoiles enlarg'd his private treasures,
 No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
 No temperance, nor no regard of season,
 Did thenceforth ever enter in his mind ;
 But cruelty, the sign of curish kind,
 And 'sdainful pride and wilful arrogance ;
 Such follows those whom Fortune doth advance :
 But the false Fox most kindly plaid his part,
 For whatsoever mother-wit or art
 Could work, he put in proof ; no practise fly,
 No counterpoint of cunning policy,
 No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
 But he the same did to his purpose wring.
 Nought suffred he the Ape to give or graunt,
 But through his hand alone must pass the flaunt.
 All offices, all leases, by him leapt,
 And of them all what-so he lik'd he kept.
 Justice he sold, injustice for to buy,
 And for to purchase for his progeny.
 Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was ;
 But so he got it little did he pass.
 He fed his cubs with fat of all the soil,
 And with the sweet of others' sweating toil ;
 He crammed them with crums and benefices,
 And fill'd their mouths with meeds of malefices ;
 He cloathed them with all colours, save white,
 And loaded them with lordships and with might,
 So much as they were able well to bear,
 That with the weight their backs nigh broken
 were ;
 He chaffred chairs in which churchmen were set,
 And breach of laws to privy farm did let.
 No statute so established might be,
 Nor ordinance so needful, but that he
 Would violate, though not with violence,
 Yet under colour of the confidence
 The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
 And reckned him the kingdom's corner-stone :
 And ever when he ought would bring to pass,
 His long experience the platform was ;
 And when he ought not pleasing would put by,
 The cloke was care of thrift and husbandry,
 For to encrease the common treasure's store ;
 But his own treasure he encreased more,
 And lifted up his lofty towres thereby,
 That they began to threat the neighbour sky.
 The whiles the prince's palaces fell fast
 To ruin ; (for what thing can ever last ?)
 And whilst the other peers for poverty
 Were forc't their ancient houses to let lie,
 And their old castles to the ground to fall,
 Which their forefathers, famous over all,
 Had founded for the kingdom's ornament,
 And for their memories' long monument.
 But he no count made of nobility,
 Nor the wild beasts whom arms did glorify,
 The realm's chief strength, and girland of the
 crown ;
 All these, through fained crimes, he thrust adown,

Or made them dwell in darkness of disgrace,
 For none but whom he list might come in place.
 Of men of arms he had but small regard,
 But kept them low, and streightned very hard ;
 For men of learning little he esteemed ;
 His wisdom he above their learning deemed.
 As for the rascal commons, least he cared,
 For not so common was his bounty shared ;
 Let God, (said he) if please, care for the many,
 I for myself must care before else any.
 So did he good to none, to many ill,
 So did he all the kingdom rob and pill,
 Yet none durst speak, nor none durst of him
 plain,
 So great he was in grace, and rich through gain :
 Ne would he any let to have access
 Unto the prince but by his own address :
 For all that else did come were sure to fail ;
 Yet would he further none but for avail :
 For on a time the sheep, to whom of yore
 The Fox had promised of friendship store,
 What time the Ape the kingdom first did gain,
 Came to the court, her case there to complain,
 How that the wolf, her mortal enemy,
 Had since slain her lamb most cruelly,
 And therefore crav'd to come unto the king,
 To let him know the order of the thing.
 Soft, Goody Sheep, (then said the Fox) not so ;
 Unto the king so rash ye may not go ;
 He is with greater matter busied
 Than a lamb, or the lamb's own mother's hed ;
 Ne certes may I take it well in part
 That ye my cousin wolf so foully thwart,
 And seek with slander his good name to blot ;
 For there was cause, else do it he would not :
 Therefore surcease, good Dame, and hence depart :
 So went the sheep away with heavy heart ;
 So many moe, so every one was used,
 That to give largely to the box refused.
 Now when high Jove, in whose almighty hand
 The care of kings and power of empires stand,
 Sitting one day within his turret hie,
 From whence he views with his black-lidded eye,
 What-so the heaven in his wide vault contains,
 And all that in the deepest earth remains,
 And troubled kingdom of wild beasts beheld,
 Whom not their kindly sovereign did weld,
 But an usurping Ape with guile suborn'd,
 Had all subvert, he sdeignfully it scorn'd
 In his great heart, and hardly did refrain,
 But that with thunderbolts he had him slain,
 And driven down to hell, his duest meed ;
 But him avising, he that dreadful deed
 Forbore, and rather chose with scornful shame
 Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name
 Unto the world, that never after any
 Should of his race be void of infamy ;
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
 To damn to death, or dole perpetual,
 From whence he never should be quit nor stall'd.
 Forth-with he Mercury unto him call'd,
 And bade him fly with never-resting speed
 Unto the forrest, where wild beasts do breed,
 And there enquiring privily, to learn

What did of late chance to the lion stearn,
 That he rul'd not the empire as he ought?
 And whence were all those plaints unto him
 brought,
 Of wrongs and spoils by salvage beasts committed?
 Which done, he bade the lion be remitted
 Into his seat, and those same treachours vile
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
 The son of Maia, soon as he receiv'd
 That word, straight with his azure wings he
 cleav'd
 The liquid clouds and lucid firmament,
 Ne staid till that he came with steep descent
 Unto the place where his prescript did show;
 There stouping, like an arrow from a bow,
 He soft arrived on the grassie plain,
 And fairly paced forth with easy pain,
 Till that unto the palace nigh he came;
 Then 'gan he to himself new shape to frame,
 And that fair face, and that ambrosial hue,
 Which wons to deck the gods' immortal crew,
 And beautifie the shinie firmament,
 He doft, unfit for that rude rablement.
 So standing by the gates in strange disguise,
 He 'gan inquire of some, in secret wize,
 Both of the king and of his government,
 And of the Fox, and his false blandishment;
 And evermore he heard each one complain
 Of foul abuses both in realm and raig;
 Which yet to prove more true, he meant to see,
 And an eye-witness of each thing to be:
 Tho' on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
 Which maketh him invisable to fight,
 And mocketh the eyes of all the lookers on,
 Making them think it but a vision.
 Through power of that he runs through enemies
 fwerds; [herds
 Through power of that he passeth through the
 Of ravenous wild beasts, and doth beguile
 Their greedy mouths of the expected spoil;
 Through power of that his cunning thieveries
 He wons to work, that none the same espies;
 And through the power of that he putteth on
 What shape he list in apparition.
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand
 He took Cadduceus, his snaky wand,
 With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
 And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth;
 With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
 And fear the hearts of all his enemies;
 And when him list, an universal night
 Throughout the world he makes on every wight,
 As when his fire with Alcumena lay.
 Thus dight, into the court he took his way,
 Both through the gard, which never him descride,
 And through the watchmen, who him never spide:
 Thence forth he past into each secret part,
 Whereas he saw (that sorely griev'd his hart)
 Each place abounding with foul injuries,
 And fill'd with treasure rack'd with robberies;
 Each place defil'd with blood of guiltless beasts,
 Which had been slain to serve the Ape's behests:
 Gluttony, malice, pride, and covetize,
 And lawlessness raigning with riotize;

Besides the infinite extortions
 Done through the Fox's great oppressions,
 That the complaints thereof could not be told:
 Which when he did with loathful eyes behold,
 He would no more endure, but came his way,
 And cast to seek the lion where he may,
 That he might work th' avengement for his
 shame,
 On those two caitives which had bred him blame;
 And seeking all the forrest busily,
 At last he found where sleeping he did lie.
 The wicked weed, which there the Fox did lay,
 From underneath his head he took away,
 And then him waking, forced up to rise,
 The lion, looking up, 'gan him avize,
 As one late in a trance, what had of long
 Become of him, for fantasie is strong.
 Arise, (said Mercury) thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseless, like the corps deceast,
 The whilst thy kingdom from thy head is rent,
 And thy throne royal with dishonour blent;
 Arise, and do thyself redeem from shame,
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame.
 There-at enraged, soon he 'gan up-start,
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
 And rousing up himself, for his rough hide
 He 'gan to reach, but no where it espide:
 There-with he 'gan full terrible to roar,
 And chaust at that indignity right fore;
 But when his crown and scepter both he wanted,
 Lord how he fum'd, and swell'd, and rag'd and
 panted,
 And threatned death, and thousand deadly do-
 lours,
 To them that had purloin'd his princely honours!
 With that in haste, disrobed as he was,
 He towards his own palace forth did pass,
 And all the way he roared as he went,
 That all the forrest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadful din.
 At last he came unto his mansion,
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
 And many warders round about them stood:
 With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,
 That all the palace quaked at the stound,
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,
 And all within were dead and heartless left;
 And th' Ape himself, as one whose wits were
 rest,
 Fled here and there, and every corner sought,
 To hide himself feared thought:
 But the false Fox, when he the lion heard,
 Fled closely forth, straightway of death afear'd,
 And to the lion came full lowly creeping,
 With fained face, and warry eyn half weeping,
 T' excuse his former treason and abusion,
 And turning all unto the Ape's confusion:
 Nath'less th' royal beast forbore believing,
 But bade him stay at ease till further prieving.
 Then when he saw no entraunce to him graunted,
 Roaring yet louder, that all hearts it daunted,
 Upon those gates with force he fiercely flew,
 And rending them in pieces, felly flew

Those warders strange, and all that else he met,
But th' Ape still flying, he no where might get;
From room to room, from beam to beam he
fled,

All breathless, and for fear now almost ded:
Yet him at last the lion spide and caught,
And forth with shame unto his judgment brought.
Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled be,
To hear their doom, and sad ensample see.
The Fox, first author of that treachery,
He did uncase, and then away let fly;

But th' Ape's long tail (which then he had) he
quite

Cut off, and both ears parted of their behight;
Since which all apes but half their ears have left,
And of their tails are utterly bereft."

So Mother Hubbard her discourse did end,
Which pardon me if I amiss have pen'd;
For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it so bluntly told.

PROTHALAMION:

O R,

A SPOUSAL VERSE,

In honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and virtuous ladies, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Lady Catharine Somerset, daughters to the Right Honourable the Earl of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen, Henry Gilford, and William Peter, Esquires.

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did allay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair,
When I, whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' courts, and expectations vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain,
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames,
Whose rusky bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meeds adorn'd with dainty gems,
Fit to deck maidens' bowres,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side,
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,

With goodly greenish locks all loose untide,
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrail'd curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flask-
ket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalks on hie.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some; the violet, pallid blue,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroom's posies
Against the bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which does the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,

Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
For Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them
bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bad his billows spare
To wet their filken feathers, lest they might
Soyl their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light,
Against their bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

Estfoons the nymphs, which now had flowers
their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the crystal flood;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair,
Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver teem;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of summer's-heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly they
stream,
That they appear, through lillies' plentiful store,
Like a bride's chamber-floore.
Two of those nymphs, mean-while, two garlands
bound
Of freshest flowers which in that meed they
found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithall they crown'd,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against that bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

" Ye gentle Birds! the world's fair ornament,
" And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
" Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
" Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
" Of your love's complement;
" And let fair Venus, that is Queen of Love,
" With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,

" Whose smile, they say, hath Vertue to remove
" All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
" For ever to assail.
" Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
" And blessed plenty wait upon your bord;
" And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
" That fruitful issue may to you afford,
" Which may your foes confound,
" And make your joys redound
" Upon your bridal-day, which is not long;
" Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song."

So ended she, and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her under-song,
Which said their bridal-day should not be long,
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass along
Adown the Lee, that to them murmur'd low,
As he would speak, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run flow,
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twain, that did excell
The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they enrag'd well
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of antient fame:
There when they came, whereas those bricky
towres
The which on Thames' brode aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their
bowers,
There whilome went the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case;
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide
wonder,
Whose dreadful name late thro' all Spain did
thunder,
And Hercules' two Pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair branch of honour, flower of chevalry!
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name
That promiseth the same;

That through thy prowess and victorious arms
 Thy country may be freed from foreign harms,
 And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
 Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide
 alarms,
 Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following,
 Upon the bridal-day, which is not long;
 Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
 In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
 Descended to the river's open viewing,
 With a great train ensuing.

Above the rest were goodly to be seen
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
 Becoming well the bowre of any queen,
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the Twins of Jove they seem'd in fight,
 Which deck the bauldrick of the heaven's bright;
 They two forth passing to the river's-side,
 Receiv'd those two fair brides, their loves' de-
 light,
 Which at th' appointed tide
 Each one did make his bride
 Against their bridal-day, which is not long;
 Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned Sisters! which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
That ev'n the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishap to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck, did
raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenour turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment;
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside,
And having all your heads with girlands crown'd,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound,
Ne let the fame of any be envie:
So Orpheus did for his own bride;
So I unto my self alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

Early before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having disperst the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake, and with fresh lustihed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle-dove,
Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a
flake,
And many a batchelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim;
Bid her awake, therefore, and soon her dight,
For loe, the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the pains and sorrows past
Pay to her usury of long delight;
And whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near,
All with gay girlands goodly well beseen;
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fair love, of lillies and of roses,
Bound true-love wife with a blue silk riband;
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridal bowers;
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strew'd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the discoloured meed:
Which done, do at her chamber-door await,
For she will waken strait;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho
ring.

" Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excel)
And ye likewise, which keep the rushie lake,
Where none do fishes take,
Bind up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot Maids! which keep the door,
That on the hoary mountain use to towre,
And the wild wolves which seek them to devour,
Which your steel darts do chace from coming near,
Be also present here
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

Wake now, my Love! awake, for it is time;
The roſie Morn long ſince left Tithon's bed,
And ready to her ſilver coach to clime,
And Phœbus 'gins to ſhew his glorious head.
Hark! how the chearful birds do chaunt their
layes,

And carrol of Love's praiſe.

The merry lark her mattins ſings aloft,
The thruſh replies, the mevis deſcant plays,
The ouzel ſhrills, the ruddock warbles ſoft;
So goodly all agree, with ſweet conſent,
To this day's merriment.

Ah! my dear Love! why do ye ſleep thus
long,

When meeter were that ye ſhould now awake,
'T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learned ſong,
The dewie leaves among?

For they of joy and pleaſance to you ſing,
'That all the woods them answer, and their eccho
ring.

" My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like ſtars that dimmed were
With darkſome cloud, now ſhew their goodly
beams,
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye Damſels! daughters of Delight,
Help quickly her to dight;
But firſt come, ye fair Houres! which were
begot

In Jove's ſweet paradise of day and night,
Which do the ſeaſons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and ſtill repair:
And ye three Handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
'The which do ſtill adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifulleſt bride,
And as ye her array, ſtill throw between
Some graces to be ſeen;
And as ye uſe to Venus, to her ſing,
'The whiles the woods ſhall answer, and your eccho
ring.

" Now is my love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, freſh Boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare your ſelves, for he is coming ſtrait:
Set all your things in ſeemly good array,
Fit for ſo joyful day,
The joyfulſt day that ever ſun did ſee.
Fair ſun! ſhew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her ſun-ſhiny face,
Her beauty to diſgrace.
O faireſt Phœbus! father of the Muſe,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or ſing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy ſervant's ſimple boon reſuſe,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the reſt be thine:
Then I thy ſoveraign praiſes loud will ſing,
'That all the woods ſhall answer, and their eccho
ring.

" Hark! how the minſtrils 'gin to ſhrill aloud.
Their merry muſick that reſounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar:
But moſt of all the damzels do delite
When they their timbrels ſmite,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol ſweet,
That all the ſenſes they do raviſh quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the
ſtreet,
Crying aloud, with ſtrong confuſed noiſe,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, Iô Hymen! Hymen they do ſhout;
That even to the heavens their ſhouting ſhrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people ſtanding all about,
As in approvaunce, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud.
And even more they Hymen, Hymen ſing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho
ring.

" Loe, where ſhe comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the Eaſt,
Ariſing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that ſeems a virgin beſt:
So well it her beſeems, that ye would ween
Some angel ſhe had been:
Her long looſe yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and perling flowres a-
tween,
Do like a golden mantel her attire,
And being crowned with a girland green,
Seem like ſome maiden queen.
Her modeſt eyes, abaſhed to behold
So many gazers as on her do ſtare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are,
Ne dare liſt up her countenance too bold,
But bluſh to hear her praiſes ſung ſo loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathleſs do ye ſtill loud her praiſes ſing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

" Tell me, ye merchants' daughters! did ye ſee
So fair a creature in your town before,
So ſweet, ſo lovely, and ſo mild as ſhe,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and vertue's ſtore?
Her goodly eyes like ſaphires ſhining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the ſun hath
rudded
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her breaſt like to a bowl of cream uncruddled,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her ſnowy neck like to a marble towre,
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a ſtately ſtair
To Honour's ſeat, and Chſtity's ſweet bowre.
Why ſtand ye ſtill, ye virgins! in amaze,
Upon her ſo to gaze;
While ye forget your former lay to ſing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho
ring.

“ But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnish'd with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at the sight,
And stand astonish'd like to those which red
Medusa's mazelus head.
There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Vertue reigns as queen of royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho
ring.

“ Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view;
Of her, ye Virgius! learn obedience,
Whenso ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces,
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The choristers the joyous anthems sing, [ring.
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho

“ Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks!
And the pure snow, with goodly vermilion stain,
Like crimson dy'd in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare:
But her sad eyes, still fastned on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love! to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all your band?
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

“ Now all is done; bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory:

Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with blifs.
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day,
This day for ever to me holy is;
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full:
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withal:
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine,
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their eccho
ring.

“ Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day;
This day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may:
This day the sun is in its chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright;
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees:
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuse the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter were;
Yet never day so long but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells to make it wear away,
And bonafires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

“ Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend?
How slowly doth sad Time his feathers move?
Haste thee, O fairest Planet! to thy home,
Within the western foame;
Thy tyred steeds long since have need of rest.
Long tho it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening-star, with golden cress,
Appear out of the east.
Fair child of beauty, glorious lamp of love,
That all the host of heaven in ranks doost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
How chearfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho
ring.”

Now cease, ye Damsels! your delights forpast,
Enough it is that all the day was yours;
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bride into the bridal bowres;
Now night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;

Lay her in lillies and in violets,
 And filken curtains over her display,
 And odour'd sheets, and arras coverlets.
 Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
 In proud humility;
 Like unto Maia, whenas Jove her took
 In Tempe, lying on the flowrie grafs,
 'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
 With bathing in the Acidalian brook:
 Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
 And leave my love alone,
 And leave likewise your former lays to sing;
 The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho
 ring.

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,

That long days labour doth at last defray,
 And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
 Hast summ'd in one, and cancelled for aye:
 Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
 That no man may us see,
 And in thy fable mantle us enwrap,
 From fear of peril, and foul horror free;
 Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
 The safety of our joy,
 But let the night be calm and quiet some,
 Without tempestuous storms or sad affray,
 Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
 When he begot the great Tirynthian groom;
 Or like as when he with thy self did lie,
 And begot Majesty;
 And let the maids and young men cease to sing;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho
 ring.

Let no lamenting cries nor doleful tears
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
 Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt?
 Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
 Make sudden sad affrights;
 Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings, helpless harms,
 Ne let the punk, nor other evil sprights,
 Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
 Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see
 not,

Fray us with things that be not:
 Let not the skriech-owl nor the stork be heard,
 Nor the night-raven, that still deadly yells,
 Nor damned ghosts, call'd up with mighty spells,
 Nor grievous vultures, make us once affear'd:
 Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still croking
 Make us to wish their choking;
 Let none of these their drery accents sing,
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho
 ring.

But let still Silence true night-watches keep,
 That sacred Peace may in assurance reign,
 And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
 May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain;

The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
 Like divers-fethered doves,
 Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
 And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
 Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall
 spread,

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Conceal'd through covert night.
 Ye Sons of Venus! play your sports at will,
 For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toys,
 Think more upon her Paridise of joyes
 Then what you do, all be it good or ill.
 All night, therefore, attend your merry play
 For it will soon be day:
 Now none doth hinder you that say or sing,
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho
 ring.

Who is the same which at my window peeps?
 Or whose is that fair face which shines so bright?
 Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
 But walks about high heaven all the night?
 O! fairest Goddess! do thou not envy
 My love with me to spy;
 For thou likewise didst love, though now un-
 thought,

And for a fleece of wool, which privily
 The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
 His pleasures with thee wrought:
 Therefore to us be favourable now,
 And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly doost enlarge,
 Encline thy will t' effect our wishful vow,
 And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
 That may our comfort breed;
 Till which we cease our hopful hap to sing,
 Ne let the woods us answer, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
 The laws of wedlock still doost patronize,
 And the religion of the faith first plight,
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
 And eke for comfort often called art
 Of women in their smart,
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessing unto us impart.
 And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
 The bridale bowre and genial bed remain,
 Without blemish or stain,
 And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
 With secret aid doost succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night,
 And thou, fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen! free,
 Grant that it so may be.
 Till which we cease your further praise to sing,
 Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye, high Heavens! the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright
 Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
 In dreadful darkness lend desired light;
 And all ye Powers which in the same remain,
 More than we men can feign,

Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may rise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long
possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed saints for to increase the count :
So let us rest, sweet Love! in hope of this

And cease till then our timely joys to sing,
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho
ring.

SONG made in lieu of many ornaments
With which my love should duly have been deckt,
Which cutting off through hastily accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promis'd both to recompence,
But unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument,

P O E M 3

And: in: the: all: with: courage: heart:

To: when: his: mother: eldest: brother: said:
"What: counsel: and: what: game:
See: thou: thyself: shouldst: not: little: make:
If: thou: regard: the: same:
And: yet: thou: dost: still: neither: good: in: thy:
Nor: man: in: earth: to: tell:
But: when: thou: art: disposed: cruelly:
Then: sleep: thou: dost: make:
I: then: either: change: thy: country:
Or: give: like: leave: unto: the: fly:

Math: late: the: cruel: boy: not: so: content:
Would: needs: the: fly: pursue:
And: in: his: hand: with: heedless: hardiment:
I: him: caught: far: to: pursue:
But: when: on: it: his: hand: did: lay:
I: he: bee: him: stung: there: lay:
Now: out: alas: he: cry'd: and: we: away:
I: wounded: and: fell: lay:
The: fly: that: I: so: much: did: fear:
Hath: but: now: with: his: little: horn:

Unto: his: mother: straight: he: weeping: came:
And: of: his: great: complaint:
Who: could: not: chide: but: laugh: at: his: last: game:
Though: led: to: see: him: pain'd:
Think: now: (quoth: she) my: son: how: great: the:
Of: those: whom: thou: dost: wound:
Full: many: thou: hast: prick'd: to: the: heart:
That: pity: never: found:
I: therefore: henceforth: leave: my: care:
When: thou: dost: spoil: of: lovely: make:

In: youth: before: I: was: old:
The: blind: boy: Vesper: baby:
For: want: of: cunning: made: me: bold:
I: never: knew: to: keep: my: honey:
But: when: he: saw: me: honey: and: cry:
He: took: wing: and: away: did: fly:

As: I: was: hunting: on: a: day:
He: came: to: some: where: Cupid: lay:
His: quiver: by: his: head:
One: of: his: shafts: the: hole: away:
And: one: of: his: his: whole: away:
Into: the: other's: hand:
With: that: I: was: wounded: my: love's: heart:
But: I: did: kill: with: Cupid's: dart:

I: saw: in: forest: to: my: shame:
How: little: Cupid: humbly: came:
And: said: to: her: All: hail: my: Mother:
But: when: he: saw: me: laugh: for: shame:
His: face: with: blush: did: flame:
Not: knowing: I: was: from: the: other:
I: had: next: day: Cupid: slain:
For: many: have: err'd: in: the: same:

Now: a: day: as: I: was: lay: sweetly: sleeping:
All: in: his: mother's: lap:
A: gentle: boy: with: his: good: trumpet: making:
I: saw:
About: him: flew: by: day:
When: he: was: waken'd: with: the: noise:
And: saw: the: bee: so: small:
What: this: (quoth: he) that: gives: so: weak: a:
I: was:
That: was: the: man: which: I:

P O E M S.

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blinded boy, Venus' baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hive to grope for honey;
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He took wing, and away did fly,

As Diana hunted on a day,
She chanc'd to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head;
One of his Shafts she stole away,
And one of her's did close convey
Into the other's stead:
With that Love wounded my love's heart,
But Diane beafts with Cupid's dart.

I saw in secret to my dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her, All hail, my Mother;
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashful blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
Then next blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mother's lap,
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmur-
ing,
About him flew by hap;
Whereof when he was wakened with the noise,
And saw the beast so small,
What's this (quoth he) that gives so weak a
voice,
That weakens men withall?

In angry wise he flies about,
And threatens all with courage stout:

To whom his mother closely, smiling, said,
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game,
See, thou thyself likewise art little made,
If thou regard the same;
And yet thou sufferest neither gods in sky,
Nor men in earth to rest,
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
Their sleep thou dost molest:
Then either change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly.

Nath'less the cruel boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue,
And in his hand with heedless hardiment
Him caught for to subdue;
But when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The bee him stung therefore;
Now out, alas! he cride, and welc-away!
I wounded am full sore;
The fly, that I so much did scorn,
Hath hurt me with his little horn.

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his grief complain'd,
Who could not chuse but laugh at his foul game,
Though sad to see him pain'd. [smart
Think now (quoth she) my son, how great the
Of those whom thou dost wound;
Full many thou hast pricked to the heart,
That pity never found;
Therefore henceforth some pity take,
When thou dost spoil of lovers make.

She took him straight full piteously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock :
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock :
She drest his wound, and it embalmed well
With salve of soveraign might,
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of dear Delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus' bliss?

The wanton boy was shortly well recur'd
Of that his malady ;
But he soon after, fresh again enur'd
His former cruelty ;
And since that time he wounded hath my self
With his sharp dart of love,
And now forgets the cruel careless elf
His mother's heast to prove :
So now I languish till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

AMORETTI: OR, SONNETS.

SONNET. I.

HAPPY, ye Leaves! whenas those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in Love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy Lines! on which with starry light
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying spright,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book.
And happy Rimes! bath'd in the sacred brook
Of Helicon, whence she derived is,
When ye behold that angel's blessed look,
My foul's long-lacked food, my heaven's blifs,
Leaves, Lines, and Rimes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

UNQUIET thought, whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love pined-heart,
And thence have with sighs and sorrow fed,
Till greater than my womb thou woxen art,
Break forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest like to vipers' brood,
And seek some succour, both to ease my smart,
And also to sustain thy self with food:
But if in presence of that fairest proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet,
And with meek humblefs and afflicted mood
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, entreat;
Which if she grant, then live, and my love cherish;
If not, die soon, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THE sovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witness the world how worthy to be prais'd,
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
In my frail spirit, by her from baseness rais'd,
That being now with her huge brightness daz'd,
Base thing I can no more endure to view,
But looking still on her, I stand amaz'd

At wondrous sight of so celestial hue.
So when my tongue would speak her praises due,
It stopped is with thought's astonishment,
And when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravish'd is with fancy's wonderment;
Yet in my heart I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

New year forth looking out of Janus' gate,
Doth seem to promise hope of new delight,
And bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.
And calling forth out of sad Winter's night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerless bower,
Wills him awake, and soon about him dight
His wanton wings, and darts of deadly power:
For lusty Spring, now in his timely howre,
Is ready to come forth, him to receive,
And warns the Earth, with divers-colour'd flowre,
To deck herself, and her fair mantle weave;
Then you, fair Flowre! in whom fresh youth doth
reign,
Prepare your self new love to entertain.

SONNET V.

RUDELY thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing in which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envie;
For in those lofty locks is close implide
Scorn of base things and 'sdeign of foul dishonour,
Threatning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portlines is honour,
That boldness innocence bears in her eyes,
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some sparke of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought dismay'd that her unmoved mind
 Doth still persist in her rebellious pride;
 Such love not like to lusts of baser kind,
 The harder won, the firmer will abide.
 The dureful oak, whose sap is not yet dride,
 Is long e'er it conceive the kindling fire,
 But when it once doth burn, it doth divide
 Great heat, and make his flames to heaven aspire:
 So hard it is to kindle new desire
 In gentle breast that shall endure for ever;
 Deep is the wound that dints the parts entire
 With chaste effects that nought but death can
 sever.
 Then think not long in taking little pain
 To knit the knot that ever shall remain.

SONNET VII.

FAIR eyes, the mirrour of my mazed heart,
 What wondrous vertue is contain'd in you,
 The which both life and death forth from you
 dart
 Into the object of your mighty view?
 For when ye mildly look with lovely hue,
 Then is my soul with life and love inspir'd;
 But when ye lowre, or look on me askew,
 Then do I die, as one with lightning fir'd.
 But since that life is more than death desir'd,
 Look ever lovely, as becomes you best;
 That your bright beams of my weak eyes admir'd,
 May kindle living fire within my breast.
 Such life should be the honour of your light,
 Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MORE than most fair, full of the living fire
 Kindled above, unto the Maker near;
 No eyes but joys, in which all powers conspire,
 That to the world nought else be counted dear:
 Through your bright beams doth not the blinded
 guest
 Shoot out his darts to base affection's wound?
 But angels come to lead frail minds to rest
 In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
 You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
 You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
 You calm the storm that passion did begin,
 Strong through your cause, but by your vertue
 weak.
 Dark is the world where your light shined never;
 Well is he born that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

LONG-WHILE? I fought to what I might compare
 Those powerful eyes which lighten my dark
 spright,
 Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare

Resemble th' image of the goodly light.
 Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
 Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;
 Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
 Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
 Nor to the lightning, for they still persevere;
 Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
 Nor unto chrystal, for nought may them sever;
 Nor unto glaſs, such baseness mought offend her:
 Then to the Maker self they likeſt be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.

UNRIGHTEOUS lord of Love! what law is this,
 That me thou makeſt thus tormented be,
 The whiles ſhe lordeth in licentious bliſs
 Of her free-will ſcorniſg both thee and me?
 See how the tyranness doth joy to ſee
 The huge massacres which her eyes do make,
 And humbled hearts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them mayſt mighty vengeance
 take.
 But her proud heart do thou a little ſhake,
 And that high look, with which ſhe doth control
 All this world's pride, bow to a baſer make,
 And all her faults in thy black book enrol,
 That I may laugh at her in equal ſort
 As ſhe doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her
 ſport.

SONNET XI.

DAILY when I do ſeek and ſue for peace,
 And hoſtages do offer for my truth,
 She, cruel warrior, doth her ſelf addreſs
 To battel, and the weary war renew'th;
 Ne will be mov'd with reaſon or with ruth
 To grant ſmall reſpit to my reſtleſs toil,
 But greedily her fell intent perſu'th,
 Of my poor life, to make unpitied ſpoil.
 Yet my poor life, all ſorrows to aſſoil,
 I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie,
 But then ſhe ſeeks, with torment and turmoil,
 To force me live, and will not let me die.
 All pain hath end, and every war hath peace;
 But mine no price nor prayer may ſurceaſe.

SONNET XII.

ONE day I fought with heart-thrilling eyes
 To make a truce, and terms to entertain,
 All fearleſs then of ſo falſe enemies,
 Which fought me to entrap in treaſon's train:
 So as I then diſarmed did remain,
 A wicked ambuſh, which lay hidden long
 In the cloſe covert of her guileful eyen,
 Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
 Too feeble I t' abide the brunt ſo ſtrong,
 Was forc'd to yield my ſelf into their hands,

Who me captiving, straight with rigorous wrong
Have ever since kept me in cruel bands :
So, Lady, now to you I do complain
Against your eyes, that justice I may gain.

SONNET XIII.

In that proud port which her so goodly graceth,
Whiles her fair face she rears up to the sky,
And to the ground her eye-lids low embraceth,
Most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Mild humbles, mixt with awful majesty ;
For looking on the earth, whence she was born,
Her mind remembreth her mortality ;
What-so is fairest shall to earth return.
But that same lofty countenance seems to scorn
Base thing, and think how she to heaven may clime,
Treading down earth as loathsome and forlorn,
'That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime ;
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to look on me,
Such lowliness shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

RETURN again, my forces, late dismay'd,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite ;
Great shame it is to leave, like one afraid,
So fair a piece for one repulse so light,
'Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
'Than those small forces ye were wont belay ;
Such haughty minds, enur'd to hardy fight,
Disdain to yield unto the first assay.
Bring, therefore, all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart ;
Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
'Those engins can the proudest love convert ;
And if those fail, fall down and die before her,
So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradeful Merchants ! that with weary toil
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treasure spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain ?
For, lo ! my love doth in her self contain
All this world's riches that may far be found ;
If saphyrs, lo ! her eyes be saphyrs plain ;
If rubies, lo ! her lips be rubies found ;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round ;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween ;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground ;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen :
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind, adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light,

The whiles my stonish'd heart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her look's delight,
I mote perceive how in her glancing sight
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrows fiery bright
At every rash beholder passing by :
One of those archers closely I did spy
Aiming his arrow at my very heart,
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The damsel broke his misintended dart :
Had she not so done sure I had been slain,
Yet as it was I hardly escap'd with pain.

SONNET XVII.

THE glorious pourtraict of that angel's face,
Made to amaze weak mens confused skill,
And this world's worthless glory to embrace,
What pen, what pensil, can express her fill ?
For though he colours could devise at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Lest trembling it his workmanship should spill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beside :
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide,
The charming smiles that rob sense from the
heart ;
The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
Cannot expressed be by any art :
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need,
That can express the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THE rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear ;
And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear :
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear,
And long intreaty, soften her hard heart,
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart :
But when I plead, she bids me play my part ;
And when I weep, she says tears are but water ;
And when I sigh, she says I know the art ;
And when I wail, she turns her self to laughter :
So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
Whiles she as steel and flint doth still remain.

SONNET XIX.

THE merry cuckow, messenger of spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already founded,
That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned ;
With noise whereof the quire of birds resounded
Their anthems sweet, devized of love's praise,
That all the woods their ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their lays :
But 'mongst them all, which did Dove's honour
raise,
No word was heard of her that most it ought,

But she his precept proudly disobey,
And doth his idle message set at nought;
Therefore, O Love! unless she turn to thee
E'er cuckow end, let her a rebel be.

SONNET XX.

IN vain I seek and sue to her for grace,
And do mine humble heart before her pour,
The whiles her foot she in my neck doth place,
And tread my life down in the lowly flour:
And yet the lion, that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdaineth to devour
The silly lamb that to his might doth yield:
But she, more cruel and more salvage wild
Than either lion or the lioness,
Shames not to be with guiltless blood defil'd,
But taketh glory in her cruelty.
Fairer than fairest, let none ever say
That ye were blooded in a yielded prey.

SONNET XXI.

WAS it the work of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the features of her face,
That pride and meekness, mixt by equal part,
Do both appear t' adorn her beauty's grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride dis-
place.
She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure,
And with stern count'nance back again doth
chace
Their looser looks, that stir up lusts impure.
With such strange trains her eyes she doth inure,
That with one look she doth my life dismay,
And with another doth it straight recure:
Her smile me draws, her frown me drives away.
Thus doth she train and teach me with her
looks;
Such art of eyes I never read in books.

SONNET XXII.

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclin'd,
Therefore I likewise on so holy day,
For my sweet saint some service fit will find.
Her temple fair is built within my mind,
In which her glorious image placed is,
On which my thoughts do day and night at-
tend,
Like sacred priests, that never think amiss;
There I to her, as th' author of my bliss,
Will build an altar to appease her ire,
And on the same my heart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire;
The which vouchsafe, O Goddess! to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Ulysses' sake,
Deviz'd a web her wooers to deceive,
In which the work that she all day did make,
The same at night she did again unweave:
Such subtil craft my damsel doth conceive,
Th' importunate sute of my desire to shun,
For all that I in many days do weave,
In one short hour I find by her undun.
So when I think to end that I begun,
I must begin and never bring to end;
Forth with one look she spills that long I spun,
And with one word my whole year's work doth
rend.
Such labour like the spider's web I find,
Whose fruitless work is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIV.

WHEN I behold that beauty's wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of Nature's skill the only complement,
I honour and admire the Maker's art;
But when I feel the bitter baleful smart
Which her fair eyes unwares do work in me,
That death out of their shiny beams do dart,
I think that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in counsel did agree
Into this sinful world from heaven to send,
That she to wicked men a scourge should be
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this like dying life endure,
And know no end of its own misery,
But waste and wear away in terms unsure,
'Twixt fear and hope depending doubtfully?
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride,
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your pow'r, which I too well have tride.
But yet if in your harden'd breast you hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace,
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As means of bliss I gladly will embrace,
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at last may turn to me.

SONNET XXVI.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet sour enough;

And sweet is moly, but his root is ill :
 So every sweet with four is tempred still.
 That maketh it be coveted the more ;
 For easy things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.
 Why then should I account of little pain,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain ?

SONNET XXVII.

FAIR Proud ! now tell me why should fair be
 proud,
 Sith all the world's glory is but grofs unclean ?
 And in the shade of death itself should shroud,
 However now thereof ye little ween.
 That goodly idol, now so gay beseen,
 Shall doff her flesh's borrow'd fair attire,
 And be forgot as it had never been,
 That many now much worship and admire :
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 Ne any mention shall thereof remain,
 But what this verse, that never shall expire,
 Shall to your purchase with her thankless pain.
 Fair ! be no longer proud of that shall perish,
 But that which shall you make immortal cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

THE laurel leaf, which you this day do wear,
 Gives me great hope of your relenting mind,
 For since it is the badge which I do bear,
 Ye bearing it do seem to me inclin'd :
 The power thereof, which oft in me I find,
 Let it likewise your gentle breast inspire
 With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 Of that proud maid whom now those leaves attire.
 Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus' lovely fire,
 On the Theffalian shore from him did flie,
 For which the gods, in their revengeful ire,
 Did her transform unto a laurel-tree.
 Then fly no more, fair Love ! from Phœbus'
 chace,
 But in your breast his leaf and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEE how the stubborn damsel doth deprave
 My simple meaning with disdainful scorn,
 And by the bay which I unto her gave,
 Accounts my self her captive quite forlorn.
 The bay, quoth she, is of the victor born,
 Yielded them by the vanquish't as their meeds,
 And they therewith do poets' heads adorn,
 To sing the glory of their famous deeds ;
 But sith she will the conquest challenge needs,
 Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
 That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
 I may in trump of Fame blaze over all ;
 Then would I deck her head with glorious bays,
 And fill the world with her victorious praise.

SONNET XXX.

My love is like to ice, and I to fire :
 How comes it, then, that this her cold so great
 Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desire,
 But harder grows the more I her intreat ?
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 Is not delaid by her heart-frozen cold,
 But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
 And feel my flames augmented manifold ?
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 That fire, which all things melts, should harden
 ice,
 And ice which is congeal'd with senseless cold,
 Should kindle fire by wonderful device ?
 Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH ! why hath Nature to so hard a heart
 Given so goodly gifts of beauty's grace,
 Whose pride depraves each other better part,
 And all those precious ornaments deface ?
 Sith to all other beasts of bloody race
 A dreadful countenance she given hath,
 That with their terrour all the rest may chace,
 And warn to shun the danger of their wrath :
 But my proud one doth work the greater scath
 Through sweet allurements of her lovely hue,
 That she the better may in bloody bath
 Of such poor thrall her cruel hands embrew ;
 But did she know how ill these two accord,
 Such cruelty she would have soon abhorr'd.

SONNET XXXII.

THE painful smith, with force of fervent heat,
 The hardest iron soon doth mollifie,
 That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
 And fashion to what he it list apply ;
 Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry
 Her heart, more hard than iron, soft awhit,
 Ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
 Do beat on th' anvil of her stubborn wit ;
 But still the more she fervent sees my fit,
 The more she frizeth in her wilful pride,
 And harder grows the harder she is smit,
 With all the plaints which to her be applide :
 What then remains but I to ashes burn,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turn ?

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I do, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred empress, my dear dread,
 Not finishing her Queen of Faery,
 That mote enlarge her living praises dead.
 But, Lodwick, this of grace to me aread ;
 Do ye not think th' accomplishment of it
 Sufficient work for one man's simple head,
 All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ ?

How then should I, without another wit,
Think ever to endure so tedious toil?
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love that doth my spirit spoil.
Cease then till she vouchsafe to grant me rest,
Or lend you me another living breast.

SONNET XXXIV.

LIKE as a ship that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
When as a storm hath dim'd her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plac'd;
Yet hope I will that when this storm is past
My Helice, the loadstar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last
With lovely light, to clear my cloudy grief:
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

SONNET XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetise
Still to behold the object of their pain,
With no contentment can themselves suffice,
But having pine, and having not complain:
For lacking it they cannot life sustain,
And having it they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement like Narcissus vain,
Whose eyes him starv'd; so plenty makes me
poor.

Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that fair sight, that nothing else they brook,
But loath the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to look,
All this world's glory seemeth vain to me,
And all their shows but shadows, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

TELL me, when shall these weary woes have end?
Or shall their ruthless torment never cease;
But all my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of asswagement or release.
Is there no means for me to purchase peace?
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes,
But that their cruelty doth still increase,
And daily more augment my miseries.
But when ye have shew'd all extremities,
Then think how little glory ye have gain'd
By slaying him, whose life though ye despise,
Mote have your life in honour long maintain'd;
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

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SONNET XXXVII.

WHAT guile is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold,
And with fly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or hair may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare,
And being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine Eyes! how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be.

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when through tempest's cruel wrack
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,
Through the sweet music which his harp did
make,
Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease;
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some dainty ears, cannot with any skill
The dreadful tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will,
But in her pride she doth persevere still,
All careless how my life for her decays,
Yet with one word she can it save or spill;
To spill were pity, but to save were praise.
Chuse rather to be prais'd for doing good,
Than to be blam'd for spilling guileless blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWEET Smile, the daughter of the Queen of Love
Expressing all thy mother's powerful art,
With which she wons to temper angry Jove,
When all the gods he threatens with thundring dart,
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy self sweet art;
For when on me thou shinedst late in sadness,
A melting pleasure ran through every part,
And me revived with heart-robbling gladness.
Whilst rapt with joy resembling heavenly madness,
My soul was ravish'd quite as in a trance,
And feeling thence no more her sorrow's sadness,
Fed on the fulness of that chearful glance;
More sweet than nectar or ambrosial meat
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable chear,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it,
When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces, as in shade to fit:
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's-day,
That when a dreadful storm away is flit,

L 1

Through the broad world doth spread his goodly
ray,
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Come forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head;
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheer'd
With that sun-shine, when cloudy looks are
clear'd.

SONNET XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be so cruel to an humbled foe?
If nature, then she may it mend with skill;
If will, then she at will may will forgoe;
But if her nature and her will be so,
That she will plague the man that loves her most,
And take delight t'encrease a wretch's woe,
Then all her nature's goodly gifts are lost,
And that same glorious beauty's idle boast
Is but a bait such wretches to beguile,
As being long in her love's tempest tost,
She means at last to make her piteous spoil.
O fairest Fair! let never it be nam'd,
That so fair beauty was so foully sham'd!

SONNET XLII.

THE love which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extreamest pain,
That all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and do embrace my bane;
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vain)
To be acquit fro my continual smart,
But joy her thrall for ever to remain,
And yield for pledge my poor captiv'd heart,
The which, that it from her may never start,
Let her, if please her, bind with adamant chain,
And from all wandring loves which mote pervart,
In safe assurance strongly it restrain;
Only let her abstain from cruelty,
And dome me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speak?
And if I speak, her wrath renew I shall;
And if I silent be my heart will break,
Or choked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this my heart to thrall,
And eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie,
That neither I may speak nor think at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die?
Yet I my heart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead,
And eke mine eyes with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read,
Which her deep wit, that true heart's thought can
spell,
Will soon conceive, and learn to construe well.

SONNET XLIV.

WHEN those renowned noble peers of Greece,
Through stubborn pride among themselves did
jar,
Forgetful of the famous Golden Fleece,
Then Orpheus with his harp their strife did bar:
But this continual, cruel, civil war,
The which my self against my self do make,
Whilst my weak powers of passions warreid are,
No skill can stint, nor reason can asslake:
But when in hand my tuneless harp I take,
Then do I more augment my foes despight,
And grief renew, and passions do awake
To battail, fresh against my self to fight;
'Mongst whom the more I seek to settle peace,
The more I find their malice to increase.

SONNET XLV.

LEAVE, Lady! in your glasse of crystal clean
Your goodly self for ever more to view,
And in my self, my inward self I mean,
Most lively like behold your semblant true.
Within my heart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to view of earthly eye,
The fair idea of your celestial hue,
And every part, remains immortally;
And were it not that through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly image of your visnomy,
Clearer than crystal would therein appear;
But if your self in me ye plain will see,
Remove the cause by which your fair beams
darkned be.

SONNET XLVI.

WHEN my abode's prefixed time is spent,
My cruel fair straight bids me wend away;
But then from heaven most hideous storms are
sent,
As willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her obey?
The heavens know best what is the best for me;
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must be:
But ye, high Heavens, that all this sorrow see,
Sith all your tempests cannot me hold back,
Asswage your storms, or else both you and she
Will both together me too sorely wrack,
Enough it is for one man to sustain,
The storms which she alone on me doth rain,

SONNET XLVII.

TRUST not the treason of those smiling looks,
Until ye have their guileful trains well tride,
For they are like but unto golden hooks,
That from the foolish fish their bates do hide;

So she, with flattering smiles, weak hearts doth
guide

Unto her love, and tempt to their decay,
Whom being caught, she kills with cruel pride,
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched prey;
Yet even whilst her bloody hands them slay,
Her eyes look lovely, and upon them smile,
That they take pleasure in their cruel play,
And dying, do themselves of pain beguile.
O mighty charm, which makes men love their
bane,
And think they die with pleasure, live with pain!

SONNET XLVIII.

INNOCENT Paper! whom too cruel hand
Did make the matter to avenge her ire,
And ere she could thy cause well understand,
Did sacrifice unto the greedy fire;
Well worthy thou to have found better hire
Than so bad end, for hereticks ordain'd;
Yet heretic nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy master's cause, unjustly pain'd;
Whom she, all careless of his grief, constrain'd
To utter forth the anguish of his heart,
And would not hear, when he to her complain'd
The piteous passion of his dying smart:
Yet live for ever, though against her will,
And speak her good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAIR Cruel! why are ye so fierce and cruel?
Is it because your eyes have power to kill?
Then know, that mercy is the mighty's jewel,
And greater glory think to save than spill,
But if it be your pleasure and proud will
To shew the power of your imperious eyes,
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemies:
Let them feel th' utmost of your cruelties,
And kill with looks, as cockatrices do;
But him that at your footstool humbled lies
With merciful regard, give mercy to:
Such mercy shall you make admir'd to be;
So shall you live by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

LONG languishing in double malady
Of my heart's wound and of my body's grief,
There came to me a leach that would apply
Fit medicines for my body's best relief:
Vain Man! quoth I, that hast but little grief
In deep discovery of the mind's disease,
Is not the heart of all the body chief,
And rules the members as it self doth please?
Then with some cordials seek for to appease
The inward langour of my wounded heart,
And then my body shall have shortly ease:
But such sweet cordials pass physicians' art,

Then my life's leach, do you your skill reveal,
And with one salve both heart and body heal.

SONNET LI.

Do I not see the fairest images
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let their famous moniments to fade?
Why then do I, untrain'd in lover's trade,
Her hardness blame, which I should more commend,
Sith never ought was excellent affaid,
Which was not hard t'atchieve and bring to end;
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend
Mote soften it, and to his will allure;
So do I hope her stubborn heart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure:
Only my pains will be the more to get her,
But having her, my joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy heart,
Dispoil'd of warlike arms and knownen shield:
So do I now my self a prisoner yield
To sorrow and to solitary pain,
From presence of my dearest dear exil'd,
Long-while alone in langour to remain.
Then let no thought of joy, or pleasure vain,
Dare to approach, that may my solace breed,
But suddain dumps, and drery sad disdain
Of all world's gladness more my torment feed:
So I her absence will my penance make,
That of my presence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

THE panther, knowing that his spotted hide
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide, [fray,
To let them gaze, whilst he on them may prey:
Right so my cruel fair with me doth play,
For with the goodly semblance of her hue
She doth allure me to mine own decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the world's most ornament,
To make the bait her gazers to embrew;
Good shames to be to ill an instrument;
But mercy doth with beauty best agree,
As in their Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIV.

Or this world's theater, in which we stay,
My love, like the spectator, idle sits,
Beholding me that all the pageants play
Disguising diversly my troubled wits.

Sometimes I joy, when glad occasion fits,
And mask in mirth like to a comedy;
Soon after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
I wail, and make my woes a tragedy:
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart;
But when I laugh, she mocks; and when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her heart:
What then can move her? if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senseless stone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beauty do behold,
And there-with do her cruelty compare,
I marvel of what substance was the mould
The which her made at once so cruel fair.
Not earth, for her high thoughts more heavenly
are;
Not water, for her love doth burn like fire;
Not air, for she is not so light or rare;
Not fire, for she doth freeze with faint desire:
Then needs another element inquire
Whereof she mote be made, that is the sky;
For to the heaven her haughty looks aspire,
And eke her love is pure immortal hy.
Then fith to heaven ye likened are the best,
Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

FAIR ye be sure, but cruel and unkind,
As is a tyger, that with greediness
Hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppress,
Fair be ye sure, but proud and pitiless
As is a storm, that all things doth prostrate,
Finding a tree alone all comfortless,
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fair be ye sure, but hard and obstinate
As is a rock amidst the raging floods,
Gainst which a ship, of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of her self and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and destroy,

SONNET LVII.

SWEET Warriour! when shall I have peace with
you?
High time it is this war now ended were,
Which I no longer can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to bear:
So weak my powers, so sore my wounds appear,
That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my heart through-launched every where
With thousand arrows which your eyes have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
But glory think to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruel One! what glory can be got
In slaying him that would live gladly your's?

Make peace, therefore, and grant me timely
grace,
That all my wounds will heal in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

To her that is most assured to her self.

WEAK is th' assurance that weak flesh reposeeth
In her own powre, and scorneth others' aid;
That soonest falls, when as she most supposeth
Her self assur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All flesh is frail, and all her strength unstaid,
Like a vain bubble blown up with air;
Devouring Time and changeeful Chance have
prey'd
Her glorious pride, that none may it repair.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fair,
But faileth, trusting on his own assurance;
And he that standeth on the highest stair
Falls lowest; for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye, proud Fair! misdeem so farr,
That to your self ye most assured are?

SONNET LIX.

THRICE happy she that is so well assur'd
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allur'd,
Ne fears to worse with any chance to start,
But like a stedd ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her course aright;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fairer weather's false delight.
Such self assurance need not fear the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends;
But in the stay of her own steadfast might,
Neither to one herself nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loves best.

SONNET LX.

THEY that in course of heavenly sphears are skill'd,
To every planet point his sundry year,
In which her circles' voyage is fulfill'd,
As Mars in threescore years doth run his sphear.
So since the winged god his planet clear
Began in me to move, one year is spent,
The which doth longer unto me appear
Than all those forty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The sphear of Cupid forty years contains,
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seem'd the longer for my greater pains;
But let my love's fair planet short her ways
This year ensuing, or else short my days.

SONNET LXI.

THE glorious image of the Maker's beauty,
My sovereign Saint! the idol of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of duty,
T'accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought;
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of angels heav'nly born,
And with the crew of blessed saints upbrought,
Each of which did her with her gifts adorn,
The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn,
The beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire,
What reason is it then but she should scorn
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire?
Such heav'nly forms ought rather worshipt be,
Than dare be lov'd by men of mean degree.

SONNET LXII.

THE weary Year his race now having run,
The new begins his compact course anew;
With shew of morning mild he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensue.
So let us, which this change of weather view,
Change eke our minds, and former lives amend;
The old year's sins forepast, let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend:
Then shall the new-year's joy forth freshly send
Into the glooming world his gladfom ray,
And all these storms which now his beauty blend,
Shall turn to calms, and timely clear away.
So likewise, Love! cheer you your heavy spright,
And change old year's annoy to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

AFTER long storms and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death and dangerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed fore,
I do at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arrive;
Fair foil it seems from far, and fraught with store
Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Most happy he that can at last atchieve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest,
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him oppress.
All pains are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrows short that gain eternal bliss.

SONNET LXIV.

COMING to kiss her lips (such grace I found)
Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to deck their lovers' bowres.
Her lips did smell like unto gilliflowers,
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,
Her snowy brows like budded bellamoures,
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly spread,

Her goodly bosom like a strawberry bed,
Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,
Her brest like lillies ere their leaves be shed,
Her nipples like young blossom'd jessamines:
Such fragrant flowres do give most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excel.

SONNET LXV.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair Love! is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true Love doth tye,
Without constraint or dread of any ill;
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath
bound,
But simple truth and mutual good-will
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's
wound:
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

To all those happy blessings which ye have
With plenteous hand by Heaven upon you
thrown,
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so mean a one:
Ye whose high words, surpassing paragon,
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoop unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate
Than had ye sorted with a prince's peer;
For now your light doth more it self dilate,
And in my darkness greater doth appear:
Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,
With my reflex your's shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escape away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their prey;
So after long pursute and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chace forfook,
The gentle deer return'd the self same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next
brook;
There she beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,
Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
And with her own good-will her firmly tide:
Strange thing me seem'd to see a beast so wild
So goodly wone, with her own will beguild.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOST glorious Lord of life that on this day
 Didst make thy triumph over Death and Sin,
 And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win;
 This joyous day, dear Lord! with joy begin,
 And grant that we for whom thou diddest dy,
 Being with thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity;
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same again;
 And for thy sake, that all-like dear didst buy,
 With love may one another entertain.
 So let us love, dear Love! like as we ought;
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the antique world
 Us'd trophies to erect in stately wise,
 In which they would the records have enroll'd
 Of their great deeds and valarous emprise.
 What trophée, then, shall I most fit devise,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize,
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity?
 Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortal monument,
 And tells her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such world's rare wonderment,
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring the herald of love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are displaid
 All sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously array'd,
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake,
 Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
 Unless she do him by the fore-lock take:
 Bid her, therefore, her self soon ready make
 To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew,
 Where every one that misseth then her make
 Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
 Make haste, therefore, sweet Love! whilst it is
 prime,
 For none can call again the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I JOY to see how in your drawn work
 Your self unto the bee ye do compare,
 And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
 In close await to catch her unaware:
 Right so your self were caught in cunning snare
 Of a dear foe, and thrall'd to his love,
 In whose straight bands ye now captived are

So firmly, that ye never may remove:
 But as your work is woven all about
 With woodbind flowers and fragrant eglantine,
 So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
 With many dear delights bedecked fine,
 And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
 Between the spider and the gentle bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OF when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,
 In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
 It down is weigh'd with thought of earthly
 things,
 And clogg'd with burden of mortality,
 Where when that sovereign beauty it doth spy,
 Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
 Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back doth fly,
 And unto heavens forgets her former flight.
 There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
 Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at ease,
 Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
 Her heart's desire with most contentment please.
 Heart need not wish none other happiness,
 But here on earth to have such heaven's bliss.

SONNET LXXIII.

BEING my self captiv'd here in care,
 My heart, whom none with servile bands can
 tye,
 But the fair tresses of your golden hair,
 Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly;
 Like as a bird, that in one's hand doth spy
 Desired food, to it doth make his flight;
 Even so my heart, that went on your fair eye
 To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
 Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
 Gently engage, that he may be your thrall;
 Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight,
 To sing your name and praises over all,
 That it hereafter may you not repent,
 Him lodging in your bosom to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

MOST happy letters, fram'd by skilful trade,
 With which that happy name was first design'd,
 The which three times thrice happy hath me
 made
 With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first, my being to me gave by kind,
 From mother's womb deriv'd by due descent;
 The second, is my sovereign queen most kind,
 That honour and large riches to me lent;
 The third, my love, my life's last ornament,
 By whom my spirit out of dust was rais'd;
 To speak her praise and glory excellent,
 Of all alive most worthy to be prais'd.
 Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
 That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
Vain Man! said she, that doost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I my self shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,
Where, whenas Death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

FAIR bosom, fraught with vertue's richest trea-
sure,
The nest of Love, the lodging of Delight,
The bowre of Bliss, the paradise of Pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright,
How was I ravish'd with your lovely sight,
And my frail thoughts too rashly led astray,
Whiles diving deep through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoil of beauty they did prey?
And 'twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seem'd to hasten now apace,
They loosely did their wanton wings display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts, I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wish'd, yet never was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAS it a dream, or did I see it plain?
A goodly table of pure ivory
All spred with juncats, fit to entertain
The greatest prince with pompous royalty,
'Mongst which there in a silver dish did lie
Two golden apples of unvalu'd price,
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinful vice,
That many sought, yet none could ever taste,
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradise
By Love himself, and in his garden plac'd.
Her brest that table was, so richly spred,
My thoughts the guests, which could thereon have
fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

LACKING my love, I go from place to place,
Like a young fawn that late hath lost the hind,
And seek each where where last I saw her face,
Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
I seek the fields, with her late footing sign'd,
I seek her bowre, with her late presence deck'd;

Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find,
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect;
But when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
They idly back return to me again;
And when I hope to see their true object,
I find my self but fed with fancies vain.
Cease then, mine Eyes! to seek her self to see,
And let my thoughts behold her self in me.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that your self ye daily such do see,
But the true fair, that is, the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more prais'd of me;
For all the rest, how ever fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue:
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed,
Deriv'd from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowres, untimely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

AFTER so long a race as I have run
Through Fairy-Land, which those Six Books
compile:
Give leave to rest me, being half foredun,
And gather to my self new breath awhile:
Then as a steed refreshed after toil,
Out of my prison I will break anew,
And stoutly will that second work assail;
With strong endeavour and attention due:
Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew
To sport my Muse, and sing my love's sweet
praise,
The contemplation of whose heavenly hue
My spirit to an higher pitch will raise:
But let her praises yet be low and mean,
Fit for the hand-maid of the Faery Queen.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAIR is my love, when her fair golden hairs
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark,
Fair when the rose in her red cheek appears,
Or in her eyes the fire of love doth spark;
Fair when her brest, like a rich laden bark
With precious merchandize, she forth doth lay;
Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth
dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away;
But fairest she when so she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
Through which her words so wise do make their
way,

To bear the message of her gentle spright :
The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,
But this the work of hearts' astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

Joy of my life, full oft for loving you
I blest my lot, that was so lucky plac'd ;
But then the more your own mishap I rue,
That are so much by so mean love embas'd ;
For had the equal heavens so much you grac'd
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent [chac'd
Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have en-
Your glorious name in golden monument :
But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
That little that I am shall all be spent
In setting your immortal praises forth,
Whose lofty argument up-lifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

LET not one spark of filthy lustful fire
Break out, that may her sacred peace molest,
Ne one light glance of sensual desire
Attempt to work her gentle mind's unrest ;
But pure affections, bred in spotless brest,
And modest thoughts breath'd from well-temper'd
Go visit her in her chaste bowre of rest, [sprights,
Accompany'd with angel-like delights ;
There fill your self with those most joyous sights,
The which my self could never yet attain,
But speak no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her two constant stiffness doth constrain ;
Only behold her rare perfection,
And blest your fortune's fair election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

THE world, that cannot deem of worldly things,
When I do praise her, say I do but flatter ;
So doth the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
Begins his witless note apace to chatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admire ;
Rather than envy let them wonder at her,
But not to deem of her desert aspire.
Deep in the closet of my parts entire
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill,
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall
thunder,
Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

VENEMOUS tongue, tipt with vile adder's sting,
Of that self kind with which the Furies fell
Their snaky heads do comb, from which a spring

Of poisoned words and spiteful speeches well,
Let all the plagues and horrid pains of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hire,
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tell,
In my true love did stir up coals of ire,
The sparks whereof let kindle thine own fire,
And catching hold on thine own wicked head,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
Due to thy self, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have out-worn,
And many nights, that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn :
For when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the noyous day would end ;
And whenas night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly re-ascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile :
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,
I wander as in darknes of the night,
Affraid of every danger's least dismay :
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon their shadows vain,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eye remain ;
Of which beholding the idea plain,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I do my self sustain,
And thereon feed my love-affamish'd heart ;
But with such brightness whilst I fill my mind,
I starve my body, and mine eyes do blind.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return, that seems to linger late ;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to my self the absence of my love,
And wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can
In her unspotted pleasance to delight : [move,
Dark is my day whilst her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively blifs.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGY

Upon the death of the noble and vertuous

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

*Daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of
Arthur Gorges, Esquire.*

To the right honourable and vertuous Lady

HELENA,

MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poem, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written was by match, nearly allied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladyship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good-will which I bear unto her husband Mr. Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladyship by marriage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquity in this realm, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyalty to their prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Ann Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grand-mother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knights: and therefore I do assure myself that no due honour done to the White Lion, but will be most grateful to your Ladyship, whose husband and children do so nearly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all duty, I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection.

Your Honour's humbly ever,

London, this first of
January, 1591.

EDMUND SPENSER.

D A P H N A I D A.

W HAT-EVER man he be whose heavy mind,
With grief of mournful great mishap oppress,
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,
Let read the rueful plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I ween, the woful'st man alive,
Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced brest
Sharp sorrow did in thousand pieces rive.

But whoſo elſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be baniſh'd far away from hence;
Ne let the Sacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrow heavily can ſing,
For even their heavy ſong would breed delight;
But here no tunes, ſave ſobs and grones, ſhall
ring.

Inſtead of them and their ſweet harmony,
Let thoſe three Fatal Siſters, whoſe ſad hands
Do weave the direful threds of Deſtiny,
And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadful Queen
Of Darkneſs deep come from the Stygian ſtrands,
And griſly ghosſts, to hear this doleful teen.

In gloomy evening, when the weary ſun,
After his day's long labour drew to reſt,
And ſweaty ſteeds, now having over-run
The compaſt ſky, 'gan water in the weſt,
I walk'd abroad to breathe the freſhing air
In open fields, whoſe flow'ring pride, oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beauty fair.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit poſſeſs,
Ne lets it reſt until it forth have brought
Her long-born infant, fruit of heavineſs,
Which ſhe conceived hath through meditation
Of this world's vainneſs and life's wretched-
neſs,
That yet my ſoul it deeply doth empaſſion.

So as I muſed on the miſery
In which men live, and I of many moſt,
Moſt miſerable man, I did eſpy
Where towards me a ſory wight did coſt,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Jacob's ſtaff in hand devoutly croſt,
Like to ſome pilgrim come from far away.

His careleſs locks, uncombed and unſhorn,
Hung long adown, and beard all over-grown,
That well he ſeem'd to be ſome wight forlorn:
Down to the earth his heavy eyes were thrown,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He ſighed oft, and inly deep did grone,
As if his heart in pieces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the ſemblant of his countenance
Me ſeem'd I had his perſon ſeen elſewhere,
Moſt like Alcyon ſeeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the jolly ſhepherd ſwain,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleaſance every wood and plain.

Yet half in doubt, becauſe of his diſguiſe,
I ſoftly ſaid, Alcyon! There-withall
He look'd aſide as in diſdainful wiſe,
Yet ſtayed not, till I again did call:
Then turning back, he ſaid, with hollow ſound,
Who is it that doth name me, woful thrall,
The wretchedſt man that treads this day on
ground?

One whom like wofulneſs impreſſed deep,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched caſe to hear,
And given like cauſe with thee to wail and
weep;
Grief finds ſome eaſe by him that like does bear.
Then ſtay, Alcyon, gentle Shepherd! ſtay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my truſty ear
Committed what thee doth ſo ill away.

Cease, foolish Man! (said he half wrothfully)
To seek to hear that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguish which doth multiply
My dying pains, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne do I care that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weep that would,
But seek alone to weep and die alone.

Then be it so, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
Lest that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the strong shackles of frail flesh, quoth he,
Nought cares at all what they that live on ground
Deem the occasion of his death to be;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamity,
For hearts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet sith so much thou seem'st to rue my grief,
And car'st for one that for himself cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my relief,
For my relief exceedeth living thought)
I will to thee this heavy case relate:
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou here more hapless fate.

"Whilome I us'd (as thou right well doost
know)
My little flock on western downs to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrina's stream doth flow,
And flowrie banks with silver liquor steep;
Nought car'd I then for worldly change or chance,
For all my joy was on my gentle sheep,
And to my pipe to carol and to daunce.

"It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearless and free, a fair young lioness,
White as the native rose before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress,
I spyed playing on the grassie plain
Her youthful sports and kindly wantonness,
That did all other beasts in beauty stain.

"Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldom seen,
And gan to cast how I her compass might,
And bring to hand that yet had never been:
So well I wrought with mildness and with pain,
That I her caught disporting on the green,
And brought away fast bound with silver chain.

"And afterwards I handled her so fair,
That though by kind she stout and salvage were,
For being born an ancient lion's heir,
And of the race that all wild beasts do fear,
Yet I her framm'd, and won so to my bent,
That she became so meek and mild of cheer,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

"For she in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or else in sleep, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or sleep;
And ever more when I did sleep or play,
She of my flock would take full wary keep.

"Safe then, and safest were my silly sheep,
Ne fear'd the wolf, ne fear'd the wildest beast;
All were I drown'd in careless quiet deep:
My lovely lioness without behest
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plain or wood.

"Oft did the shepherds, which my hap did hear,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envide,
Daily resort to me from far and near,
To see my lioness, whose praises wide
Were spread abroad, and when her worthiness
Much greater than the rude report they try'd,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blest.

"Long thus I joyed in my happiness,
And well did hope my joy would have no end;
But oh! fond Man! that in world's fickleness
Repos'dst hope, or weenedst her thy friend
That glories most in mortal miseries,
And daily doth her changeful counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies;

"For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruel Satyre with his murderous dart,
Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal wound of deadly smart,
And rest from me my sweet companion,
And rest from me my love, my life, my heart:
My lioness, (ah, woe is me!) is gone!

"Out of the world thus was she rest away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoil,
And born to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
Much fitter then the lion which with toil
Alcides slew, and fix'd in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthly soil,
And seeking miss, and missing do lament."

Therewith he 'gan afresh to wail and weep,
That I for pity of his heavy plight
Could not abstain mine eyes with tears to steep;
But when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deal allay'd, I him bespake again;
Certes, Alcyon, painful is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equal pain.

Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
That riddle of thy loved lioness,
For rare it seems in reason to be scan'd,
That man, who doth the whole world's rule
possess,
Should to a beast his noble heart embase,
And be the vassal of his vassals;
Therefore more plain ahead this doubtful case.

Then sighing sore, "Daphne thou knew'st, quoth
he,
She now is dead;" ne more endur'd to say,
But fell to ground for great extremity;
That I beholding it, with deep dismay
Was much apall'd, and lightly him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my self, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then 'gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with mild counsail strove to mitigate
The stormy passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empasseionate;
As stubborn steed, that is with curb restrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate,
And breaking forth at last, thus dearly plained:

I.
"What man henceforth that breatheth vital air
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore?
Which so unjustly do their judgments share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgress,
And do not spare the best or fairest, more
Than worst or foulest, but do both oppress.

"If this be right, why did they then create
The world so fair, sith fairness is neglected?
Or why be they themselves immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected?
She fair, she pure, most fair, most pure she was,
Yet was by them as thing impure rejected;
Yet she in pureness heaven it self did pass.

"In pureness and in all celestial grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind
She did excel, and seem'd of angels' race,
Living on earth like angel new devin'd,
Adorned with wisdom and with chastity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautify.

"No age hath bred (since fair Astrea left
The sinful world) more vertue in a wight;
And when she parted hence, with her she left
Great hope, and robb'd her race of bounty quight.
Well may the shepherd lasses now lament,
For double loss by her hath on them light,
To lose both her and bounty's ornament.

"Ne let Eliza, royal shepherdess,
The praises of my pacted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousness
Pour'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her own shepherd, Colin, her own shepherd,
That her with heavenly hymns doth deify,
Of rustick Muse full hardly to be better'd.

"She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade:
Mine, ah! not mine; amiss I mine did say:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her
made;
Mine to be his, with him to live for aye.
O that so fair a flowre so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away!

"She fell away in her first age's spring,
Whilst yet her leaf was green, and fresh her rind,
And whilst her branch fair blossoms forth did
bring,
She fell away against all course of kind.
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blown down with wind.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-song.

II.
"What heart so stony hard but that would weep,
And pour forth fountains of incessant tears?
What Timon but would let compassion creep
Into his breast, and pierce his frozen ears?
Instead of tears, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted have, my heart-blood drooping wears,
To think to ground how that fair blossom fell.

"Yet fell she not as one enforc'd to die,
Ne died with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toil'd with travel down doth lie,
So lay she down, as if to sleep she went,
And clos'd her eyes with careless quietness;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soul assoyl'd from sinful fleshliness.

"Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
Alcyon! ah, my first and latest love!
Ah! why does my Alcyon weep and mourn,
And grieve my ghost, that all mote him behove,
As if to me had chanc'd some evil tourn.

"I, sith the messenger is come for me,
That summons souls unto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his sovereign behest;
Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
That I from misery should be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

"Our days are full of dolour and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant pain,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease;
Why then should I desire here to remain?
Or why should he that loves me sorry be
For my deliverance, or at all complain
My good to hear, and toward joys to see?

"I go, and long desired have to go,
I go with gladness to my wished rest,
Whereas no world's sad care nor wasting woe
May come, their happy quiet to molest;
But saints and angels in celestial thrones
Eternally him praise that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

"Yet ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My young Ambrosia; in lieu of me
Love her, so shall our love for ever last.
Thus, Dear! adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So having said, away she lofty past.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make mine under-song.

III.

" So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deep engraven in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding
chest,

With those sweet sugred speeches do compare,
The which my soul first conquer'd and possess'd,
The first beginners of my endless care!

" And when those pallid cheeks and ashie hue,
In which sad death his portraiture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghastly Night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearful brow.
Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I saw her lead
The Shepherds' daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grass, with rosie garland crown'd?
And when she list advance her heavenly voice,
Both nymphs and Muses nigh she made astown'd,
And flocks and shepherds caused to rejoyce.

" But now, ye shepherd Lasses! who shall lead
Your wandring troup, or sing your virelays?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the lady of your holy-days?
Let now your blifs be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your joyous plays,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

" Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever shepherd sound his oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleasance, but let ghastlinesse
And dreary horror dim the chearful light,
To make the image of true heaviness;

" Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells;
Let streaming floods their hasty courses stay,
And parching drouth dry up the crystal wells;
Let th' earth be barren, and bring forth no
flowres,

And the air be fill'd with noise of doleful knells,
And wandering spirits walk untimely houres,

" And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest herself from her long weariness,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of ugliness;
For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but stepdame, cruel, merciless.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underfong.

IV.

" My little flock, whom earst I lov'd so well,
And wont to feed with finest grass that grew,
Feed ye henceforth on bitter Astrofell,
And stinking smallage and unfavory rue;

And when your maws are with those weeds corrupted,

Be ye the prey of wolves; ne will I rue
That with your carcases wild beasts be glutted.

" Ne worse to you, my silly Sheep! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my self, for whose confus'd decay
To careless Heavens I do daily call;
But Heavens refuse to hear a wretch's cry,
And cruel Death doth scorn to come at call,
Or grant this boon that most desires to die.

" The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remain,
But the ungodly ones he doth forsake,
By living long to multiply their pain;
Else surely death should be no punishment,
As the great judge at first did it ordain,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

" Therefore, my Daphne, they have tane away,
For worthy of a better place was she,
But me unworthy willed here to stay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they so have ordered, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost do service day by day.

" For I will walk this wandering pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my bitter age:
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drink the tears which from mine eyes do
rain,
My bed the ground that hardest I may find;
So will I wilfully increase my pain.

" And she, my love that was, my faint that is,
When she beholds from her celestial throne
(In which she joyeth in eternal blifs)
My bitter penance, will my case bemoane,
And pity me that living thus to die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortal men, and rue their misery.

" So when I have with sorrow satisfide
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me
seek,
And th' heavens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pity of my sufferance meek,
Will send for me, for which I daily long,
And will till then my painful penance eke.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underfong,

V.

" Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure find,
For they be all but vain, and quickly fade;
So soon as on them blows the northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grief of mind,
And mocking such as think they long will stay.

" I hate the Heaven, because it doth with-hold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly slime and frail mortality;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies;
I hate the air, because sighs of it be;
I hate the sea, because it tears supplies.

" I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see;
I hate the darkness and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulness in me;
I hate all times, because all times do fly
So fast away, and may not stayed be,
But as a speedy post that passeth by.

" I hate to speak, my voice is spent with crying;
I hate to hear, loud plaints have dull'd mine ears;
I hate to taste, for food with-holds my dying;
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimm'd with tears;
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left;
I hate to feel, my flesh is numm'd with fears;
So all my senses from me are bereft.

" I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
The one, because as I they wretched are;
The other, for because I do not find
My love with them that wont to be their star:
And life I hate, because it will not last;
And death I hate, because it life doth mar;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

" So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certain state,
But still unstedfast, round about doth go
Like a mill-wheel, in midst of misery,
Driven with streams of wretchedness and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does die.

" So do I live, so do I daily die,
And pine away in self-consuming pain;
Sith she that did my vital powers supply,
And feeble spirits in their force maintain,
Is fetcht from me, why seek I to prolong
My weary days in dolour and disdain?
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-song.

VI.

" Why do I longer live in life's despight,
And do not die then in despight of death;
Why do I longer see this loathsome light,
And do in darkness not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares find quiet? is it so unceasing
To leave this life, or dolorous to die?

" To live I find it deadly dolorous,
For life draws care, and care continual woe;
Therefore to die must needs be joyous,
And wishful thing this sad life to foregoe:
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bade me so;
She bade me stay till she for me did send.

" Yet whilst I in this wretched vale do stay,
My weary feet shall ever wandering be,
That still I may be ready on my way,
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feet for feebleness,
Ne will I rest my limbs for frailty,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaviness.

" But as the mother of the gods, that fought
For fair Eurydice, her daughter dear,
Throughout the world, with woeful heavy thought,
So will I travel whilst I tarry here,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne when as drouping Titan draweth near,
To loose his teem, will I take up my inn.

" Ne sleep (the harbinger of weary wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more:
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore;
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philomel my fortune to deplore;
With Philomel, the partner of my plight.

" And ever as I see the star to fall,
And under ground to go to give them light
Which dwell in darkness, I to mind will call
How my fair star (that shin'd on me so bright)
Fell suddainly and faded under ground,
Since whose departure day is turn'd to night,
And night without a Venus' star is found.

" But as soon as Day doth shew his dewie face,
And calls forth men unto their toylsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some dear cave, or solitary shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-song.

VII.

" Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Fair things on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortal mould,
Sith that my fairest flowre is faded quight;
For all I see is vain and transitory,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

" And ye, fond Men! on Fortune's wheel that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beauty, or honour's pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only usance
Of a small time, which none as certain may.

" And ye, true Lovers! whom disastrous chaunce
Hath far exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourn in sorrow and sad sufferance,
When ye do hear me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphne's elegy,
Help me to wail my miserable case.
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

" And ye, more happy Lovers! which enjoy
The presence of your dearest love's delight,
When ye do hear my sorrowful annoy,
Yet pity me in your empaffion'd spright,
And think that fuch mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen unto the most happy wight,
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

" And ye, my fellow shepherds! which do feed
Your careless flocks on hills and open plains,
With better fortune than did me fucceed,
Remember yet my undeserved pains;
And when ye bear that I am dead or flain,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swains
That fad Alcyon dy'd in life's difdain.

" And ye, fair Damfels! shepherds' dear delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts poffeff,
Whenas my hearfe fhall happen to your fights,
Vouchsafe to deck the fame with cypress;
And ever sprinkle brackifh tears among,
In pity of my undeserv'd diftrefs,
The which I, wretch, endured have thus long.

" And ye, poor Pilgrims! that with refflefs toyl
Weary yourselves in wandring defart ways,
Till that ye come where ye your vows affoil,
When paffing by ye read thefe woful lays
On my grave written, rue my Daphne's wrong,
And mourn for me that languifh out my days.
Ceafe, Shepherd! ceafe, and end thy underfong."

Thus when he ended had his heavy plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard found,
His cheeks wext pale, and fprights began to faint,
As if again he would have fall'n to ground;
Which when I faw, (I stepping to him light)
Amooved him out of his ftony fwound,
And 'gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor fuffier folace to approach him nie,
But cafting up a fdeignful eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his hair, and beat his blubbred face,
As one difpofed willfully to die,
That I fore griev'd to fee his wretched cafe.

Tho when the pang was fomewhat over-paft,
And the outrageous paffion nigh appeafed,
I him defir'd, fith day was over-caft,
And dark night faft approached, to be pleafed
To turn afide unto my cabinet,
And ftay with me till he were better eafed
Of that ftrong ftound which him fore befet.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to ftay,
But without taking leave he forth did go
With staggering pace and difmal looks' difmay,
As if that Death he in the face had feen,
Or hellifh hags had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot ween.

A gentle shepherd, born in Arcady,
Of gentle race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grally banks of Harmony
Did keep his flock, his little flock and fere;
Full carefully he kept them day and night
In faireft fields, and Alcephel he light.

Young Alcephel, the pride of the fhepherds' train,
Young Alcephel! the miffick lallies love,
For paffing all the paffions of his days,
In all that fecurity fhepherds might believe
To one thing only failing of the beft,
That he was not fo happy as the reft.

ASTROPHEL:

A PASTORAL ELEGY

Upon the death of the most noble and valorous knight,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Dedicated to the most beautiful and vertuous lady,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Shepherds! that wont on pipes of oaten reed
 Oft-times to plain your loves concealed smart,
 And with your piteous lays have learn'd to breed
 Compassion in a country lass's heart,
 Hearken, ye gentle Shepherds! to my song,
 And place my doleful plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournful verse,
 The mournful'st verse that ever man heard tell;
 To you whose softned hearts it may empierce
 With Dolour's dart, for death of Astrophel;
 To you I sing, and to none other wight,
 For well I wote my rymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
 Shall hap to hear, or covet them to read,
 Think he that such are for such ones most fit,
 Made not to please the living but the dead;
 And if in him found pity ever place,
 Let him be mov'd to pity such a case.

A GENTLE shepherd, born in Arcady,
 Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
 About the grassy banks of Hæmony
 Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store:
 Full carefully he kept them day and night
 In fairest fields, and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel! the pride of shepherds' praise,
 Young Astrophel! the rustick lasses love,
 For passing all the pastors of his days,
 In all that seemly shepherds might behove;
 In one thing only failing of the best,
 That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to
feed,

A slender swain, excelling for each other
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face;

Which daily more and more he did augment
With gentle usage and demeanure mild,
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguil'd;
Ne Spight it self, that all good things doth spill,
Found out in him that she could say was ill.

His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honey without gall;
And he himself seem'd made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bower and hall:
There was no pleasure nor delightful play
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe and dance, and carol sweet
Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast,
As sommer's lark, that with her song doth greet
The dawning day, forth coming from the east:
And layes of love he also could compose;
Thrice happy she whom he to praise did chose.

Full many maidens often did him woo
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them, as he was wont to do
For her that did his heart with love inflame;
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and girlonds trim.

And many a nymph, both of the wood and brook,
Soon as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both crystal wells and shady groves forsook,
To hear the charms of his enchanting skill,
And brought him presents, flowers if it were
prime,
Or mellow fruit, if it were harvest-time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood-gods for them often fighed fore;
Ne for their gifts, unworthy of his wit,
Yet not unworthy of the country's store:
For one alone he car'd, for one he sigh'd,
His life's desire, and his dear love's delight.

Stella the fair! the fairest star in sky,
As fair as Venus, or the fairest fair,
(A fairer star saw never living eye)
Shot her sharp-pointed beams through purest air:
Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs, were all upon
her.

To her he vow'd the service of his days,
On her he spent the riches of his wit,
For her he made hymns of immortal praise,
Of only her he sung, he thought, he writ:
Her, and but her, of love he worthy deemed,
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

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Ne her with idle words alone he wooed,
And verses vain, (yet verses are not vain)
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
And bold atchievements her did entertain;
For both in deeds and words he noutred was,
Both wise and hardy, (too hardy, alas!)

In wrestling nimble, and in running swift;
In shooting steddily, and in swimming strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
And all the sports that shepherds are emong.
In every one he vanquisht every one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicity,
Or rather infelicity, he found,
That every field and forest far away
He fought, where salvage beasts do most abound:
No beasts so salvage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise
To seek abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His mistress' name and his own fame to raise.
What needeth peril to be fought abroad,
Sith round about us it doth make abroad?

It fortun'd as he that perilous game
In forein soil pursued far away,
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he herd to be of salvage prey:
So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn nor foul Arlo is.

There his well-woven toyls and subtil trains
He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap;
So well he wrought with practice and with
pains,
That he of them great troupes did soon entrap:
Full happy man (misweening much) was he,
So rich a spoyle within his power to see.

Estfoones all heedless of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the herd he thrust,
To slaughter them, and work their final bale,
Lest that his toyl should of their troupes be burst.
Wide wounds emongst them many a one he
made,
Now with his sharp-boar spear, now with his
blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partial unto none)
Ill mind, so much to mind another's ill,
As to become unmindful of his own:
But pardon unto the cruel skyes,
That from himself to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruel beast of most accursed brood,
Upon him turn'd (despair makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
Launced his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles rived quight.

M m

So deadly was the dint, and deep the wound,
And so huge streams of blood thereout did
flow,

That he endured not the direful stound,
But on the cold dear earth himself did throw;
The whiles the captive herd his nets did rend,
And having none to lett, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while, his shepherd
peers,

To whom alive was nought so dear as he?
And ye, fair Maids! the matches of his years,
Which in his grace did boast you most to be?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need
To stop his wound, that wondrously did bleed?

Ah! wretched Boy! the shape of Dreryhead,
And sad ensample of man's sudden end,
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplain'd, or foe or friend;
Whilst none is nigh thine eye-lids up to close,
And kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds suing of the chace,
As they the forest ranged on a day,
By Fate or Fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckless boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepherds thither led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was
And in their arms then softly did him rear;
Tho (as he will'd) unto his loved las,
His dearest love, him dolefully did bear:
The dolefulst bier that ever man did see
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto me.

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With cruddled blood and filthy gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and girlonds
dight,

And her dear favours dearly well adorned,
Her face the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deform, like him to be.

Her yellow locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beams in fairest summer's day,
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away;
And her fair breast, the treasury of joy,
She spoyl'd thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with tears, and dried oft;
And with sweet kisses suck'd the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lillies, pale and soft;
And oft she call'd to him, who answer'd nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste;
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her mate, like turtle chaste,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this same be-
held,

And pitying this pair of lovers true,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre, that is both red and blue:
It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made,

And in the midst thereof a star appears,
As fairly form'd as any star in skyes,
Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes;
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well;
But thou, where-ever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel;
And whensoever thou it up doost take,
Do pluck it softly, for that shepherd's sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did pass,
The shepherds all, which loved him full dear,
(And sure full dear of all he loved was)
Did thither flock, to see what they did hear;
And when that piteous spectacle they viewed,
The same with bitter tears they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great grief oppress;
And every one did weep, and wail, and mone,
And means devis'd to shew his sorrow best;
That from that howre, since first on grassie green
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning
seen.

But first his sister, that Clarinda hight,
That gentlest shepherdess that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright,
Her brother dear, began this doleful lay;
Which, lest I mar the sweetness of the verse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

"Aye me! to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient grief?
Or where shall I unfold my inward pain,
That my eniven heart may find relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?"

"To heavens? ah! they, alas! the authors were,
And workers, of my unremedied wo;
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill;
That which they made, who can them warn to
spill?"

"To men? ah! they, alas! like wretched be,
And subject to the Heavens' ordinance,
Bound to abide whatever they decree;
Their best redress is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort me,
The which no less need comforted to be?"

"Then to my self will I my sorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like sorrowful remains,
And to my self my complaints shall back retourn,
To pay their usury with double pains:
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournful accent of my sorrows' ground.

"Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace;
And all the fields do wail their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flower did late deface:
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew
Was Astrophel; that was we all may rue.

"What cruel hand of cursed foe unknown
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were grown,
And clean defaced in untimely howre:
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

"Break now your girlonds, O ye shepherds
Lasses!
Sith the fair flowre which them adorn'd is gone;
The flowre which them adorn'd, is gone to
ashes,
Never again let lass put girlond on:
In stead of girlond, wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder, broken from the bough.

"Ne ever sing the love-lays which he made;
Who ever made such lays of love as he?
Ne ever read the riddles which he said
Unto your selves, to make you merry glee:
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry maker now, alas! is dead.

"Death, the devourer of all world's delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft from me my joy;
Both you and me, and all the world, he quight
Hath robb'd of joyance, and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride, was he;
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

"O Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

"But that immortal spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By soveraign choice from th' heavenly quires
select,
And lineally deriv'd from angels' race,
O what is now of it become? aread:
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead:

"Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blisful paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie
In bed of lillies, wrapt in tender wife,
And compact all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

"There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in angel-like delight;
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

"But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all measure;
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain:
For what so goodly form he there doth see
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

"There liveth he in everlasting blis,
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,
Whilst we here wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

"But live thou there still, happy, happy Spirit!
And give us leave thee here thus to lament;
Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy inherit,
But our own selves, that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others our own miseries."

Which when she ended had, another swain,
Of gentle wit and dainty sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full dear did entertain
Whilst here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournful tourn,
And made the Muses in his song to mourn.

And after him full many other noce,
And every one in order lov'd him best,
'Gan dight themselves t'express their inward woe
With doleful layes, unto the time addrest;
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournful hearse.

THE MOURNING MUSE.

OF THESTYLIS.

Come forth, ye Nymphs! come forth,
Forfake your watry bowres,
Forfake your mossy caves,
And help me to lament;
Help me to tune my doleful notes
To gurgling sound
Of Liffie's tumbling streams:
Come let salt tears of ours
Mix with his waters fresh:
O come! let one consent
Joyn us to mourn with wailful plaints
The deadly wound
Which fatal clap hath made,
Decreed by higher powres;
The drery day in which
They have from us yrent
The noblest plant that might
From east to west be found.
Mourn, mourn great Philip's fall!
Mourn, we his woful end,
Whom spightful Death hath pluckt
Untimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his years in flowre
Did promise worthy fruit.
Ah! dreadful Mars! why didst
Thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathful mood, what fault
Of ours hath moved thee
Of such a shining light
To leave us destitute?
Thou with benigne aspect
Sometime didst us behold;
Thou hast in Briton's valour
Ta'en delight of old,

And with thy presence oft
Vouchsaf't to attribute
Fame and renown to us
For glorious martial deeds;
But now thy ireful beams
Have chill'd our hearts with cold;
Thou hast estrang'd thy self,
And dignest not our land:
Far off, to others now
Thy favour honour breeds,
And high disdain doth cause
Thee shun our clime, I fear;
For hadst thou not been wroth,
Or that time near at hand,
Thou wouldst have heard the cry
That woful England made;
Eke Zealand's piteous plaints,
And Holland's toren hair,
Would haply have appeas'd
Thy divine angry mind.
Thou shouldst have seen the trees
Refuse to yield their shade,
And wailing, to let fall
The honours of their head;
And birds in mournful tunes
Lamenting in their kind.
Up from his tomb
The mighty Corineus rose,
Who cursing oft the Fates,
That his mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare,
Calling the Heavens unkind.
The Thames was heard to roar,
The Reyne and eke the Mose,

The Scheld, the Danow' self
 This great mischance did rue
 With torment and with grief;
 Their fountains pure and clear
 Were troubled, and with swelling floods
 Declar'd their woes.
 The Muses comfortless,
 The Nymphs with pallid hue,
 The sylvian gods likewise
 Came running far and near,
 And all with tears bedew'd,
 And eyes cast up on high,
 O help! O help! ye Gods!
 They ghastly 'gan to cry;
 O change the cruel fate
 Of this so rare a wight,
 And grant that Nature's course
 May measure out his age.
 The beasts their food forsook,
 And trembling fearfully,
 Each sought his cave or den,
 This cry did them so fright.
 Out from amid the waves,
 By storm then stir'd to rage,
 This cry did cause to rise
 Th' old Father Ocean hoar,
 Who, grave with eld, and full
 Of majesty in fight,
 Spake in this wise; "Refrain,"
 Quoth he, "your tears and plaints;
 "Cease these your idle words,
 "Make vain requests no more;
 "No humble speech nor mone
 "May move the fixed flint
 "Of Destiny or Death:
 "Such is his will that paints
 "The earth with colours fresh,
 "The darkest skyes with store
 "Of starry lights; and though
 "Your tears a heart of flint
 "Might tender make, yet nought
 "Herein they will prevail."
 Whiles thus he said,
 The noble knight, who 'gan to feel
 His vital force to faint,
 And Death with cruel dint
 Of direful dart
 His mortal body to assail,
 With eyes lift up to heav'n,
 And courage frank as steel,
 With chearful face,
 Where valour lively was exprest,
 But humble mind, he said,
 "O Lord! if ought this frail
 "And earthly carcass have
 "Thy service sought t'advance;
 "If my desire hath been
 "Still to relieve th' oppress'd;
 "If justice to maintain,
 "That valour I have spent
 "Which thou me gav'st; or if
 "Henceforth I might advance
 "Thy name, thy truth, then spare
 "Me (Lord!) if thou think best;

"Forbear these unripe years:
 "But if thy will be bent,
 "If that prefixed time
 "Be come which thou hast set,
 "Through pure and fervent faith
 "I hope now to be plac'd
 "In the everlasting bliss
 "Which with thy precious blood
 "Thou purchase did for us."
 With that a sigh he set,
 And straight a cloudy mist
 His senses over-cast;
 His lips wax pale and wan,
 Like damask roses' bud
 Cast from the stalk, or like
 In field to purple flowre,
 Which languisheth, being shred
 By culter as it past.
 A trembling chilly cold
 Ran through their veins, which were
 With eyes brim-full of tears
 To see his fatal howre,
 Whose blustering sighs at first
 Their sorrow did declare,
 Next murmuring ensude:
 At last they not forbear
 Plain out-cries, all against
 The Heav'ns, that enviously
 Depriv'd us of a spright
 So perfect and so rare.
 The sun his lightsom beams
 Did shroud, and hide his face
 For grief, whereby the earth
 Fear'd night eternally:
 The mountains each were shook;
 The rivers turn'd their streams;
 And th' air 'gan winter-like,
 To rage and fret apace;
 And grisly ghosts by night
 Were seen, and fiery gleams
 Amid the clouds, with claps
 Of thunder, that did seem
 To rent the skies, and made
 Both men and beasts afeard.
 The birds of ill presage
 This luckless chance fore-told
 By dervful noise, and dogs
 With howling made men deem
 Some mischief was at hand;
 For such they do esteem
 As tokens of mishap,
 And so have done of old.
 Ah! that thou hadst but heard
 His lovely Stella 'plain
 Her grievous loss, or seen
 Her heavy mourning cheer,
 While she with woe oppress'd
 Her sorrows did untold:
 Her hair hung loose neglect
 About her shoulders twain;
 And from those two bright stars,
 To him sometime so deer,
 Her heart sent drops of pearl,
 Which fell in foyson down

Twixt lilly and the rose:
 She wrong her hands with pain,
 And piteously 'gan say,
 " My true and faithful Pheer,
 " Alas and woe is me!
 " Why should my fortune frown
 " On me thus frowardly,
 " To rob me of my joy?
 " What cruell envious hand
 " Hath taken thee away,
 " And with thee my content,
 " My comfort and my stay?
 " Thou only wost the cause
 " Of trouble and annoy;
 " When they did me assaily,
 " In thee my hopes did rest.
 " Alas! what now is left
 " But grief, that night and day
 " Afflicts this woful life,
 " And with continual rage
 " Torments ten thousand ways
 " My miserable brest?
 " O greedy, envious Heav'n!
 " What needeth thee to have
 " Enrich'd with such a jewel
 " This unhappy age,
 " To take it back again
 " So soon? Alas! when shall
 " Mine eyes see ought that may
 " Content them, since the grave
 " My only treasure hides
 " The joys of my poor heart?
 " As here with thee on earth
 " I liv'd ev'n so equal,
 " Methinks it were with thee
 " In heav'n I did abide;
 " And as our troubles all
 " We hear on earth did part,
 " So reason would that there
 " Of thy most happy state
 " I had my share. Alas!
 " If thou my trusty guide
 " Were wont to be how can
 " Thou leave me thus alone
 " In darkness, and astray?
 " Weak, weary, desolate,
 " Plung'd in a world of woe,
 " Refusing for to take
 " Me with thee to the place
 " Of rest where thou art gone.
 This said, she held her peace,
 For sorrow tide her tongue,
 And instead of more words,
 Seem'd that her eyes a lake
 Of tears had been, they flow'd
 So plenteously therefro;
 And with her sobs and sighs
 Th' air round about her rung.
 If Venus' when she wail'd
 Her dear Adonis slain,
 Ought mov'd in thy fierce heart
 Compassion of her woe,
 His noble sister's plaints,
 Her sighs and tears among,

Would sure have made thee mild,
 And inly rue her pain.
 Aurora half so fair
 Herself did never show,
 When from old Tithon's bed
 She weeping did arise.
 The blinded Archer-boy,
 Like lark in showre of rain,
 Sate bathing of his wings,
 And, glad, the time did spend
 Under those chrystal drops
 Which fell from her fair eyes,
 And at their brightest beams
 Him proyn'd in lovely wife:
 Yet sorry for her grief,
 Which he could not amend,
 The gentle boy 'gan wipe
 Her eyes, and clear those lights,
 Those lights through which
 His glory and his conquests shine.
 The Graces tuck'd her hair,
 Which hung like threds of gold
 Along her ivory brest,
 The treasure of delights.
 All things with her to weep
 It seem'd did incline;
 The trees, the hills, the dales,
 The caves, the stones so cold;
 The air did help them mourn,
 With dark clouds, rain and mist.
 Forbearing many a day
 To clear itself again,
 Which made them estoons fear
 The days of Pyrrah should
 Of creatures spoil the earth,
 Their fatal threds untwist;
 For Phœbus' gladfome rays
 Were wish'd for in vain;
 And with her quivering light
 Latona's daughter fair,
 And Charles Wain eke, refus'd
 To be the shipman's guide.
 On Neptune war was made
 By Æolus and his train,
 Who letting loose the winds,
 Tost and tormented th' air;
 So that on ev'ry coast
 Men shipwrack did abide,
 Or else were swallow'd up
 In open sea with waves;
 And such as came to shore,
 Were beaten with despair.
 The Medway's silver streams,
 That wont so still to slide,
 Were troubled now and wroth,
 Whose hidden hollow caves
 Along his banks, with fog
 Then shrouded from man's eye,
 Ay Philip! did resound,
 Ay Philip! they did cry.
 His nymphs were seen no more
 (Though custom still it craves)
 With hair spred to the wind,
 Themselves to bathe or sport,

Or with the hook or net,
 Bare-footed, wantonly
 The pleasant dainty fish
 To entangle or deceive.
 The shepherds left
 Their wonted places of resort,
 Their bagpipes now were still;
 Their loving merry lays
 Were quite forgot; and now
 Their flocks, men might perceive
 To wander and to stray,
 All carelessly neglect;
 And in the stead of mirth
 And pleasure, nights and days,
 Nought else was to be heard
 But woes, complaints, and mone.
 But thou (O blessed Soul!)
 Dost haply not respect
 These tears we shed, though full
 Of loving pure aspect;
 Having affix'd thine eye
 On that most glorious throne,
 Where, full of majesty.
 The high Creator reigns;
 In whose bright shining face
 Thy joys are all complete,
 Whose love kindles thy spright;
 Where happy always one
 Thou liv'st in bliss
 That earthly passion never stains
 Where from the purest spring,
 The sacred nectar sweet
 Is thy continual drink;

Where thou dost gather now
 Of well employed life
 Th' inestimable gains;
 Where Venus on thee smiles,
 Apollo gives thee place,
 And Mars, in reverent wise
 Doth to thy virtue bow,
 And decks his fiery spear
 To do thee honour most:
 In highest part whereof,
 Thy valour for to grace,
 A chair of gold he sets
 To thee, and there doth tell
 Thy noble acts anew,
 Whereby even they that boast
 Themselves of ancient fame,
 As Pyrrhus, Hannibal,
 Scipio, and Cæsar, with
 The rest that did excel
 In martial prowess, high
 Thy glory to admire.
 All hail! therefore,
 O worthy Philip, immortal!
 The flowre of Sydney's race!
 The honour of thy name!
 Whose worthy praise to sing
 My Muses not aspire;
 But, sorrowful and sad,
 These tears to thee let fall,
 Yet wish their verses might
 So far and wide thy fame
 Extend, that envy's rage
 Nor time might end the fame.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

To the right honourable

THE LADY STRANGE.

MOST brave and noble Lady! the things that make ye so much honoured of the world as ye be, are such as (without my simple lines' testimony) are thoroughly known to all men, namely, your excellent beauty, your vertuous behaviour, and your noble match with that most honourable lord the very pattern of right nobility: but the causes for which ye have deserved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinity which it hath pleased your Ladyship to acknowledge; of which whenas I found my self in no part worthy, I devised this last slender means, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladyship, and also to make the same universally known to the world, that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honour you.

Vouchsafe, noble Lady! to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladyship's good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyship's humbly ever,

EDMUND SPENSER.

REHERSE to me, ye sacred Sisters Nine!
The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowful sad time
Which late you poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicone,
Making your musick of heart-breaking mone:

For since the time that Phœbus' foolish son
Ythundered, through Jove's avengeful wrath,
For traversing the charret of the sun
Beyond the compass of the pointed path,
Of you his mournful sisters was lamented,
Such mournful tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that fair Caliope did lose
Her loved twins, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The Fatal Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewail long space,
Was ever heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly
noises
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver
voices
Were wont redoubled ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rueful cries,
And yelling shrieks thrown up into the skies.

The trembling streams, which wont in channels
clear
To rumble gently down with murmur soft,
And were by them right tuneful taught to bear,
A base's part amongst their consorts oft,
Now forc'd to overflow with brackish tears,
With troublous noise did dull their dainty ears.

The joyous Nymphs and light-foot Fairies,
Which thither came to hear their musick sweet,
And to the measures of their melodies
Did learn to move their nimble-shifting feet,
Now hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavenly lamenting from them went.

And all that else was wont to work delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that else seem'd fair and fresh in sight,
So made by Nature for to serve their will,
Was turned now to dismal heaviness,
Was turned now to dreadful ugliness.

Ay me! what thing on earth, that all things
breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What fury or what fiend, with felon deeds,
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?
Can grief then enter into heavenly hearts,
And pierce immortal breasts with mortal smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom only it concerns,
To me those secret causes to display,
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread so doleful lay.
Begin, thou eldest sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensue.

CLIO.

HEAR, thou great Father of the gods on high,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder-darts,
And thou our sire, that reign'st in Castalie,
And Mount Parnass, the god of goodly art;
Hear and behold the miserable state
Of us, thy daughters, doleful desolate.

Behold the foul reproach and open shame
The which is day by day unto us wrought,
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themselves to scorn,
Do seek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sons of Darknes and of Ignorance,
But they whom thou, great Jove! by doom
unjust,
Didst to the type of honour earst advance;
They now, puffed up with 'sdeignful insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience

The sectaries of my celestial skill,
That wont to be the world's chief ornament,
And learned imps that wont to shoot up still,
And grow to height of kingdom's government,
They under keep, and with their spreading arms
Do beat their buds, that perish through their
harms.

It most behoves the honourable race
Of mighty peers true wisdom to sustain,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned foreheads without gift or gain;
Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be,
That is the girlond of nobility.

But (ah!) all otherwise they do esteem
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdom's influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deem;
Base minded they that want intelligence;
For God himself for wisdom is prais'd,
And men to God thereby are highest rais'd.

But they do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride and foolish vanity;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
And only boast of arms and ancestry;
But vertuous deeds, which did those arms first
give
To their grandfires, they care not to atchieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profess
To register, and sound in trump of gold,
Through their bad doings or base slothfulness
Find nothing worthy to be writ or told;
For better far it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darkness, and lie hid in slime;
Therefore I mourn with deep heart's sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With that she rain'd such store of streaming
tears,
That could have made a stony heart to weep,

And all her sisters rent their golden hears,
And their fair faces with salt humour steep.
So ended she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

O who shall pour into my swollen eyes
A sea of tears that never may be dride!
A brazen voice that may with shrilling cries
Pierce the dull heavens, and fill the air so
wide!
And iron sides, that fighting may endure,
To wail the wretchedness of world impure?

Ah! wretched world! the den of wickedness,
Deform'd with filth and foul iniquity;
Ah! wretched World! the house of heaviness,
Fill'd with the wrecks of mortal misery;
Ah! wretched World! and all that is therein,
The vassals of God's wrath, and slaves of sin.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without understanding doth appear,
For all this world's affliction he thereby,
And Fortune's freaks, is wisely taught to bear;
Of wretched life the only joy she is,
And the only comfort in calamities.

She arms the breast with constant patience
Against the bitter throws of Dolour's darts;
She solaceth with rules of sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smarts:
When he is sad she seeks to make him merry,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be
weary.

But he that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Withouten helm or pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event;
So is the man that wants entendiment.

Why then do foolish men so much despise
The precious store of these celestial riches?
Why do they banish us, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappy wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchedness,
Yet do not see their own unhappiness.

My part it is, and my professed skill,
The stage with tragick buskins to adorn,
And fill the scene with plaints and outcries shrill
Of wretched persons to misfortune born;
But none more tragick matter I can find
Than this, of men depriv'd of sense and mind.

For all man's life me seems a tragedy
Full of sad fights and fore catastrophees;
First coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his days, like dolorous trophees,

Are heapt with spoils of fortune and of fear,
And he at last laid forth on baleful bier.

So all with rueful spectacles is fill'd,
Fit for Megæra or Persephone,
But I, that in true tragedies am skill'd,
The flowre of wit, find nought to busy me,
Therefore I mourn and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I have none.

Then 'gan she woefully to wail, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wile;
And all her sisters thereto answering,
Threw forth loud shrieks and drery doleful cries.
So rested she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

THALIA.

WHERE be the sweet delights of learning's trea-
sure,

That went with comick sock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure
The listners' eyes and ears with melody,
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to see,
And in her room unseemly sorrow sits,
With hollow brows and grievously countenance
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him besides sits ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of drad darkness of the deep abyss,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does
hate:

They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.

All places they with folly have possest,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain,
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilom wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfessance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that else the comick stage
With season'd wit and goodly pleasance grac'd,
By which man's life, in his likest image,
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd;
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to
frame.

Are now despis'd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock her self, and truth to intimate,
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof, scoffing Scurrility,
And scorning Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rimes of shameless ribaudry
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will perfumes to make,
And doth the learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to mockery to sell.

So am I made the servant of the many,
And laughing-stock of all that list to scorn,
Not honoured nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorn;
Therefore I mourn and sorrow with the rest,
Until my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she loudly did lament and shriek,
Pouring forth streams of tears abundantly,
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.
So rested she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

EUTERPE.

LIKE as the dearling of the summer's pride,
Fair Philomele! when winter's stormy wrath
The goodly fields, that erst so gay were dy'd
In colours divers, quite despoiled hath,
All comfortless doth hide her cheerless head
During the time of that her widowhead;

So we, that erst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilst favourable times did us afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charms at will,
All comfortless upon the bared bow,
Like woful culvers, do sit wailing now,

For far more bitter storm than winter's flower,
The beauty of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so fair to
flower,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted;
And those young plants, which wont with fruit
abound,
Now without fruit or leaves are to be found.

A stony coldness hath benumb'd the sense
And lively spirits of each living wight,
And dimm'd with darkness their intelligence,
Darkness more than Cymmerians' daily night;
And monstrous Error, flying in the air,
Hath marr'd the face of all that seemed fair.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Born in the bosom of the black abyss,
And fed with Furies' milk for sustenance
Of his weak infancy, begot amiss

By yawning Sloth on his own mother Night,
So he is sons both sire and brother hight:

He, arm'd with blindness and with boldness stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fair light defaced,
And gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Fauns and Satyrs, hath our dwellings raced,
And our chaste bowers, in which all virtue
reign'd,
With brutishness and beastly filth had stain'd.

The sacred springs of horse-foot Helicon,
So oft hedew'd with our learned layes,
And speaking streams of pure Castalion,
The famous witness of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their foul footing's
tread,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with
plains,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbours sweet, in which the shepherds'
swains
Were wont so oft their pastorals to sing,
They have cut down, and all their pleasures
marr'd,
That now no pastoral is to be heard.

In stead of them, foul goblins and shriek-owls,
With fearful howling do all places fill,
And feeble Eccho now laments and howls
The dreadful accents of their out-cries shrill:
So all is turned into wilderness,
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppress.

And I, whose joy was erst with spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits, now dismay'd with sorrow dull,
Do mone my misery with silence soft;
Therefore I mourn and wail incessantly,
Till please th' Heavens afford me remedy.

Therewith she wailed with exceeding wo,
And piteous lamentation did make,
And all her sisters seeing her do so,
With equal complaints her sorrow did partake.
So rested she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft Delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with pleasures
sweet,
Fearless through his own fault or Fortune's
spright
To stumble into sorrow and regret,
If chance him fall into calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his misery.

So we, that erst in joyance did abound,
And in the bosom of all bliss did sit,
Like virgin queens, with laurel garlands crown'd,
For virtue's meed and ornament of wit,

Sith Ignorance our kingdom did confound,
Be now become most wretched wights on ground,

And in our royal thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of foul Infamy;
Blind Error, scornful Folly, and base Spright,
Who hold by wrong that we should have by
right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merry with their fooleries;
They chearly chant, and rimes at random fling,
The fruitful spawn of their rank fantasies:
They feed the ears of fools with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

All places they do with their toys possess,
And reign in liking of the multitude;
The schools they fill with fond new-fangleness,
And sway in court with pride and rashness rude:
'Mongst simple shepherds they do boast their skill,
And say their musick matcheth Phœbus' quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their prince that learning is but vain;
Fair ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with leud delights distain:
Clerks they to loathly idleness intice,
And fill their books with discipline of vice!

So every where they rule and tyrannize,
For their usurped kingdom's maintenance,
The whiles we silly maids, whom they despize,
And with reproachful scorn discountenance,
From our own native heritage exil'd,
Walk through the world, of every one revil'd.

Nor any one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertain,
Unless some one, perhaps of gentle kin,
For pities sake compassion our pain,
And yield us some relief in this distress;
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchedness.

So wander we all careful comfortless,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So seek we help our sorrow to redress,
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call;
Therefore we mourn and pitiless complain,
Because none living pitieth our pain.

With that she wept and wofully lamented,
That nought on earth her grief might pacify,
And all the rest her doleful din augmented
With shrieks, and groans, and grievous agony.
So ended she; and then the next in row
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensue.

ERATO.

Ye gentle Spirits! breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus' silver bowre were bred,

Thoughts half divine, full of the fire of love,
With beauty kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in security possess,
Forgetful of your former heaviness;

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye use your loves to deify,
And blazon forth an earthly beauty's praise
Above the compass of the arched sky:
Now change your praises unto piteous cries,
And eulogies turn into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter sounds
Of raging love first 'gan me to torment,
And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your loves did take you unto grace;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I, that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormy passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of lover's life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindly skill,
Banish'd by those that love with lewdness fill.

Love wont to be school-master of my skill,
And the deviceful matter of my song;
Sweet Love! devoid of villany or ill,
But pure and spotless, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almighty's bosom, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortal breasts.

Such high conceit of that celestial fire,
The base-born brood of Blindness cannot ghes,
Ne never dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so lofty pitch of perfectness,
But rime at riot, and do rage in love,
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Fair Cytheree! the mother of Delight,
And Queen of Beauty, now thou may'st go pack,
For lo! thy kingdom is defaced quight,
Thy sceptre rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay son, the winged God of Love,
May now go prune his plumes like ruffed dove.

And ye three Twins to light by Venus brought,
The sweet companions of the Muses late,
From whom what-ever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancy to aggrate,
Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more
Find entertainment or in court or school;
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learned's meed, is now lent to the fool:
He sings of love, and maketh loving lays,
And they him hear, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish flood
Of bitter tears, and made exceeding mone;
And all her sisters seeing her sad mood,
With loud laments her answer'd all at one.

So ended she; and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evil case complain,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedy my pain,
Or deigns to pity a perplexed heart,
But rather seeks my sorrow to augment
With fool reproach and cruel banishment?

For they to whom I used to apply
The faithful service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of Jove's progeny,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill,
Whose living praises in heroick stile
It is my chief profession to compile;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time;
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth or sinful crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both desire of worthy deeds forlorn,
And name of learning utterly do scorn.

Ne do they care to have the auncestry
Of th' old heroes memoriz'd anew;
Ne do they care that late posterity
Should know their names, or speak their praises
due,

But die forgot, from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shall be forgot ere long.

What boots it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bred?
What odds 'twixt Irus and old Inachus,
'Twixt best and worst, when both alike are ded,
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would chuse goodness of his own free-
will.

Therefore the Nurse of Vertue I am hight,
And Golden Trumpet of eternity,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heaven's hight,
And mortal men have power to deify:
Bacchus and Hercules I rais'd to heaven,
And Charlemain amongst the starris seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more,
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore;
For noble peers whom I was wont to raise,
Now only seek for pleasures, nought for praise,

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may
spare:

And the rich fee which poets wont divide,
Now parasites and sycophants do share;
Therefore I mourn and endless sorrow make,
Both for my self and for my sisters' sake.

With that she loudly 'gan to wail and shriek,
And from her eyes a sea of tears did poure,
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpness of her showre.
So ended she; and then the next in row
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

URANIA.

WHAT wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Of tears, conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath pour'd on earth this noxious pestilence,
That mortal minds doth inwardly infect
With love of blindness and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkness without soverance?

What difference 'twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger he is in,
Through flesh's frailty and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the only comfort which they have,
It is their light, their load-star, and their day,
But hell, and darkness, and the grisly grave,
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men born heavenly doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the world's crea-
tion,
How in his cradle first he fostered was,
And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formless mass;
By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know,
And what to man, and what to God, we owe.

From hence we mount aloft into the sky,
And look into the crystal firmament;
There we behold the heaven's great hierarchy,
The star's pure light, the spheres' swift move-
ment,
The spirits and intelligencies fair,
And angel's waiting on th' Almighty's chair.

And there, with humble mind and high insight,
Th' Eternal Maker's majesty we view,
His love, his truth, his glory, and his might,
And mercy, more than mortal men can view,
O sovereign Lord! O sovereign happiness!
To see thee and thy mercy measureless!

Such happiness have they that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenly discipline;

But shame and sorrow, and accursed ease,
Have they that scorn the school of arts divine,
And banish me, which do possess the skill
To make men heavenly-wise through humbled
will.

However yet they me despise and spight,
I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my self with mine own-self delight,
In contemplation of things heavenly wrought;
So loathing earth I look up to the sky,
And being driven hence, I thither fly.

Thence I behold the misery of men, [breed,
Which want the blifs that wisdom would them
And like brute beasts do lie in loathsome den
Of ghostly darkness and of ghastly dreed;
For whom I mourn, and for myself complain,
And for my sisters eke, whom they disdain.

With that she wept and wail'd so piteously,
As if her eyes had been two springing wells;
And all the rest, her sorrows to supply,
Did throw forth shrieks, and cries, and drery yells.
So ended she; and then the next in row
Began her mournful plaint, as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFUL case desires a doleful song,
Without vain art or curious complements,
And squalid fortune into baseness flung,
Doth scorn the pride of wonted ornaments:
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for me.
To tell my sorrows, that exceeding be.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures
With which I wont the winged words to ty,
And make a tuneful diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to run at liberty
By those which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their natural delight.

Heaps of huge words uphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound, though having little sense,
They think to be chief praise of poetry,
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have marr'd the face of goodly Poesie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

3

Whilom in ages past none might profess,
But princes and high priests, that secret skill;
The secret laws therein they went express,
And with deep oracles their verses fill;
Then was she held in sovereign dignity,
And made the nourling of nobility.

But now nor prince nor priest doth her maintain,
But suffer her prophaned for to be
Of the base vulgar, that with hands unclean
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie,
And treadeth under foot her holy things,
Which was the care of kesar and of kings.

One only lives, her age's ornament,
And mirror of her Maker's majesty,
That with rich bounty and dear cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poesie;
Ne only favours them which it profess,
But is herself a peerless poetress.

Most peerless prince, most peerless poetress!
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Eliza, sacred emperess!
Live she for ever, and her royal places
Be fill'd with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heavenly writs.

Some few beside this sacred skill esteem,
Admirers of her glorious excellence,
Which being lightned with her beauty's beam,
Are thereby fill'd with happy influence,
And lifted up above the world's gaze,
To sing with angels her immortal praise.

But all the rest, as born of salvage brood,
And having been with acorns always fed,
Can no whit favour this celestial food,
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day,
For whom I wail and weep all that I may.

Estsoons such store of tears she forth did powere
As if she all to water would have gone,
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and wail, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did break;
The rest untold, no living tongue can speak.

THE RUINES OF ROME.

BY BELLAY.

I.

Ye heavenly Spirits! whose ashy cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your fair verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voice of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deep abyſſes open rive,
That ye may underſtand my ſhrieking yell.
Thrice having ſeen, under the heaven's veil,
Your tombs' devoted compaſs over all,
Thrice unto you with loud voice I appeal,
And for your antique fury here do call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glory, faireſt of all earthly thing.

II.

Great Babylon her haughty walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot up in air;
Greece will the old Ephesian buildings blaze,
And Nylus' nurſlings their pyramids fair;
The ſame yet vaunting Greece will tell the ſtory
Of Jove's great image in Olympus placed,
Mauſolus' work will be the Carians' glory,
And Crete will boaſt the Labyrinth now raced;
The antique Rhodian will likewise ſet forth
The great Coloſs, erect to memory;
And what elſe in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnify:
But I will ſing, above all monuments,
Seven Roman hills, the world's ſeven wonder-
ments.

III.

Thou Stranger! which for Rome in Rome here
ſeekeſt,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'ſt at all,
Theſe ſame old walls, old arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Old palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Behold what wreck, what ruine, and what waſte,
And how that ſhe, which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her ſelf at laſt,
The prey of Time, which all things doth de-
voure.

Rome now of Rome is th' only funerall,
And only Rome of Rome hath victory;
Ne ought ſave Tyber, haſtning to his fall,
Remains of all, O world's inſtancy!
That which is firm doth ſlit and fall away,
And that is ſitting doth abide and ſtay.

IV.

She, whoſe high top above the ſtars did ſore,
One foot on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundneſs compaſſing;
Jove ſeeking, leaſt if ſhe ſhould greater grow,
The giants old ſhould once again uſurpe,
Her whelm'd with hills, theſe ſeven hills, which
be now
Tombs of her greatneſs, which did threat the ſkies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnall,
Upon her belly th' antique Palatine,
Upon her ſtomack laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noyſome Eſquiline,

And Cælian on the right; but both her feet
Mount Viminal and Aventine do meet.

v.

Who lifts to see what-ever Nature, Art,
And Heaven could do, O Rome! thee let him see,
In case thy greatness he can guess in heart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more; but if the shade of Rome
May of the body yield a seeming sight,
It's like a corse drawn forth out of the tomb
By magick skill out of eternal night:
The corps of Rome in ashes is entombed,
And her great spirit, rejoined to the spirit
Of this great mass, is in the same enwombed;
But her brave writings, which her famous merit,
In spite of time, out of the dust doth rear,
Do make her idol through the world appear,

vi.

Such as the Berecynthian goddess bright,
In her swift charret, with high turrets crown'd,
Proud that so many gods she brought to light,
Such was this city in her good days found;
This city, more than that great Phrygian mother,
Renown'd for fruit of famous progeny,
Whose greatness, by the greatness of none other,
But by her self her equal match could see:
Rome only might to Rome compared be,
And only Rome could make great Rome to
tremble;

So did the gods by heavenly doom decree
That other earthly powre should not resemble
Her that did match the whole earth's puissance,
And did her courage to the heavens advance.

vii.

Ye sacred Ruines! and ye tragick Sights!
Which only do the name of Rome retain,
Old monuments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes do maintain;
Triumphant arks, spyres neighbours to the skye,
That you to see doth th' heaven it self appall,
Alas! by little ye to nothing fly,
The peoples fable and the spoil of all;
And though your frames do for a time make war
'Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your works and names, and your last reliques
mar.

My sad desires rest therefore moderate;
For if that time make end of thing so sure,
It als will end the pain which I endure.

viii.

Through arms and vassals Rome the world sub-
du'd,
'That one would ween that one sole city's strength
Both land and sea in roundness had surview'd,
'To be the measure of her breadth and length:
'This people's vertue yet so fruitful was
Of vertuous nephews, that posterity,
Striving in powre their grand-fathers to pass,
The lowest earth joyn'd to the heavens high,
To th' end that having all parts in their powre,
Nought from the Roman empire might be quight,
And that though Time doth commoh-wealths
devoure,
Yet no time should so low embase their hight,

That her head earth'd in her foundation deep,
Should not her name and endless honour keep.

ix.

Ye cruel stars! and eke ye gods unkind!
Heaven envious! and bitter stepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune or by course of kind
That ye do wield th' affairs of earthly creature,
Why have your hands long sithens travailed
To frame this world that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Roman palaces
Made of some matter no less firm and strong?
I say not, as the common voice doth say,
That all things which beneath the moon have
being
Are temporal, and subject to decay;
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some that ween the contrary in thought,
That all this Whole shall one day come to
nought.

x.

As that brave son of Æson, which by charms
Atchiev'd the Golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of arms
Of dragon's teeth, sown in the sacred sand;
So this brave town, that in her youthly days
An hydra was of warriors glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourling's praise
The fiery sun's both one and other house;
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules, so rank seed to repress,
Emongst themselves with cruel fury striving,
Mow'd down themselves with slaughter merciless,
Renewing in themselves that rage unkind,
Which whilom did those earth-born brethren blind,

xi.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his off-spring, that mortal puissance
Pust up with pride of Roman hardyhed,
Seem'd above Heaven's powre it self t'advance,
Cooling again his former kindled heat,
With which he had those Roman spirits fill'd,
Did blow new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothick cold hot rage instill'd?
Then 'gan that nation, th' earth's new giants
broad,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of war,
And beating down these walls with furious mood
Into her mother's bosom, all did mar,
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his fire,
Should boast himself of the Romane empire.

xii.

Like as whilom the children of the earth
Heapt hills on hills, to scale the starry skye,
And fight against the gods of heavenly birth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunder-bolts let flye;
All suddenly, with lightning overthrown,
The furious squadrons down to ground did fall,
That th' earth, under her children's weight did
grone,
And th' heavens in glory triumpht over all;
So did that haughty front which heaped was
On these seven Roman hills, it self uprear
Over the world, and lift her lofty face
Against the heaven, that 'gan her force to fear:

But now the scorned fields bemone her fall,
And gods secure fear not her force at all.

XIII.

Not the swift fury of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victors' raging blade,
Nor ruthless spoil of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest
made;

Ne stroke on stroke of Fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of gods, nor spright of men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd gainst thine own puissance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of winds high blowing,
Nor swelling streams of that god snaky-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abased,
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the world wonder what they from thee
rest.

XIV.

As men in summer fearless pass the foord,
Which is in winter lord of all the plain,
And with his tumbling streams doth bear aboard
The ploughman's hope and shepherd's labour
vain;

And as the coward beasts use to despise
The noble lion after his live's end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vain fool-hardise
Daring the foe that cannot him defend;
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greeks
Did brave about the corps of Hector cold;
So those which whilom wont with pallid cheeks
The Roman triumphs' glory to behold,
Now on these ashie tombs shew boldness vain,
And, conquer'd, dare the conquerour disdain.

XV.

Ye pallid Spirits! and ye ashie Ghosts!
Which joyning in the brightness of your day,
Brought forth those signs of your presumptuous
boasts,

Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye Spirits! (sith the darksom river
Of Styx, nor passable to souls returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Do not restrain your images still mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here above him secretly doth hide)
Do ye not feel your torments to accrew,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old Roman works, built with your hands,
Now to become nought else but heaped sands?

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathful sea from far
In a great mountain heapt with hideous noyse,
Eftsoons of thousand billows shouldred nar,
Against a rock to break with dreadful poyse;
Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharp blast
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled sky,
Eftsoons having his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his weary carriere suddenly;
And as ye see huge flames spread diversly,
Gather'd in one up to the heavens to spire,
Eftsoons consum'd to fall down seebily;
So whylom did this monarchy aspire

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As waves, as wind, as fire, spread over all,
Till it by fatal doom adown did fall.

XVII.

So long as Jove's great bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not fear of that presumptuous might
With which the gyants did the gods assay;
But all so soon as scorching sun had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to overspred,
The earth out of the massie womb forth sent
That antique horror which made heaven adred.
Then was the German Raven in disguise,
That Roman Eagle seen to cleave asunder,
And towards heaven freshly to arise
Out of these mountains, now consum'd to
powder,
In which the fowl that serves to bear the light-
ning
Is now no more seen flying nor alighting.

XVIII.

These heaps of stones, these old walls which ye
see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage soil,
And these brave palaces, which maistred be
Of Time, were shepherds' cottages sometime:
Then took the shepherds kingly ornaments,
And the stout hynd arm'd his right hand with
steel;

Eftsoons their rule of yearly presidents
Grew great, and six months greater a great deal,
Which made perpetual, rose to so great might,
That thence th' Imperial Eagle rooting took,
Till th' heaven it self opposing 'gainst her might,
Her power to Peter's successor betook,
Who shepherd-like (as Fates the same foreseeing)
Doth she that all things turn to their first being.

XIX.

All that is perfect which th' heaven beautifies,
All that's imperfect, born below the moon,
All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes,
And all that doth consume our pleasures soon;
All the mishap the which our days outwears,
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great ancestors,
Like a Pandora, locked long in store:
But Destiny, this huge chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and evil was enclosed,
Their heavenly virtues from these woes assoyling,
Carried to heaven, from sinful bondage loosed:
But their great sins, the causers of their pain,
Under these antique ruines yet remain.

XX.

No otherwise than rainy cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gather'd in the air,
Eftsoons in compass arch'd, to steep his hed,
Doth plunge himself in Thetys' bosom fair;
And mounting up again from whence he came,
With his great belly spreads the dimmed world,
Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame
In rain, or snow, or hail, he forth is hord:
This city, which was first but shepherd's shade,
Uprising by degrees, grew to such height,
That queen of land and sea her self she made:
At last, not able to bear so great weight,

N n

Her power dispers'd through all the world did
vade,
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

XXI.

The same which Pyrrhus, and the puissance
Of Africk could not tame, that same brave city
Which, with stout courage arm'd against mis-
chance,
Sustain'd the shock of common enmity,
Long as her ship tost with so many freaks,
Had all the world in arms against her bent,
Was never seen that any fortune's wrecks
Could break her course, begun with brave intent;
But when the object of her vertue fail'd,
Her power it self against it self did arm:
As he that having long in tempest sail'd,
Fain would arrive, but cannot for the storm,
If too great wind against the port him drive,
Doth in the part it self his vassal rive.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with Africa and Byze,
With Thames' inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arise,
Her nourlings did with mutinous uprore
Hearten against her self, her conquer'd spoil,
Which she had won from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoil'd within a while;
So when the compass'd course of th' universe
In six and thirty thousand years is run,
The bands of th' elements shall back reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undone:
The seeds, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos' womb again be hid.

XXIII.

O wary wisdom of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoil should be for-
born!
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cankering leisure not be overworn!
He well foresaw how that the Roman courage,
Impatient of pleasure's faint desires,
Through idleness would turn to civil rage,
And be her self the matter of her fires:
For in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As in a vicious body, gross disease,
Soon grows through humours superfluity.
That came to pass, when, swoln with plenty's
pride,
Nor prince, nor peer, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV.

If the blind fury which wars breedeth oft,
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equal beasts,
Whether they fare on foot or fly aloft,
Or armed be with claws or scaly creasts,
What fell Erynnis with hot burning tongs,
Did gripe your hearts with noisom rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruel wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romans!) your hard destiny,
Or some old sin, whose unappeased guilt
Pour'd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brothers' blood, the which at first was spilt

Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian poet's harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in dark,
The which this ancient city whilom made!
Or that I had Amphion's instrument,
To quicken with his vital notes' accord
The stony joints of these old walls, now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd;
Or that at least I could with pencil fine
Fashion the pourtraicts of these palaces,
By pattern of great Virgil's spirit divine;
I would assay with that which in me is,
To build with level of my lofty stile,
That which no hands can ever more compile.

XXVI.

Who list the Roman greatness forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seek for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepness, or her
hight;
But him behooves to view in compass round
All that the Ocean grasps in his long arms,
Be it where th' yearly star doth scorch the ground,
Or where cold Boreas blows his bitter storms.
Rome was th' whole world, and all the world was
Rome;

And if things nam'd their names do equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome,
And naming Rome ye land and sea comprize!
For th' ancient plot of Rome, displayed plain
The map of all the wide world doth contain.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonish'd dost behold
The antique pride which menaced the sky,
These haughty heaps, these palaces of old,
These walls, these arks, these baths, these temples
Judge by these ample Ruins' view the rest [hie,
The which injurious Time hath quite outworn,
Since of all workmen held in reckning best,
Yet these old fragments are for patters born:
Then also mark how Rome from day to day,
Repaying her decayed fashion
Renews herself with buildings rich and gay,
That one would judge that the Roman daemon
Doth yet himself with fatal hand enforce,
Again on foot to rear her pouldred corse.

XXVIII.

He that hath seen a great oak dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some trophies old,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoary head,
Whose foot on ground hath left but feeble hold,
But half disbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed roots and naked arms,
And on her trunk, ail rotten and unsound,
Only supports her self for meat of worms,
And though she owe her fall to the first wind,
Yet of the devout people is adorn'd,
And many young plants spring out of her rind;
Who such an oak hath seen, let him record
That such this city's honour was of yore,
And 'mongst all cities flourish'd much more.

XXIX.

All that which Egypt whilom did devise,
 All that which Greece their temples to enbrave,
 After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guise,
 Or Corinth, skill'd in curious works to grave;
 All that Lysippus' practick art could form,
 Apelles' wit, or Phidias his skill,
 Was wont this ancient city to adorn,
 And heaven it self with her wilde wonders fill:
 All that which Athens ever brought forth wise,
 All that which Africk ever brought forth strange,
 All that which Asia ever had of praise,
 Was here to see. O marvailous great change!
 Rome living was the world's sole ornament,
 And dead, is now the world's sole monument?

XXX.

I like as the seeded field green grafs first shows,
 Then from green grafs into a stalk doth spring,
 And from a stalk into an ear forth grows,
 Which ear the fruitful grain doth shortly bring;
 And as in season due the husband mows
 The waving locks of those fair yellow hairs,
 Which bound in sheaves, and laid in comely
 rows,

Upon the naked fields in stacks he rears;
 So grew the Roman empire by degree,
 'Till that barbarian hands it quite did spill,
 And left of it but these old marks to see,
 Of which all passers-by do somewhat pill;
 As they which glean, the reliques use to gather
 Which th' husbandman behind him chanst to
 scatter.

XXXI.

That same is now nought but a champain wide,
 Where all this world's pride once was situate.
 No blame to thee, whosoever doost abide
 By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
 Ne Africk thereof guilty is, nor Spain,
 Nor the bold people by the Thamis' brinks,
 Nor the brave warlike brood of Alemain,
 Nor the born souldier which Rhine running
 drinks:

Thou only cause, O civil Fury! art,
 Which sowing in th' Æmathan fields thy spight,
 Didst arm thy hand against thy proper heart,
 To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
 To greatness grown, through long prosperity,
 Thou then adown might'st fall more horribly.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verses! that posterity
 Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
 Hope ye that ever immortality
 So mean harp's work may challenge for her need?
 If under heaven any endurance were,
 These monuments, which not in paper writ,
 But in porphyre and marble do appear,
 Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
 Nath'less my lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to give,
 Cease not to sound these old antiquities,
 For if that Time do let thy glory live,
 Well may'st thou boast, how ever base thou be,
 That thou art first which of thy nation song
 Th' old honour of the people gown'd long.

L'ENVOY.

BELLAY! first garland of free poesy
 That France brought forth, though fruitful of
 brave wits,
 Well worthy thou of immortality,
 That long hast travel'd by thy learned writs,
 Old Rome out of her ashes to revive,
 And give a second life to dead decays;
 Needs must he all eternity survive,
 That can to other give eternal days.
 Thy days, therefore, are endless, and thy praise
 Excelling all that ever went before;
 And after thee 'gins Bartas hie to raise
 His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore,
 Live, happy Spirits! th' honour of your name,
 And fill the world with never-dying fame.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

To the right noble and beautiful lady,

MARY,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROOK.

MOST honourable and bountiful Lady, there be long sithens deep sowed in my breast the seeds of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave knight, your noble brother, deceased, which taking root, began in his lifetime somewhat to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weakness of their first spring, and would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to draw out his days) spired forth fruit of more perfection: but since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the patron of my young Muses, together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead: yet sithens my late coming into England, some friends of mine, (which might much prevail with me, and indeed command me) knowing with how straight bands of duty I was tyed to him, and also bound unto that noble house (of which the chief hope then rested in him), have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed any thankful remembrance towards him, or any of them, but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulness: whom chiefly to satisfy, or else to avoid that foul blot of unthankfulness, I have conceived this small Poem, intituled by a general name of, The World's Ruines; yet specially intended to the renowning of that noble race from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chief of them late deceased: the which I dedicate unto your Ladyship, as whom it most specially concerneth, and to whom I acknowledge my self bounden by many singular favours and great graces. I pray for your honourable happiness, and so humbly kifs your hands,

Your Ladyship's ever

humbly at command,

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

It chanced me one day beside the shore
Of silver streaming Thamesis to be,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to see,
By which the traveller, that fares that way,
This once was she may warned be to say.

There on the other side I did behold
A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellow locks, like wiry gold,
About her shoulders carelessly down trailing,
And streams of tears from her fair eyes forth
railing;
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heaven she seem'd on high to
weld.

Whether she were one of that river's nymphs,
Which did the loss of some dear love lament,
I doubt, or one of those three fatal imps
Which draw the days of men forth in extent,
Or th' ancient Genius of that city brent;
But seeing her so piteously perplexed,
I (to her calling) ask'd what her so vexed?

" Ah what delight (quoth she) in earthly thing,
" Or comfort, can I, wretched Creature! have?
" Whose happiness the Heavens envying,
" From highest stair to lowest step me drave,
" And have in mine own bowels made my grave;
" That of all nations now I am forlorn,
" The worlds sad spectacle, and Fortune's scorn."

Much was I moved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest,
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint,
That shedding tears awhile, I still did rest,
And after did her name of her request:
" Name have I none, (quoth she) nor any being
" Bereft of both by Fate's unjust decreeing.

" I was that city which the garland wore
" Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
" By Roman victors, which it won of yore,
" Though nought at all but ruines now I be,
" And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see:
" Verlame I was: what boots it that I was,
" Sith now I am but woods and wasteful grafs?

" O vain world's glory, and unstedfast state
" Of all that lives on face of sinful earth!
" Which from their first until their utmost date
" Taste no one hour of happiness or mirth,
" But like as at the ingate of their birth,
" They crying creep out of their mother's womb,
" So wailing back go to their woeful tomb.

" Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
" Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
" And rear a trophee for devouring Death,
" With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
" As if his days for ever should remain?
" Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
" Doth as a vapour vanish and decay.

" Look back who list unto the former ages,
" And call to count what is of them become,
" Where be those learned wits and antique sages
" Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
" Where those great warriors which did over-
" come
" The world with conquest of their might and
" main, [reign?
" And made one mear of th' earth and of their

" What now is of th' Assyrian Lioness,
" Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
" What of the Persian Bear's outrageousness,
" Whose memory is quite worn out with years?
" Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
" That over-ran the East with greedy powre,
" And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour?

" And where is that same great Seven-headed
 " beast,
 " That made all nations vassals of her pride,
 " To fall before her feet at her behest,
 " And in the neck of all the world did ride?
 " Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now
 " hide?
 " With her own weight down pressed now she
 " lies,
 " And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

" O Rome! thy ruin I lament and rue,
 " And in thy fall my fatal overthrow,
 " That whilom was, whilst Heavens with equal
 " view
 " Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts bestow,
 " The picture of thy pride in pompous show;
 " And of the whole world as thou wast the em-
 " press,
 " So I of this small northern world was princess.

" To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
 " Adorn'd with purest gold and precious stone;
 " To tell my riches and endowments rare,
 " That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
 " To tell my forces, matchable to none,
 " Were but lost labour; that few would believe,
 " And with rehearsing would me more agrieve.

" High towers, fair temples, goodly theaters,
 " Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
 " Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
 " Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
 " Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
 " All those (O pity!) now are turn'd to dust,
 " And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.

" Thereto for warlike power and people's store,
 " In Britanny was none to match with me,
 " That many often did aby full sore;
 " Ne Troynovant, though elder sister she,
 " With my great forces may compared be;
 " That stout Pendragon to his peril felt,
 " Who in a siege seven years about me dwelt.

" But long e'er this Bouduca, Britonnes,
 " Her mighty host against my bulwarks brought;
 " Bouduca! that victorious conqueress,
 " That lifting up her brave heroick thought
 " 'Bove women's weakness, with the Romans
 " fought,
 " Fought, and in field against them thrice pre-
 " vailed;
 " Yet was she foil'd whenas she me assailed.

" And though at last by force I conquer'd were
 " Of hardy Saxons, and became their thrall,
 " Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full
 " dear,

" And priz'd with slaughter of their general,
 " The monument of whose sad funeral,
 " For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
 " But now to nought, through spoil of time, is
 " wasted.

" Wasted it is, as if it never were,
 " And all the rest, that me so honour'd made,
 " And of the world admired every where,
 " Is turn'd to smook, that doth to nothing fade,
 " And of that brightness now appears no shade,
 " But grievly shades, such as do haunt in hell
 " With fearful fiends, that in deep darkness
 " dwell.

" Where my high steeples whilom us'd to stand,
 " On which the lordly falcon went to towre,
 " There now is but an heap of lime and sand,
 " For the skriech-owl to build her baleful bowre;
 " And where the nightingale went forth to pour
 " Her restless plaints, to comfort wakeful lovers,
 " There now haunt yelling mews and whiping
 " plovers.

" And where the chrystal Thamis went to slide
 " In silver channel down along the lee,
 " About whose flowry banks on either side
 " A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollitee,
 " Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
 " There now no river's course is to be seen,
 " But moorish fens, and marches ever green.

" Seems that the gentle river for great grief
 " Of my mishap, which oft I to him plained,
 " Or for to shun the horrible mischief
 " With which he saw my cruel foes me pained,
 " And his pure streams with guiltless blood oft
 " stained,
 " From my unhappy neighbourhood far fled,
 " And his sweet waters away with him led.

" There also, where the winged ships were seen
 " In liquid waves to cut their foamy way,
 " And thousand fishers numbred to have been
 " In that wide lake, looking for plentuous prey
 " Of fish, which they with baits us'd to betray,
 " Is now no lake, nor any fisher's store,
 " Nor ever ship shall sail there any more.

" They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
 " Ne ought to me remains but to lament
 " My long decay, which no man else doth mone,
 " And mourn my fall with doleful dreriment.
 " Yet is it comfort in great languishment,
 " To be bemoaned with compassion kind,
 " And mitigates the anguish of the mind.

" But me no man bewaileth but in game,
 " Ne sheddeth tears from lamentable eye,
 " Nor any lives that mentioneth my name
 " To be remembred of posterity,
 " Save one, that maugre Fortune's injury,
 " And Time's decay, and Envy's cruel tort,
 " Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

" Cambden! the nourice of Antiquity,
 " And lanthorn unto late succeeding age,
 " To see the light of simple verity,
 " Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
 " Of her own people, led with warlike rage;

" Cambden! though time all monuments obscure,
 " Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

" But why (unhappy Wight!) do I thus cry,
 " And grieve that my remembrance quite is
 " raced

" Out of the knowledge of posterity,
 " And all my antique monuments defaced?
 " Sith I do daily see things highest placed,
 " So soon as Fates their vital thred have shorn,
 " Forgotten quite, as they were never born.

" It is not long since these two eyes beheld
 " A mighty prince, of most renowned race,
 " Whom England high in count of honour held,
 " And greatest ones did sue to gain his grace;
 " Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 " Sate in the bosom of his sovereign,
 " And, right and loyal, did his word maintain.

" I saw him die, I saw him die as one
 " Of the mean people, and brought forth on bier;
 " I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 " His doleful fate, that late him loved dear;
 " Scarce any left to close his eye-lids near;
 " Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
 " The sacred sod, or *requiem* to say.

" O trustless state of miserable men,
 " That build your blifs on hope of earthly thing,
 " And vainly think your selves half happy then,
 " When painted faces with smooth flattering,
 " Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing!
 " And when the courting master louteth low,
 " Him true in heart and trusty to you throw!

" All is but feigned, and with oaker dide,
 " That every shower will wash and wipe away:
 " All things do change that under heaven abide,
 " And after death all friendship doth decay:
 " Therefore, what-ever man beareth worldly sway,
 " Living, on God and on thy self rely,
 " For when thou diest all shall with thee die.

" He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
 " Save what in heaven's storehouse he uplaid;
 " His hope is fail'd, and come to pass his dread,
 " And evil men (now dead) his deeds upbraid:
 " Spight bites the dead, that living never baid.
 " He now is gone, the whiles the fox is crept
 " Into the hole the which the badger swept.

" He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
 " And all his greatness vapoured to nought,
 " That as a glasse upon the water shone,
 " Which vanished quite so soon as it was fought:
 " His name is worn already out of thought,
 " Ne any poet seeks him to revive,
 " Yet many poets honour'd him alive.

" Ne doth his Colin, careless Colin Clout,
 " Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise!
 " Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout

" Of shepherd grooms, which wont his songs to
 " praise:

" Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
 " Until he quit him of this guilty blame:
 " Wake, shepherd's boy, at length awake for shame.

" And who so else did goodness by him gain,
 " And who so else his bounteous mind did try,
 " Whether he shephed be or shepherd's swain,
 " (For many did, which do it now deny)
 " Awake, and to his song a part apply:
 " And I, the whilst you mourn for his decease,
 " Will with my mourning plaint your plaint in-
 " crease.

" He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
 " His brother prince, his brother noble peer,
 " That whilst he lived was of none envye de,
 " And dead is now, as living, counted dear,
 " Dear unto all that true affection bear;
 " But unto thee most dear, O dearest Dame!
 " His noble spouse, and paragon of fame,

" He, whilst he lived! happy was through thee,
 " And being dead, is happy now much more;
 " Living, that linked chaunst with thee to be,
 " And dead, because him dead thou doost adore
 " As living, and thy lost dear love deplore:
 " So whilst that thou, fair flower of Chastity!
 " Doost live, by thee thy lord shall never die.

" Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
 " Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever;
 " For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
 " His worthy praise, and vertues dying never,
 " Though death his soul do from his body sever:
 " And thou thy self herein shalt also live,
 " Such grace the heavens do to my verses give.

" Ne shall his sister, ne thy father, die;
 " Thy father, that good earl of rare renown,
 " And noble patron of weak poverty!
 " Whose great good deeds in countrie and in
 " town

" Have purchast him in heaven a happy crown,
 " Where he now liveth in eternal blifs,
 " And left his son t' ensue those steps of his.

" He, noble Bud! his grandfire's lively heir,
 " Under the shadow of thy countenance
 " Now gins to shoot up fast, and flourish fair
 " In learned arts and goodly governance,
 " That him to highest honour shall advance.
 " Brave Imp of Bedford! grow apace in bounty,
 " And count of wisdom more than of thy county.

" Ne may I let thy husband's sister die,
 " That goodly lady, sith she eke did spring
 " Out of this stock and famous family,
 " Whose praises I to future age do sing,
 " And forth out of her happy womb did bring
 " The sacred brood of learning and all honour,
 " In whom the heavens pour'd all their gifts upon
 " her.

" Most gentle spirit, breathed from above,
 " Out of the bosom of the Maker's bliss,
 " In whom all bounty and all vertuous love
 " Appeared in their native propertis,
 " And did enrich that noble breast of his
 " With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
 " Worthy of heaven it self, which brought it forth.

" His blessed spirit, full of power divine,
 " And influence of all celestial grace,
 " Loathing this sinful earth and earthly slime,
 " Fled back too soon unto his native place;
 " Too soon for all that did his love embrace;
 " Too soon for all this wretched world, whom he
 " Robb'd of all right and true nobility.

" Yet ere his happy soul to heaven went
 " Out of this fleshly goal, he did devise
 " Unto his heavenly Maker to present
 " His body as a spotless sacrifice,
 " And chose that guilty hands of enemies [blood;
 " Should pour forth th' offering of his guiltless
 " So life exchanging for his country's good.

" O noble Spirit! live there ever blessed, [joy;
 " The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new
 " Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
 " With mortal cares and cumbrous world's annoy:
 " But where thou doost that happiness enjoy,
 " Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
 " That happy there I may thee always see!

" Yet whilst the Fates afford me vital breath,
 " I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
 " And sing to thee until that timely death
 " By Heaven's doom do end my earthly days:
 " Thereto do thou my humble spirit raise,
 " And into me that sacred breath inspire,
 " Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

" Then will I sing; but who can better sing
 " Than thine own sister, peerless lady bright!
 " Which to thee sings with deep heart's sorrowing,
 " Sorrowing tempered with dear delight?
 " That her to hear I feel my feeble spright
 " Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy;
 " O sad joy, made of mourning and annoy!

" Yet will I sing; but who can better sing
 " Than thou thy self, thine one self's valiance,
 " That whilst thou livedst madest the forests ring,
 " And fields resound, and flocks to leap and dance,
 " And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischance,
 " To run thy shrill Arcadian pipe to hear?
 " O happy were those days! thrice happy were.

" But now more happy thou, and wretched we,
 " Which want the wonted sweetness of thy
 " voice,

" Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
 " With Orpheus, with Linus, and the choice
 " Of all that ever did in rimes rejoyce,
 " Converset, and doost hear their heavenly lays,
 " And they hear thine and thine do better praise.

" So there thou livest, singing evermore,
 " And here thou livest being ever long
 " Of us which living loved thee afore,
 " And now thee worship mongst that blessed
 " throng

" Of heavenly poets and heroes strong:
 " So thou both here and here immortal art,
 " And every where through excellent desert.

" But such as neither of themselves can sing,
 " Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
 " Die in obscure oblivion as the thing
 " Which never was, ne ever with regard
 " Their names shall of the later age be heard,
 " But shall in rusty darkness ever lie,
 " Unless they mention'd be with infamy.

" What booteth it to have been rich alive?
 " What to be great? What to be gracious?
 " When after death no token doth survive
 " Of former being in this mortal house,
 " But sleeps in dust dead and inglorious?
 " Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,
 " And hath not hope of happiness or bliss.

" How many great ones may remembred be,
 " Which in their days most famously did flourish,
 " Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
 " But as things wip'd out with a sponge do
 " perish,
 " Because they living cared not to cherish
 " No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
 " Which might their names for ever memorize?

" Provide, therefore, (ye Princes!) whilst ye
 " live,
 " That of the Muses ye may friended be,
 " Which unto men eternity do give;
 " For they be daughters of Dame Memory
 " And Jove, the father of Eternity,
 " And do those men in golden thrones repose,
 " Whose merits they to glorify do chose.

" The seven-fold yron gates of grisly hell,
 " And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
 " They able are with power of mighty spell
 " To break, and thence the souls to bring away
 " Out of drad darkness to eternal day,
 " And then immortal make which else would die
 " In foul forgetfulness, and nameless lie.

" So whylom raised they the puissant brood
 " Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merit,
 " Out of the dust to which the Oetæan wood
 " Had him consum'd, and spent his vital spirit
 " To highest heaven, where now he doth inherit
 " All happiness in Hebe's silver bow'r,
 " Chosen to be her dearest paramour.

" So rais'd they eke fair Leda's warlike twins,
 " And interchanged life unto them lent,
 " That when th' one dies, th' other then begins
 " To shew in heaven his brightness orient;
 " And they, for pity of the sad wayment

" Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
 " Her back again to life sent for his sake.

" So happy are they, and so fortunate,
 " Whom the Pierian sacred Sisters love,
 " That freed from bands of implacable fate,
 " And powre of death, they live for ay above,
 " Where mortal wrecks their blifs may not re-
 " move,
 " But with the gods, for former vertue's meed,
 " On nectar and ambrosia do feed.

" For deeds do die, however nobly done,
 " And thoughts of men do in themselves decay,
 " But wise words, taught in numbers for to run,
 " Recorded by the Muses, live for ay,
 " Ne may with storming showers be washt away;
 " Ne bitter breathing winds with harmful blast,
 " Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever wast.

" In vain do earthly princes then, in vain,
 " Seek with pyramides to heaven aspired,
 " Or huge Colosses built with costly pain,
 " Or brasen pillows never to be fired,
 " Or shrines made of the metal most desired,
 " To make their memories for ever live;
 " For how can mortal immortality give?

" Such one Mausolus made, the world's great
 " wonder,
 " But now no remnant doth thereof remain;
 " Such one Marcellus, but was torn with thunder;
 " Such one Lisippus, but is worn with rain;
 " Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gain.
 " All such vain monuments of earthly mass,
 " Devour'd of Time, in time to nought do pass.

" But Fame, with golden wings aloft doth fly
 " Above the reach of ruinous decay,
 " And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,
 " Admir'd of base-born men from far away;
 " Then whofo will with vertuous deeds assay
 " To mount to heaven, on Pegafus must ride,
 " And with sweet poets' verse be glorifide.

" For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
 " Could save the son of Thetis from to die,
 " But that blind bard did him immortal make
 " With verses dipt in dew of Castalie,
 " Which made the Eastern conqueror to cry,
 " O fortunate young Man! whose vertue sound
 " So brave a tromp thy noble acts to found.

" Therefore, in this half happy I do read
 " Good Melibæ, that hath a poet got
 " To sing his living praises being dead,
 " Deserving never here to be forgot,
 " In spight of Envy, that his deeds would spot:
 " Since whose decease learning lies unregarded,
 " And men of arms do wander unrewarded.

" These two be those two great calamities
 " That long ago did grieve the noble spright
 " Of Salomon with great indignities,

" Who whilom was alive the wisest wight;
 " But now his wisdom is disproved quight;
 " For he that now welds all things at his will,
 " Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill,

" O grief of griefs! O gall of all good hearts!
 " To see that vertue should despised be
 " Of such as first were rais'd for vertuous parts,
 " And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
 " Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be:
 " O! let not those of whom the Muse is scorned,
 " Alive nor dead, be of the Muse adorned!

" O vile world's trust, that with such vain illusion
 " Hath so wise men bewitcht and overkest,
 " That they see not the way of their confusion!
 " O vainness to be added to the rest,
 " That doth my soul with inward grief infest!
 " Let them behold the piteous fall of me,
 " And in my case their own ensample see.

" And whofo else that sits in highest seat
 " Of this world's glory, worshipped of all,
 " Ne feareth change of time nor Fortun's threat,
 " Let him behold the horror of my fall,
 " And his own end unto remembrance call,
 " That of like ruine he may warned be,
 " And in himself be mov'd to pity me."

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
 With doleful shrieks she vanished away,
 That I through inward sorrow wexen faint,
 And all astonished with deep dismay
 For her departure, had no word to say,
 But fate long time in senseless sad affright,
 Looking still if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
 My thought returned grived home again,
 Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
 For ruth of that same woman's piteous pain;
 Whose words recording in my troubled brain,
 I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
 That frozen horror ran through every part.

So inly grieving in my groning breast,
 And deeply musing at her doubtful speech,
 Whose meaning much I laboured forth to wrest,
 Being above my slender reason's reach,
 At length, by demonstration me to teach,
 Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,
 Like tragick pageants seeming to appear.

I.

I saw an Image all of massie gold,
 Placed on high upon an altar fair,
 That all which did the same from far behold,
 Might worship it, and fall on lowest stair:
 Not that great idol might with this compare,
 To which th' Assyrian tyrant would have made
 The holy brethren falsly to have paid.

But th' altar on the which this Image staid,
 Was (O great pity!) built of brittle clay,

That shortly the foundation decaid,
With show'rs of heaven and tempest worn away;
Then down it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of every one which by it went,
That I it seeing dearly did lament.

II.

Next unto this a stately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richest stone that might be found.
And nigh unto the heavens in height uprear'd,
But placed on a plot of sandy ground:
Not that great towre which is so much renown'd
For tongues' confusion in Holy Writ,
King Ninus' work, might be compar'd to it.

But, O vain labours of terrestrial wit,
That builds so strongly on so frail a soil
As with each storm does fall away and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travail's toil
To be the pray of Time and Fortune's spoil!
I saw this Towre fall suddenly to dust,
That nigh with grief thereof my heart was brust.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devise,
With pleasures choice to feed his chearful sprights:
Not that which Merlin by his magick flights
Made for the gentle squire to entertain
His fair Belphebe, could this garden stain.

But O short pleasure, bought with lasting pain!
Why will hereafter any flesh delight
In earthly blifs, and Joy in pleasures vain?
Since that I saw this Garden wasted quight,
That where it was scarce seem'd any sight,
That I, which once that beauty did behold,
Could not from tears my melting eyes with-hold.

IV.

Soon after this a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre and of exceeding stature,
That none durst view the horror of his face,
Yet was he mild of speech and meek of nature:
Not he which in despite of his Creatour
With railing terms defy'd the Jewish hoast,
Might with this mighty one in hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast
Stretch his strong thighs, and th' ocean over-
stride,
And reach his hand into his enemies' hoast:
But see the end of pomp and fleshly pride!
One of his feet unwares from him did slide,
That down he fell into the deep abyfs,
Where dround with him is all his earthly blifs.

V.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
Over the sea from one to th' other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' uphold,
But like the coloured rainbow arch'd wide:
Not that great arch which Trajan edifice,

To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equal viewing.

But (ah! what boots it to see earthly thing
In glory or in greatness to excel,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruin bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foot not fastned well,
'Gan fail, and all the rest down shortly fell;
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That grief thereof my spirit greatly pained.

VI.

I saw two Bears, as white as any milk,
Lying together in a mighty cave,
Of mild aspect, and hair as soft as silk,
That salvage nature seem'd not to have,
Nor after greedy spoil of blood to crave:
Two fairer beasts might not else-where be found,
Although the compass world were sought around.

But what long abide above this ground
In state of blifs, or stedfast happiness?
The cave, in which these bears lay sleeping
found,

Was but of earth, and with her weightiness
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppress.
That for great sorrow of ther sudden fate
Henceforth all world's felicity I hate.

Much was I troubled in my heavy spright
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quight,
And I in mind remained fore agast,
Distraught 'twixt fear and pity; when at last
I heard a voice which loudly to me call'd,
That with the suddain shrill I was appall'd

Behold, (said it) and by ensample see
That all is vanity and grief of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can be
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclin'd,
For all the rest must needs be left behind:
With that it bade me to the other side,
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I.

Upou that famous river's further shore,
There stood a snowy Swan, of heavenly hue
And gentle kind, as ever fowl afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white Strimonion brood might no man view;
There he most sweetly sung the prophecy
Of his own death in doleful elegy.

At last, when all his mourning melody
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forwarn'd to die,
With lofty flight about the earth be bounded,
And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly sign;
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilst thus I looked, low adown the lee
I saw an Harp, strung all with silver twine,

And made of gold and costly ivory,
Swimming, that whilom seemed to have been
The harp on which Dan Orpheus was seen
Wild beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' Harp of Phillisides now dead.

At length out of the river it was rear'd,
And borne about the clouds to be divin'd,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noise was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my mind;
So now in heaven a sign it doth appear,
The Harp, well known beside the Northern Bear.

III.

Soon after this I saw on th' other side
A curious Coffar made of heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser world's good;
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive
thought.

At length, when most in peril it was brought,
Two angels down descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling stream it lightly caught,
And 'twixt their blessed arms it carried quight
Above the reach of any living fight;
So now it is transform'd into that star
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

IV.

Looking aside, I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for any prince's couch be red,
And deckt with dainty flowres, as if it should
Be for some bride, her joyous night to hold;
Therein a goodly virgin sleeping lay,
A fairer wight saw never summer's day.

I heard a voice that called far away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,
For loe her bridegroom was in ready ray
To come to her, and seek her love's delight:
With that she started up with cheerful sight,
When suddenly both Bed and all was gone,
And I in langour left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd upon a winged steed,

The same that bred was of Medusa's blood,
On which Dan Perseus, born of heavenly seed,
The fair Andromeda from peril freed;
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streams of blood forth flowed on the grass.

Yet was he deckt (small joy to him, alas!)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoils, which late he did purchase;
Through brave achievements from his enemies
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heaven bore,
And left me here his loss for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly, I saw an Ark of purest gold
Upon a brazen pillour standing high,
Which the ashes seemed of a great prince to hold,
Enclos'd therein for endless memory
Of him whom all the world did glorify;
Seemed the heavens with th' earth did disagree
Whether should of those ashes keeper be.

At last, me seem'd wing-footed Mercury,
From heaven descending to appease their strife,
The ark did bear with him above the sky,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven, where happiness is rife;
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L'ENVOY.

IMMORTAL Spirit of Phillisides!
Which now art made the heaven's ornament,
That whilom wast the world's chiefest riches,
Give leave to him that lov'd thee to lament
His loss, by lack of thee to heaven hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighs, to deck thy fable herse.

And ye, fair Lady! th' honour of your days,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts
scorn,
Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping tears t' adorn;
And as ye be of heavenly off-spring born,
So unto heaven let your high mind aspire,
And loath this dross of sinful world's desire.

MUIOPOTMOS:

O R,

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLY.

To the Right Worthy and Virtuous Lady,

THE LADY CAREY.

MOST brave and bountiful Lady! for so excellent favours I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits; therefore I have determined to give my self wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my self, and absolutely vowed to your services, which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage to have the person yielded. My person I wot well how little worth it is; but the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your Ladyship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poor service thereof, which taketh glory to advance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to spend it in honouring you; not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded, nor for name or kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable, as for that honourable name which ye have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spread in the mouths of all men; with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and under your name to commend to the world this small Poem; the which beseeching your Ladyship to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousness to make a mild construction, I humbly pray for your happiness.

Your Ladyship's ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENSER.

MUIOPOTMOS, &c.

I sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd up through wrathful Numefis' despight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
Drawn into arms and proof of mortal fight
Through proud ambition and heart-swelling hate,
Whilst neither could the other's greater might
And 'sdainful scorn endure, that from small jar
Their wraths at length broke into open war.

The root whereof and tragical effect
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournful'st Muse of Nine!
That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct
In funeral complaints and wailful tine,
Reveal to me, and all the means detect
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchedness. And is there then
Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men?

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which do possess the empire of the air,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable nor more fair,
Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,
Than Clarion, the eldest son and heir
Of Muscarol, and in his father's sight
Of all alive did seem the fairest wight.

With fruitful hope his aged brest he fed
Of future good, which his young toward years,
Full of brave courage and bold hardy-hed,
Above th' ensample of his equal peers,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender tears)
That he in time would sure prove such an one
As should be worthy of his father's throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or hours in ease to waste,

But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compass of the airy coast,
And with unwearied wings each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned fire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,
To view the workmanship of heaven's hight,
Whence down descending, he along would fly
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find,
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So on a summer's day, when season mild
With gentle calm the world hath quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Ascending, did his beams abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smil'd,
Young Clarion with vauntful lusted
After his guise did cast abroad to fare,
And thereto 'gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That nought his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound,
For it by art was framed to endure
The bit of baleful steel and bitter stound,
No less than that which Vulcane made to shield
Achilles' life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure flew,
And rest the spoil, his ornament to be;
Which spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Think him Alcides with the lyon's skin,
When the Næmean conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set :
The metal was of rare and passing price ;
Not Bilbo steel, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
Nor costly Oricalth from strange Phœnice,
But such as could both Phœbus' arrows ward,
And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunched towards either side,
Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore :
Like as a warlike brigandine applide
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death do hide ;
So did this Fly outstretch his fearful horns,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorns.

Lastly, his shiny wings, as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing far
All painters' skill, he did about him dight :
Not half so many fundry colours are
In Iris' bow, ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star,
Nor Juno's bird, in her eye-spotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril spoken)
The archer god the son of Cytheree,
That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoils of bleeding hearts to see,
Bears in his wings so many a changeful token.
Ah ! my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
If ought against thine honour I have told ;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a lady fair, in court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envide,
And wisht that two such fans, so filken soft,
And golden fair, her love would her provide ;
Or that when them the gorgeous Fly had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steal them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a prey.

Report is that Dame Venus, on a day
In spring, when flowres do cloath the fruitful
ground,
Walking abroad with all her nymphs to play,
Bade her fair damfels, flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forehead to array ;
Emongst the rest a gentle nymph was found,
Hight Aftery, excelling all the crew
In courtcous usage and unstained hue ;

Who being nimbler-jointed than the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the field's honour than the others best,
Which they in secret hearts envying sore,
Told Venus, when her as the worthiest
She prais'd, that Cupid (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aid in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddess gathering jealous fear,
Not yet unmindful how not long ago
Her son to Psyche secret love did bear,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle wo
Thereof arose, and many a rueful tear,
Reason with sudden rage did overgo,
And giving hasty credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Estfoons that damsel by her heavenly might
She turn'd into a winged Butterfly,
In the wide air to make her wandering flight ;
And all those flowres with which so plenteously
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memory
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were ;
Since which that Fly them in her wings doth
bear.

Thus the fresh Clarion being ready dight,
Unto his journey did himself address,
And with good speed began to take his flight :
Over the fields in his frank lustiness,
And all the champaign o'er he soared light,
And all the country wide he did possess,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteously.
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envy.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassie fens' delights untride :
But none of these, however sweet they been,
More please his fancy, nor him cause t' abide ;
His choiceful sense with every change doth flit ;
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstaid desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights ;
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odors and alluring sights ;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
T' excel the natural with made delights ;
And all that fair or pleasant may be found
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order ;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feet their filken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety,
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbs most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet ;
And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then again he turneth to his play,
To spoil the pleasures of that paradise :
The wholsom sage, and lavender still gray,
Rank-smelling rue, and cummin, good for eyes,
The roses reigning in the pride of May,
Sharp isop, good for green wounds' remedies,
Fair marigolds, and bees-alluring thyme,
Sweet marjoram, and daisies decking prime :

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
Embathed balm, and cheerful galingale,
Fresh costmary, and breathful camomil,
Dull poppy, and drink-quickning setuale,
Vein-healing verven, and head-purging dill,
Sound savory, and basil, harty-hale,
Fat colworts, and comforting perseline,
Cold lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine ;

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grew in this garden, fetch'd from far away,
Of every one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth prey ;
Then when he hath both plaid and fed his fill,
In the warm sun he doth himself embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisance
Of all his gladfulness and kingly joyance.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
'To reign in th' air from earth to highest sky ;
'To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
'To take whatever thing doth please the eye ?
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

But what on earth can long abide in state ?
Or who can him assure of happy day ?
Sith morning fair may bring foul evening late,
And least mishap the most blest alter may ?
For thousand perils lie in close await
About us daily, to work our decay,
'That none, except a god, or God him guide,
May them avoid, or remedy provide.

And whatso heavens in their secret doom
Ordained have, how can frail fleshly wight
Fore-cast, but it must needs to issue come ?
The sea, the air, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and some
Do serve to them, and with importune might
War against us, the vassals of their will :
Who then can save what they dispose to spill ?

Not thou, O Clarion ! though fairest thou
Of all thy kind, unhappy, happy Fly !
Whose cruel fate is woven even now
Of Jove's own hand, to work thy misery ;
Ne may thee help the many a hearty vow
Which thy old sire with sacred piety
Hath poured forth for thee, and th' altars sprent ;
Nought may thee save from heaven's avengement.

It fortun'd (as Heavens had behight)
That in this garden where young Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of fair things, th' author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of Spight,
Had lately built his hateful mansion,
And lurking closely, in await now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterfly
In this fair plot disacing to and fro,
Fearless of foes and hidden jeopardy,
Lord ! how he 'gan for to bestir him tho,
And to his wicked work each part apply !
His heart did yern against his hated fo,
And bowels so with rankling poison swell'd,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Fly so maliced
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his means was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her own skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddess, having heard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fill'd,
Came down to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield ;
But the presumptuous damsel rashly dar'd
The goddess' self to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of works with loom, with needle, and with quill,

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make ;
So to their work they sit, and each doth chuse
What story she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuse
Europa like a bull, and on his back
Her through the sea did bear, so lively seen,
That it true sea and true bull ye would ween.

She seem'd still back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
The dashing of the waves, that up she took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near ;
But (Lord !) how she in every member shook,
When as the land she saw no more appear,
But a wild wilderness of waters deep,
Then 'gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before the bull she pictur'd winged love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove ;
The one his bow and shafts, the other spring
A burning tead about his head did move,
As in their fire's new love both triumphing ;
And many nymphs about them flocking round,
And many Tritons, which their horns did sound.

And round about her work she did empale,
 With a fair border, wrought of sundry flow'rs,
 Enwoven with an ivy-winding trayle;
 A goodly work, full fit for kingly bow'rs,
 Such as dame Pallas, such as Envy pale,
 That all good things with venomous tooth de-
 vours,
 Could not accuse. Then 'gan the goddess bright
 Her self likewise unto her work to dight.

She made the story of the old debate
 Which she with Neptune did for Athens try;
 Twelve gods do sit around in royal state,
 And Jove in midst with awful majesty,
 To judge the strife between them stirred late;
 Each of the gods by his like visnomy
 Eath to be known, but Jove above them all,
 By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the god of seas in place,
 Claiming that sea-coast city as his right,
 And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace,
 Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in fight,
 The sign by which he challengeth the place,
 That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might
 Did surely deem the victory his due;
 But seldom seen forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her self she gives her Ægide shield,
 And steel-head spear, and marion on her head,
 Such as she oft is seen in warlike field;
 Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dred
 She smote the ground, the which straight forth
 did yield
 A fruitful olive-tree, with berries spread,
 That all the gods admir'd; then all the story
 She compass'd with a wreath of olives hoary.

Emongst those leaves she made a Butterfly
 With excellent device and wondrous flight,
 Fluttering among the olives wantonly,
 That seem'd to live, so like it was in flight;
 The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
 The silken down with which his back is dight,
 His broad out-stretched horns, his airy thighs,
 His glorious colours, and his glittering eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
 And mastered with workmanship so rare,
 She stood astonied long, ne ought gainsaid,
 And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
 And by her silence, sign of one dismaid,
 The victory did yield her as her share;
 Yet did she inly fret and felly burn,
 And all her blood to poisonous rancour turn;

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
 Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
 She grew to hideous shape of drevined,
 Pined with grief of folly late repented:
 Eftsoons her white strait legs were altered
 To crooked crawling shanks, of marrow emptied,
 And her fair face to foul and loathsome hue,
 And her fine corps to a bag of venom grew.

This cursed creature, mindful of that old
 Enfestred grudge the which his mother felt;
 So soon as Clarion he did behold,
 His heart with vengeful malice inly swelt,
 And weaving straight a net with many a fold
 About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
 With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
 So finely spun that scarce they could be spide.

Not any damsel, which her vaunteth most
 In skilful knitting of soft filken twine,
 Nor any weaver, which his work doth boast
 In diaper, in damask, or in lyne;
 Nor any skill'd in workmanship emboss'd;
 Nor any skill'd in louns of fingring fine,
 Might in their diverse cunning ever dare
 With this so curious net-work to compare.

Ne do I think that that same subtile gin
 The which the Lemnian god fram'd craftily,
 Mars sleeping with his wife to compass in,
 That all the gods, with common mockery,
 Might laugh at them, and scorn their shameful
 fin,
 Was like to this: this same he did apply
 For to entrap the careless Clarion,
 That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor fear of foe,
 That hazarded his health, had he at all,
 But walk'd at will and wandred to and fro,
 In the pride of his freedom principal:
 Little wist he his fatal future woe,
 But was secure; the liker he to fall!
 He likest is to fall into mischance
 That is regardless of his governance.

Yet still Aragnol (so his foe was hight)
 Lay lurking covertly him to surprize,
 And all his gins that him entangle might,
 Dress'd in good order as he could devise.
 At length the foolish Fly, without foresight,
 As he that did all danger quite despise,
 Towards those parts came flying carelessly,
 Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who seeing him, with secret joy therefore
 Did tickle inwardly in every vein,
 And his false heart, fraught with all treason's
 store,
 Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtain:
 Himself he close upgathered more and more
 Into his den, that his deceitful train
 By his there being might not be bewraid,
 Ne any noise, ne any motion, made.

Like as a wily fox, that having spide
 Where on a sunny bank the lambs do play,
 Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
 Lies in ambushment of his hoped prey,
 Ne stirreth limb, still seeing ready tide
 He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
 One of the little younglings unawares;
 So to his work Aragnol him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavy eyes
A well of tears, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cries
And mournful tunes enough my grief to show?
Help, O thou tragick Muse! me to devise,
Notes sad enough t' express this bitter throw,
For loe! the dreary stown'd is now arrived,
That of all happiness hath us deprived.

The luckless Clarion, whether cruel Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultless him misled,
Or some ungracious blast out of the gate
Of Æole's reign perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O sad hap, and hour unfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth carried
Into the curfed cobweb which his foe
Had framed for his final overthrow.

There the fond Fly entangled, struggled long,
Himself to free thereout; but all in vain;
For striving more, the more in laces strong
Himself he tide, and wrapt his winges twain
In limy snares the subtil loops among,
That in the end he breathless did remain,
And all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the grieved tyrant did espy
Like a grim lion rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedily
On the resistless prey, and with fell spight,
Under the left wing strook his weapon fly
Into his heart, that his deep-groaning spright
In bloody streams forth fled into the air,
His body left the spectacle of care.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

IN SIX CANTOS.

To the right noble Lady,

MARY,

Daughter to the most illustrious Prince,

GEORGE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MOST noble Lady! I have presumed to present this Poem to your honourable hand, encouraged only by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly assured, by the ablest and most knowing men, that it must be a work of Spenser's, of whom it were pity that any thing should be lost) and doubting not but your Ladyship will graciously accept, though from a mean hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer and observer of your self and princely family, and shall ever remain

The humblest of your devoted servants,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

'The youthly shepherds winning here,
And beauties rare displaid, appear;
What exercise he chief affects,
His name and scornful love neglects.

i.

In Ida vale, (who knows not Ida vale?)
When harmless Troy yet felt not Græcian spite,
An hundred shepherds wonn'd, and in the dale,
While their fair flocks the three-leav'd pastures

bite,

The shepherds boys, with hundred sportlings
light,

Gave wings unto the time's too speedy haste:
Ah, foolish Lads! that strove with lavish waste
So fast to spend the time that spends your time
as fast.

ii.

Amongst the rest, that all the rest excell'd,
A dainty boy there wonn'd, whose harmless years
Now in their freshest budding gently swell'd;
His nymph-like face ne'er felt the nimble sheers,
Youth's downy blossom through his cheek ap-

pears;

His lovely limbs (but love he quite discarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be re-
warded.

iii.

High was his fore-head, arch'd with silver mould,
(Where never anger churlish wrinkleth dighted)
His auborn locks hung like dark threds of gold,
That wanton airs (with their fair length incited)
To play amongst their wanton curls delighted;
His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd:
Ah! how should truth in those thief eyes be
stor'd,

Which thousand loves had stoln, and never one
restor'd?

iv.

His lilly-cheek might seem an ivory plain,
More purely white than frozen Appenine,
Where lovely Bashfulness did sweetly reign,

In blushing scarlet cloth'd in purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightful shrine,
(Still could it self) inflam'd with hot desire,
That well the face might seem in divers tire,
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

v.

His cheerful looks and merry face would prove
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love;
Of all the other parts enough is said,
That they were fit twins for so fair a head:
Thousand boys for him, thousand maidens dy'd;
Die they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
He thousand boys (ah, Fool!) and thousand maids
deny'd.

vi.

His joy was not in musick's sweet delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning
art)
Or daintier songs to daintier ears t'indite,
But through the plains to chase the nimble hart
With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certain dart
The tusked boar or savage bear to wound;
Mean time his heart with monsters doth abound;
Ah, Fool! to seek so far what nearer might be
found.

vii.

His name (well known unto those woody shades,
Where unrewarded lovers oft complain them)
Anchises was; Anchises oft the glades
And mountains heard, Anchises had disdain'd
them;
Not all their love one gentle look had gain'd
them,
That rocky hills, with echoing noise consenting,
Anchises plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
Harder than rocky hills laugh'd at their vain la-
menting.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Dione's garden of Delight,
With wonder holds Anchises' sight;
While from the bower such musick sounds,
As all his senses near confounds.

I.

ONE day it chaunc't as he the deer pursu'd,
Tired with sport, and faint with weary play,
Fair Venus' grove not far away he view'd,
Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
And in their shades his sweetening limbs display;
There in the cooling glade he softly paces,
And much delighted with their even spaces,
What in himself he scorn'd, he prais'd their kind
imbraces.

II.

The wood with Paphian myrtles peopled,
(Whose springing youth felt never winter's spit-
ing)
To laurels sweet were sweetly married,
Doubling their pleasing smells in their uniting;
When single much, much more when mix'd de-
lighting;
No foot of beast durst touch this hallow'd place,
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entr'd with fear, but soon turn'd back his fright-
ed face.

III.

The thick-lock'd boughs shut out the tell-tale sun,
(For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
Since her known fault, which oft she wish'd
undon)
And scatter'd rays did make a doubtful sight,
Like to the first of day or last of night:
The fittest light for lover's gentle play:
Such light best shews the wandering lover's way,
And guides his erring hand: night is Love's
holy-day.

IV.

So far in this sweet labyrinth he stray'd
That now he views the garden of Delight,
Whose breast with thousand painted flowers ar-
ray'd,
With divers joy captiv'd his wandering sight;
But soon the eyes rendred the ears their right;
For such strange harmony he seem'd to hear,
That all his senses flock'd into his ear,
And every faculty wish'd to be seated there.

V.

From a close bower this dainty musick flow'd,
A bowre apparel'd round with divers roses,
Both red and white, which by their liveries
show'd
Their mistresses fair, that there her self reposes;
Seem'd that would strive with those rare musick
clothes,
By spreading their fair bosoms to the light,
Which the distracted sense should most delight;
That raps the melted ear, this both the smell and
sight.

VI.

The boy 'twixt fearful hope and wishing fear
Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
The bower, much more the guest so lodged
there)
And as he goes he marks how well agree
Nature and Art in discord unity,
Each striving who should best perform his part,
Yet Art now helping Nature, Nature Art,
While from his ears a voice thus stole his
heart;

VII.

" Fond Men! whose wretched care the life soon
 " ending,
 " By striving to increase your joy do spend it,
 " And spending joy, yet find no joy in spending;
 " You hurt your life by striving to amend it,
 " And seeking to prolong it soonest end it;
 " Then while fit time affords thee time and
 " leasure,
 * Enjoy while yet thou may'st thy life's sweet
 " pleasure;
 " Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his
 " treasure.

VIII.

" Love is life's end; an end, but never ending;
 " All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;
 " Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent, but ever
 " spending)

" More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
 " Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding;
 " Then from thy wretched heart fond care re-
 " move,
 " Ah! shouldst thou live but once love's sweets
 to prove,
 " Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to
 " love."

IX.

To this sweet voice a dainty musick fitted
 Its well-tun'd strings, and to her notes conformed,
 And while with skilful voice the song she dittied,
 The blabbing Eccho had her words retorted;
 That now the boy, beyond his soul transported,
 Through all his limbs feels run a pleasant shaking,
 And 'twixt a hope and fear, suspects mistaking,
 And doubts he sleeping dreams, and broad awake
 fears waking.

O O H

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

Fair Cytherea's limbs beheld,
The straying lad's heart so intral'd,
That in a trance his melted spright
Leaves th' senses flumbring in delight.

I.

Now to the bower he sent his thievish eyes
To steal a happy sight; there do they find
Fair Venus, that within half naked lies,
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
Would not return the message to the mind;
But full of fear and superstitious awe,
Could not retire or back their beams with-draw,
So fix'd on too much seeing made they nothing
saw.

II.

Her goodly length stretch'd on a lilly-bed,
(A bright foil of a beauty far more bright)
Few roses round about were scattered,
As if the lillies learnt to blush, for spight
To see a skin much more than lilly-white:
The bed sank with delight so to be pressed,
And knew not which to think a chance more
blessed,
Both blessed so to kiss, and so again be kissed.

III.

Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest moon,
Whole full-grown orb begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide room to beauty's regiment,
Which on the plain with love triumphant went;
Her golden hair a rope of pearl imbrac'd,
Which with their dainty threads oft-times enlac'd,
Made the eye think the pearl was there in gold
inchas'd.

IV.

Her full large eye, in jetty black array'd,
Proud beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft herself in black more rich display'd;
Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight;
A thousand Loves fate playing in each eye,
And smiling Mirth, kissing fair Courtesy,
By sweet perswasion wan a bloodless victory.

V.

The whitest white set by her silver cheek
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;
The freshest purple fresher dyes must seek,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On these Cupido winged armies led
Of little Loves that with bold wanton train
Under those colours, marching on the plain,
Forge every heart, and to low vassalage con-
strain.

VI.

Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,
From their so wish'd imbracements seldom parted,
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;
But when sweet words their joying sweets dis-
parted,
To th' ear a dainty musick they imparted:
Upon them fitly fate, delightful smiling,
A thousand souls with pleasing stealth beguiling:
Ah! that such shews of joys should be all joys
exiling!

VII.

The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
So sweet a lodge; but when she once intended
To feast the air with words, the heart deceiving,
More fast it thronged so to be expended;
And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
Playing th' breath, more sweet than is that firing
Where that Arabian only bird expiring
Lives by her death, by loss of breath more fresh
respiring.

VIII.

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inchas'd,
Seem'd a fair jewel wrought with cunning hand,
And being double, doubly the face grac'd:
This goodly frame on her round neck did stand;
Such pillar well such curious work sustain'd;
And on his top the heavenly spear up-rearing,
Might well present, with daintier appearing,
A less but better Atlas, that fair heaven bearing.

IX.

Lower two breasts stand all their beauties bearing,
Two breasts as smooth and soft; but, ah, alas!
Their smoothest softness far exceeds comparing;
More smooth and soft, but nought that ever was,
Where they are first, deserves the second place;
Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other;
And when thou first try'st one, and then the other,
Each softer seems than each, and each than each
seems smother.

X.

Lowly between their dainty hemispheres,
(Their hemispheres the heav'nly globes excelling)
A path more white than is the name it bears,
The Lacteal Path, conducts to the sweet dwelling
Where best Delight all joys fits freely dealing;

Where hundred sweets, and still fresh joys at-
tending,
Receive in giving, and still love dispending,
Grow richer by their loss, and wealthy by ex-
pending.

XI.

But stay, bold Shepherd! here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much unto thy new-born quill,
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beauteous hill
Which past the finest hand or choicest skill;
But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soon be blam'd,
For now the shameless world of best things is a-
sham'd.

XII.

That cunning artist that old Greece admir'd,
Thus far his Venus fitly pourtrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd;
His Dædale hand, that nature perfected
By Art, felt Art by Nature limited.
Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill de-
prive.

XIII.

Such when this gentle boy her closely view'd,
Only with thinnest silken veil o'er-laid,
Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd
By being next that skin, and all betray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
Ran from their work to see so splendid light,
And left the fainting limbs sweet slumbring in
delight.

B R I T A I N ' s I D A ,

C A N T O IV.

The Argument.

The swooning swain recovered is
By th' goddess, his soul rapt in blifs:
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service she doth him allow.

I.
Soft sleeping Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies;
Withall she stares, and wondereth withall;
She thinks that there her fair Adonis dies,
And more she thinks the more the boy she eyes:
So stepping nearer, up begins to rear him;
And now with Love himself she will confer him,
And now before her love himself she will prefer
him.

II.
The lad, soon with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himself so well, so sweetly seated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his flitting soul to heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne and blifs instated;
Oft would he die, so to be often sav'd;
And now with happy wish he closely crav'd
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingrav'd.

III.
The Paphian princess (in whose lovely breast
Spiteful disdain could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his fit releast,
(To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base)
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace:
But oh! those smiles (too full of sweet delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight;
So seeking to revive, more wounds his feeble
sprite.

IV.
Tell me, fair Boy! (said she) what erring chance
Hither directed thy unwary pace!
For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance
Their foul aspect in thy so pleasant face:
Tell me what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lack of love, or mutual answering fire?
Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire?
Tell me what is't thy fair and wishing eyes re-
quire?

V.
The boy, whose sense was never yet acquainted
With such a musick, flood with ears erected,
And sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
More of those sugred strains long time expected;
Till seeing she his speeches not rejected,
First sighs arising from his heart's low center,
Thus 'gan reply, when each word bold would
venter,
And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter.

VI.
" Fair Cyprian Queen," (for well that heavenly face
Proves thee the mother of all-conquering Love)
" Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeping pace,
" For no presumptuous thoughts did hither move
" My daring feet to this thy holy grove;
" But luckless chance (which if you not gain-say,
" I still must rue) hath caus'd me here to stray,
" And lose myself (alas!) in losing of my way.

VII.

" Nor did I come to right my wronged fire;
 " Never till now I saw what ought be lov'd;
 " And now I see, but never dare aspire
 " To move my hope, where yet my love is mov'd;
 " Whence though I would, I would it not re-
 " mov'd;
 " Only since I have plac'd my love so high,
 " Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt deny,
 " Grant me yet still to love, though in my love
 " to die."

VIII.

But she that in his eyes Love's face had seen,
 And flaming heart, did not such suit disdain,
 (For cruelty fits not sweet Beauty's queen)
 But gentle could his passion entertain,
 Though she Love's princess, he a lowly swain:

First of his bold intrusion she acquits him,
 Then to her service (happy Boy!) admits him,
 And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits
 him.

IX.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted,
 And Cupid's self, with his like face delighted,
 Taught him a hundred ways with which he
 dear'd
 The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted.
 Forcing to love that most his love despighted:
 And now the practice boy did so approve him,
 And with such grace and cunning art did move
 him,
 That all the pretty Loves and all the Graces love
 him.

B R I T A I N ' s I D A .

C A N T O V.

The Argument.

The lover's sad despairing plaints
Bright Venus with his love acquaints ;
Sweetly importun'd, he doth show
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

I.

YET never durst his faint and coward heart
(Ah, Fool ! faint heart fair lady ne'er could win)
Affail fair Venus with his new-learn'd art,
But kept his love and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out the more he prest it in ;
And thinking oft how just she might disdain
him,
While some cool myrtle shade did entertain him,
Thus fighting would he sit, and sadly would he
plain him :

II.

" Ah, fond and hapless Boy ! nor know I whether
" More fond or hapless more, that all so high
" Haft plac'd thy heart, where love and Fate to-
" gether
" May never hope to end thy misery,
" Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy :
" All hindrances (alas !) conspire to lett it ;
" Ah, fond and hapless Boy ! if canst not get it,
" In thinking to forget, at length learn to for-
" get it.

III.

" Ah, far too fond, but much more hapless
" Swain !
" Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,
" Serve and observe thy love with willing pain ;
" And though in vain thy love thou do preserve,
" Yet all in vain do thou adore her ever.
" No hope can crown thy thoughts so far aspiring,
" Nor dares thy self desire thine own desiring,
" Yet live thou in her love, and die in her ad-
" miring."

IV.

Thus oft the hopeless boy complaining lies ;
But she, that well could guess his sad lamenting,
(Who can conceal Love from Love's mother's
eyes ;
Did not disdain to give his love contenting ;
Cruel the soul that feeds on souls tormenting ;
Nor did she scorn him, though not nobly born,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorn
That with so noble skill her title did adorn.

V.

One day it chanc'd, thrice happy day and chance !
Whiles Loves were with the Graces sweetly
sporting.
And to fresh musick sounding play and dance,
And Cupid's self, with shepherds' boys consorting,
Laugh'd at their pritty sport and simple courting,
Fair Venus seats the fearful boy close by her,
Where never Phæbus' jealous looks might eye her,
And bids the boy his mistress and her names
descry her.

VI.

Long time the youth up-bound in silence stood,
While hope and fear with hundred thoughts
begun,
Fit prologue to his speech, and fearful blood
From heart and face with these post-tydings run,
That either now he's made, or now undon ;
At length his trembling words, with fear made
weak,
Began his too long silence thus to break,
" While from his humble eyes first reverence
" seem'd to speak.

vii.

" Fair Queen of Love! my life thou mayst com-
 " mand,
 " Too slender price for all thy former grace
 " Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand,
 " But never dare I speak her name and face;
 " My life is much less priz'd than her disgrace;
 " And for I know if I her name relate
 " I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
 " Unless thou swear by Styx I purchase not her
 " hate."

viii.

Fair Venus well perceiv'd his subtle shift,
 And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
 While thus the boy pursu'd his former drift:
 " No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skill'd,
 " Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,

" Though helpt with all the choicest art's direc-
 " tion,
 " But when he durst describe her heaven's per-
 " fection,
 " By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imper-
 " fection.

ix.

" Her form is as herself, perfect celestial,
 " No mortal spot her heavenly form disgraces:
 " Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial?
 " More sweet than thought or pow'rful wish
 " embraces;
 " The map of heaven the sum of all her graces:
 " But if you wish more truly limb'd to eye her,
 " Than fainting speech or words can well descry her,
 " Look in a glass, and there more perfect you
 " may spy her."

The Argument.

The boy's first wish, his father's name;
 That dash his soul with his command;
 Whence impatient uttering all
 Integred love conveys his thought.

" Why sigh'st thou? (said the boy) dost thou not
 " hear these
 " Thy narrow walls in such bright bands so
 " stay?
 " Well may I sigh, (said he) and well I must
 " That never such a debt may hope to pay.
 " A kiss, (said she) a kiss will back repay.
 " With those (reply'd the boy, too much delighted)
 " Content thee with such pay to be repaid?
 " O content! and he his lips, heart, soul, to pay
 " great maid.

Look at a word, from time his hands detain'd,
 And subject to his mistress's cruel fate;
 How spends the more, the more he was restrain'd;
 So he; yet thought to lay out his time there
 His doubly eager, yet still himself grow poor;
 With that he mused, and tells her out a love,
 And double them, and wishes all before
 Hand boy! the more thou pay'st thy debt the
 grows the more.

At length, when their loves in bed he'd join
 With kindly heat, longing in desire;
 Or whether that lower bliss had join'd a kiss
 He thinks that something wants for his repast;
 And that altho' yet knows not his sleeping;
 For yet thought that he wanted to the grave,
 That he pretence himself her passion have,
 Still his more willing face from his companion
 to draw.

" The ready art (reply'd the smiling queen)
 " Hush! keep my ending and not your prevention;
 " Yet might'st thou think that yet I were never
 " done.
 " That ready art and gentle love conduced,
 " But it is no day love is protected.
 " What wages for thy service must I owe thee?
 " For by the goddess now I pay you time.
 " Whichever thou require I readily will allow
 " Obed."

" Bardon (replies the boy) for is willing
 " Beyond measure, and not depending (begging;
 " Thy service was much more than my ex-
 " pence; but if thou (more thy beauty's good regarding)
 " Will needs heap up reward upon reward;
 " Thy love I dare not ask, or mutual fixing,
 " One kiss will my love and goddess's alighting,
 " And since I have my heart, let my too much
 " befitting."

" Good boy! (said she) no fond, that all'd be
 " done;
 " Thy want by asking is no wish decreased,
 " And giving I shall not see lessening flow;
 " Thus with a kiss shall I thy beauty's good
 " Most please thee; but hope none than such
 " shall be.
 " The joy of I think better fall while thou art joy'd,
 " And while you be so greatly enjoy'd,
 " Let not me fall in joy by being deny'd."

B R I T A I N ' s I D A .

C A N T O VI.

The Argument.

The boy's short wish, her larger grant,
That doth his soul with bliss enchant;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Irrag'd Jove contrives his thrall.

I.

" Thy crafty art (reply'd the smiling queen)
" Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
" Yet might'st thou think that yet 'twas never
" seen
" That angry rage and gentle love consented,
" But if to me thy true love is presented,
" What wages for thy service must I owe thee?
" For by the self-same vow I here avow thee,
" Whatever thou require I frankly will allow
" thee."

II.

" Pardon (replies the boy) for so affecting
" Beyond mortality, and not discarding [pecting;
" Thy service, was much more than my ex-
" But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
" Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
" Thy love I dare not ask, or mutual fixing,
" One kiss is all my love and pride's aspiring,
" And after starve my heart, for my too much
" desiring."

III.

" Fond Boy! (said she) too fond, that ask'd no
" more;
" Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
" And giving spends not our increasing store."
Thus with a kiss his lips she sweetly pressed;
Most blessed kiss! but hope more than most
blessed.
The boy did think heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not half his joy by being over-joy'd.

IV.

" Why sigh'st? fair Boy! (said she) dost thou re-
" pent thee
" Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to
" stay?"
" Well may I sigh, (said he) and well lament me,
" That never such a debt may hope to pay."
" A kiss, (said she) a kiss will back repay."
" Wilt thou (reply'd the boy, too much delighted)
" Content thee with such pay to be requited?"
She grants; and he his lips, heart, soul, to pay-
ment cited.

V.

Look as a ward, from time his lands detain'd,
And subject to his guardian's cruel lore,
Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd;
So he; yet though in laying out his store
He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poor;
With that he marks, and tells her out a score,
And doubles them, and trebles all before.
Fond boy! the more thou payst thy debt still
grows the more.

VI.

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him
With kindly heat, inflaming his desiring,
Or whether those sweet kisses had inspir'd him,
He thinks that something wants for his requiring,
And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring;
But yet though that he knoweth so she gave,
That he presents himself her bounden slave,
Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat else
to crave.

VII.

And boldned with success and many graces,
His hand, chain'd up in fear, he now releas'd,
And asking leave, courag'd with her embraces,
Again it prison'd in her tender breast:
Ah, blessed prison! pris'ners too much blest!
There with those sisters long time doth he play,
And now full boldly enters Love's highway,
While down the pleasant vale his creeping hand
doth stray.

VIII.

She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
Hiding his blushing with a sugred kiss,
With such sweet heat his rudeness doth allay,
That now he perfect knows whatever bliss
Elder Love taught, and he before did miss;
That moult with joy, in such untry'd joys trying,
He gladly dies; and death new life applying,
Gladly again he dies, that oft he may be dying.

IX.

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweet delight,
Free from sad care and fickle world's annoy,
Bathing in liquid joys his melted sprite;
And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish Boy!)
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
To woods, and heaven, and earth, his bliss im-
parted,
That Jove upon him down his thunder darted,
Blasting his splendant face, and all his beauty
fwarted.

X.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue;
Light joys float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinks deep, and th' heart's low center doth em-
might I enjoy my love till I unfold it, [brace
I'd lose all favours when I blabbing told it:
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.

OLD AND OBSCURE WORDS

SPENSER'S WORKS.

To woods, and heaven, and earth, his bliss in-
 The proud, and too impatient of his joy;
 And longer moment, but he (an, foolish Boy)
 Basking in liquid joys his melted senses;
 Free from sad care and sickle world's annoy,
 Long thus he liv'd, flourishing in sweet delight.

Blasting his splendid face, and all his beauty
That love upon him down his thunder darted.

He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.
 'Tis love all favours when I blissing told it.
 Almight I enjoy my love till I unfold it.
 Sinks deep, and th' heart's low center doth en-
 light joys float on his lips, but rightly grace
 I that cannot hold his peace and blissing tongue;
 Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
 Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;

And belov'd with facc'd and many graces,
The hand, chain'd up in love, he now releas'd,
And sitting leave, coug'd with her embraces,
Again in bosom'd in her tender breast;
O, blessed prison! but was too much pleas'd!
There with those sisters long time both he play,
And now full boldly enters Love's highway,
While down the pleasant vale his evening hand
doth stay.

Gladly again he dies, that oft he may be dying,
 His earthly dies; and death new life applying,
 To him more with joy, in such unity'd joys trying,
 Etern love caught, and he before did miss;
 That now he perfect knows whenever this
 With such sweet heat his raptures doth ally,
 Hiding his blushing with a jagged kiss,
 She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the

OLD AND OBSCURE WORDS

IN

SPENSER'S WORKS.

A.

Abace, in the two old quartos; but in the folios
Abase, to lower, to let fall.
Abear, to bear, carry, demean, behave.
Abet, to vindicate, and, to maintain.
Abide, *Aby*, *Abyde*, to abide, suffer, endure.
Abode, staying, or delay
Abray out of sleep, raise, awake. *Abrayd*, awaked.
Abusyon, fraud, abuse.
Accloy, to cloy, fill up. *Accloyes*, chokes up, fills
up.
Accosting, in falconry, to crouch or stoop.
Accoste, to approach.
Accoy'd, soothed, appeased.
Accoyled, stood around, gathered together.]
Accretwed, increased, united, collected.
Achates, 1st and 2d quartos. The folios *Cates*, i. e.
provisions.
Adaw, to daunt. Sometimes signifies to abate.
Addeme, adjudge, deem.
Address, to dress, prepare, order, make ready.
Admirance, admiration.

Adoe, business.
Adorne, (substantively) adorning, ornament.
Adredd, *Adrad*, frightened, to be afraid, to
dread.
Advance, to hasten, to set forward.
Advise, to consult, deliberate, consider.
Advise ment, counsel, advice, circumspection.
Adward, award, judgment, sentence,
Affect, affection, passion.
Affrap, to encounter, to strike down.
Affray, terror, tumult. To *Affray*, to terrify.
Affrended, made friends.
Affret, rencounter, hasty meeting.
Affronting, opposing front to front; meeting face
to face.
Affy, betroth. *Affide*, betrothed, affianced.
Aggrace, favour, kindness.
Aggrate, to gratify, to please.
Aghast, frightened, astonished.
Agrasle, did so much aggrace; shewed so much
grace and favour.

Agrise, to dread and fear greatly; to astonish, to give abhorrence.
Aguise, to put on an appearance; to set off after a new manner.
Albe, albeit, although.
Algates, by all means, any way, wholly, nevertheless.
All, altogether, wholly; also used for although.
Alla Turchesca, in the Turkish manner.
Allege, alleviate, lighten.
Alleggeaunce, alleviation, ease, comfort.
Alew, howling, lamentation.
Aloofe, at some distance.
Alow, low; the *a* added.
Amate. 1. to subdue, to daunt, to distress, to terrify. 2. To associate with, to keep company.
Amenage, manage, carriage.
Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour.
Ameasfd, fined.
Amis, apparel, garment.
Amoves, moves; the particle *a* is added.
Annoyes, annoyances.
Anticks, antique odd figures of men, beasts, birds, &c.
Apay, to pay, content, satisfy, requite.
Apall, to discourage, daunt, terrify.
Appeach, impeach, accuse, censure.
Areare, backwards; a lagging or backward pace.
Aread, *Areed*, shew, advise, declare, tell.
Areeds, advices, discourses.
Arew, in a row together, all together.
Arke, chest or coffer.
Arraught, did reach, seize on; reached, snatched, seized.
Array, order, apparel, drefs.
Arret, sometimes signifies decree.
Askaunce, to look askance, enviously, obliquely, sideways, awry.
Aflake, to appease.
Assay, proof, trial, attempt, attack.
Assoile, to free, to quit. *Assoiled*, absolved, discharged.
Astond, *astound*, astonished.
Assot, to besot, deceive, make a fool of.
Astart, to startle.
Atchivement, enterprize, or performance.
Ats, did eat.
Atone, i. e. friends again, at one; *Atoned*, reconciled.
Attacht, apprehended, laid hold on.
Attaint, it did attain; it seemed to absorb it, and to put it out by its superior splendor.
Attonce, once for all; at one and the same time.
Attone, bereaved, taken away altogether.
Attrapt, attrapped, adorned.
Atween, between.
Awale, to lower, abate, bring down descend.
Avaunting, vaunting, the *a* superadded. According to *Hughes* it signifies advancing.
Avenge, vengeance. *Avengement*, revenge.
Avize, *Avyse*, *Avise*, to perceive, to consider.

To behold, to observe, to be sensible of.
Hughes.

Aumayld, enamelled.

Avour, confession, acknowledgment.

Awarned, warned, premonished.

Awbape, to astonish, to terrify.

Aye, ever.

Aygulets, tagged points.

B.

Bad, asked, entreated, prayed.

Baffuld, baffled, beat, defeated.

Baisemains, compliments, respects.

Bale, evil, mischief, misery, sorrow, burden.

Baleful, sorrowful, unfortunate, full of harm.

Balke, to disappoint, baffle, frustrate.

Bannes, curses. To *Ban*, to curse. *Band*, did curse.

Barbes, bosses or ornaments in the trappings of a horse.

Barbed, embossed.

Barbican, an outer-work, gate, or watch-tower.

Base, unto the base, below, bottom.

Bases, any coverings for the legs.

Basen, as, Big looks basen wide [*Mother Hubbard's Tale*] i. e. extended as with wonder.

Basbed, abashed.

Basenet, a helmet.

Basted, wrought, slightly, sewed.

Bate, did beat, *Hughes*. Did bite, *Upton*.

Bauldrick, a belt; *Bauldrick of the heavens*; the zodiack, in which are the twelve signs.

Bay, to bark, *Faery Queene*, Book i. Canto 7. Stanza 3. it signifies to bathe, cherish, or foment. To hold or keep at bay, is the hunter's phrase of the stag, when the hounds are baying, or barking at him.

Beacon, a raised building of combustible matter, to be fired, in order to give notice to distant people of invasions. *Upton*.

Beadmen, prayer-men.

Beadroll, properly a catalogue of prayers, but used for a catalogue in general.

Beard him, affront him to his face; brave him.

Beare, a bier.

Beathed in fire, hardened in the fire.

Beauperes, equals, fair companions.

Beawy, a company.

Bed, for bid, to pray.

Bedight, dressed, adorned.

Bedyde, dyed.

Bebest, command.

Behight, or *bebote*, called, named; and sometimes bid, promised, gave.

Belamay, fair friend.

Belamoure, a lover.

Belayd, laid over.

Beldame, good lady, good dame.

Bell-accoyle, fair reception, kind salutations.

Bellgards, beautiful looks.

Bellibone, fair maid.

Bends, bars placed cross-ways.
Benempt, bequeathed, named.
Bent, the propensity or inclination; sometimes yielding or complying.
Bents, rushes, bent grass; bulrushes.
Bere, sometimes signifies weight, pressure, or bearing.
Bereave, to bereave, to take away.
Beseech, beseech.
Beseem, to become, to grace, to look seemly.
Beseen, well beseen, i. e. courtesy, bearing a good aspect, handsome treatment.
Besprink, or *Besprent*, besprinkled.
Besleed, beset, oppressed; *ill besleed*, bad plight, condition.
Bet, did beat.
Betake, took into his hand, bestow upon.
Beteem, deliver, bestow.
Betide, happen to, befall.
Bever, the sight or visor of a head-piece.
Bewray, to discover.
Bickerment, contention, strife.
Bidding his beads, saying his prayers.
Bilive, forthwith, immediately.
Bittur, a bittern.
Blatant Beast, Detraction represented as a monster.
Blaze, to divulge or spread abroad.
Beard, dimmed, darkened.
Blemishment, blemish, stain.
Blend, not only to mix, but to spoil with mixing, to confound. It also sometimes signifies to blind.
Bless, Spenser has used this word to signify the waving or brandishing of a sword.
Blin, to cease, give over.
Blift for *Blest*, blessed, B. iv. C. 7. St. 46. But in B. 6. C. 8. St. 13. *all about so blest*, i. e. injured, wounded.
Blossme, blossom. Pronounce it *bloom*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 2.
Bode, did abide.
Bolt, an arrow.
Bond, bound; kept as bond-slaves.
Bonnibel, a fair maid.
Boon, favour, request, petition.
Boot, advantage, help, profit.
Booteless, unavailing, unprofitable.
To bord, to accost, to approach. *Bord*, a jest.
Bordragings, ravagings or incursions on the borders.
Borrel, rude, clownish.
Bosse, a protuberance, in the middle of the shield.
Boughts, circular folds or windings.
Boulled, sifted.
Bourn, a brook or rivulet.
Bouzing can, a large drinking pot.
Bowre, often used for an inner chamber or private apartment.
Braft, or *Brac'd*, burst.
Brade, for broad.
Brag, proudly.
Brakes, bushes, brambles, fern.
Brame, vexation; *Breem*, fierce.
Brand, sometimes a fire-brand, sometimes a sword.

Branfles, brawls, a sort of tune.
Brave, not only valiant and bold, but fine and spruce.
Brawn'd bours, well sinewed arms.
Bray, found shrill.
Braided, knitted, plaited, wreathed.
Brent, burnt.
Brigants, robbers, free-booters.
Brockage, [*Moth. Hub. Tale*] pimping.
Brond, *Brond-iron*, vide *Brand*.
Brooke, bear, endure, digest.
Brunt, violent attack, accident.
Brusb, small wood, brush wood.
Bruteness, sottishness, stupidity, brutishness.
To buckle, to buckle on armour; to prepare for battle.
Buffe, a blow, buffet.
Bug, a bug-bear.
Bugle, a small bugle-horn.
Burganet, a helmet.
Burgeon, to spring forth or bud.
Bushets, little bushes.
But, unless, except.
Buxome, yielding.
Bylive. See *Bilive*.
Bynempt. See *Benempt*.

C.

Camis, *Camus*, a thin gown.
Can, is often used as 'gan, began.
Canon-bit, that part of the bit which is let into the horse's mouth; the ruling bit.
Capias, a special warrant.
Capon, a cock cut; metaphorically a cow-herd.
Capresole, woodbine, honey-suckle.
Captivaunce, captivity.
Carke, care.
Carle, a clown, a churl.
Carol, to sing songs of joy.
Carven, to cut.
To Cast in one's mind, to think, to contrive. *Cast* is also used for time, or a throw.
A Cast of falcons, a set of falcons.
Castory, beaver's oil.
Causen, to argue or debate.
Caw'd, made hollow.
Caytive, *Caitive*, mean, vile, captive, slave.
Certes, certainly.
Cesse, cease.
Cesure, a cutting off.
To Chaffer, to bargain, to traffic, to exchange.
Chamelot, stuff mixed with camel's hair, camlet.
Chamfred, bent, crooked.
Chast, chaced.
Chause, anger, heat, wrath.
Chaunticlere, so named from *chaunting* or *singing* with a clear and silver voice.
Chayre, charily, with great care and caution.
Cbecklaton, a kind of chequered or motley stuff.
Cbeckmate, a word borrowed from the game of chess.

Cheere, countenance, air, mien.
Chevalrie, knighthood, knightly exploits.
Chevifaunce, atchievement, enterprise, feat, performance.
Cbylded, brought forth.
Cleped, called, named.
Clouch, gathered together.
Colled, embraced.
Commen, commune, discourse together. Also to come.
Compass creast, his crest compassed around, or well rounded, proportioned, or framed.
Complot, a plot, combination, or contrivance.
Comportance, behaviour, carriage.
Compylde, brought together.
Con, to learn, to know.
Concept, imagination, fancy.
Concrew, to grow together.
Connd, learned.
Condigne, worthy.
Cougee, bow, reverence.
Contecke, contention.
Contrive, spend, consume.
Convenable, agreeable.
Coofen passions, kindred passions.
Coportion, a portion or share with you.
Corb, crooked.
Corbes, ornaments in building.
Cordwayne, Spanish leather.
Coronal, crown, garland.
Coffet, a lamb brought up without the ewe.
Cotes, sheep-folds.
Cott, floating cottage.
Could, as *Could his good to all*; i. e. dispensed his bounty.
Count, account, reckoning.
Countercaft, a counter contrivance or cunning.
Counterchange, mutual exchange.
Counterfeasaunce, counterfeiting.
Counterstroke, an opposite stroke.
Couplement, union, marriage, coupling together.
Cour'd, for covered.
Court, courteousness.
Couth, to know or be skillful in.
Cragg, neck.
Crakes, boastings.
Cranks, same as *Crankles*; i. e. turnings, windings.
Craples, claws.
Craven, coward, or cowardly.
Credence, belief.
Cruddy-blood, crudled coagulated.
Crumenal, purse.
Culver, (Saxon word.) dove, pigeon.
Culverin, a piece of ordnance.
Curat, *Curlets*, *Curats*, thus differently spelled; armour for the back and breast.

D.

Damnifyde, injured, impaired.
Dan, an old title signifying master.
Larrayne, to hazard, venture, attempt, or prepare to fight.

Darred larke, alluding to catching of larks by what they call a *daring glafs*.
Dayes-man, umpire, arbitrator.
Daynt, dainty, delicate.
Dayr'house, dairy-house.
Dealth, dealeth, gives.
Dearnly, *Dernly*, eagerly, earnestly.
Debonaire, sprightly, courteous.
Decrewed, decreased.
Defeasaunce, defeating.
Deffly, finely or nimbly.
Define, to end, to determine or decide.
Defould, defiled or brought to shame.
Delices, delight, pleasure.
Delwe, a pit or hollow place.
Demeane, *Demayne*, demeanour, carriage, behaviour; sometimes it signifies to debate, *Demeasure*, *Demeanure*, as above.
Deemen, deem, suppose.
Dempt, deemed.
Depeinten, painted.
Derring doe, bold deeds, manhood, chevalry.
Describe, describe.
Despiteous, spiteful, malicious.
Desse, a feat.
Devifeful, full of rare devices or invention.
Devoir, duty.
Dight, to order, prepare, dress, adorn.
Dilate, enlarge upon.
Dirk, dark, or to darken.
Disadvauce, to withdraw, to stop.
Disaventurous, ill adventurous, unhappy, unlucky.
Diseafe, for uneasiness.
Disceided, cut in two parts.
Disfure, discover.
Disceft, shaken off, to remove, or put away.
Disentrayled, drawn along floatingly.
Disleal knight, perfidious, traitorous.
Disloignd, disloined, remote, far.
Disple, discipline, correction.
Disport, sport, diversion, pastime.
Dispredden, spread, diffused around.
Dispurveyance, want of provision.
Disseized, made to quit or relinquish, dispossessed of.
Disfolute, languid, broken, B. i. C. 7. St. 51.
Disbronized, dethroned.
Disfraine, i. e. draw it, or break it asunder.
Distinct, varied.
Disfraught, drawn aside, distracted.
Dites, orders, directions.
A Ditt, a ditty, a song.
Doale, a dealing out.
Doe, *doe him not to dye*, put him not to death.
Dofte, do off, put off.
Dolor, *Dolour*, grief, pain, sorrow.
Doole, dole, complaint, sorrow, pain, grief.
Don, to do on, to put on.
Dortours, dormitories, or lodgings for Monks.
Doted, doting, impaired.
Doughtie, stout, valiant, courageous.
Drad, *dread*, *dreed*, dreaded; to be feared, honoured, revered.
Drapets, linen clothes.

Draught, a military detachment, B. ii. C. 20. St. 51.

Dreare, Drere, sorrow, sadness.

Drent, drenched or drowned.

Dreriment, heaviness, sorrowfulness.

Dreribedd, a sorrowful and dreary state.

Drest, ordered, prepared.

Drevill, a driveller, a fool.

Drift, impulse, force, or driving on.

Drowfybedd, drowsiness.

Dureffe, confinement, imprisonment, hardship.

E.

Earne, Erne, to yern, to be moved with compassion.

Earst, Erst, first, first of all, at first, before, formerly.

Eatb, easy.

Ecke, Eke, also; it signifies likewise to add, to increase, to augment.

Effierced, made fierce and mad.

Efforce, to force open, also to violate.

Effraide, frightened, afraid.

Eft, again, likewise, soon.

Eftsoones, again, presently, quickly, forthwith.

Eglantine, sweet brier, or wild rose.

Eld, old age.

Elf, a Fairy. *Elfin*, the adjective of *Elf*.

Elles, else, already.

Embace, to leasen, make base.

Embard, shut up.

Embattled cart, a warlike chariot.

Embay, to bath; also to cherish and delight.

Embayld, inclosed; also to make up into bales or packs.

Emboss, has different significations—*Arms emboss*, arms of embossed work. *Emboss with gold*, raised as in relievo. *Emboss with pearles*, raised or overlaid. *In case emboss*, hid concealed. *The salvage beast emboss in weary chace*, meaning hard run and wearied out. *To embosse his speare in his body*, i. e. to lodge, to inclose. But the most difficult place seems in B. iii. C. i. St. 64. *Embosse themselves in so glorious spoile*, probably from the Italian *Imboscarsi*, i. e. by ambuscade to avail themselves of so glorious a spoil. *Upton*.

Embowed, imbewed, arched; covered archwise.

Emboyled, emboying wrath, B. ii. C. 5. St. 18. the same as boyled, boyling.

Embrave, adorn, make brave or fine; to dress.

Eme, an uncle by the mother's side.

Emparlance, a law term, used in petitioning the court for respite.

Empeach, to hinder.

Emperill, quartcs; folios *Imperill*, endanger.

Emperisht, perished, gone to ruin.

Empight, placed, fixed.

Emprize, enterprize, undertaking.

Enaunter, lest that.

Enchased, engraven.

Encheason, occasion, accident.

Endosse, to write on the back, to engrave.

Endurd, hardened.

Enduren, endure, continue.

Enfeloned, hurried on by wicked and felonious intents.

Enfouldred smoke, smoke mixed with flame.

Englut, satiate, glut.

Engore, to pierce, to prick; to make bloody or gory.

Engorged yre, anger arising to the very gorge or throat; anger which cannot be suppressed.

Engrafted, ingrafted, implanted.

Engroste, made thick.

Enbaunst, raised, lifted up.

Enrace, enroot, implant.

Enriuen, torn asunder.

Enseams, i. e. fattens.

Ensew, follow. *Ensude*, followed.

Ensnarle, insnare, intangle as a skain of silk.

Entayled with anticks, engraven or carved with images.

Enterdeale, meditation.

Enterprize, sometimes signifies to give reception to one.

Entertake, to entertain.

Entrailed, intermingled, interlaced, interwoven.

Enure, accustom to, make use of, practise.

Errant Knights, who travel about the world seeking adventure.

Eschewed, avoided. *Eschew*, avoid.

Esloyne, withdraw to a distance; separate.

Espial, fight, spying.

Essoyne, excuse for not appearing.

Evengely, gospel.

Ewstes, efts, newts, or evets, *Upton*. Lizzards, *Hughes*.

Ewghen bow, a bow of yew.

Exanimate, lifeless, dead.

Excheat, accident, or a property fallen to any one in any thing.

Exprest, pressed out, squeezed out.

Exterpie, to extirpate, to root out.

Extreat, extraction, drawing out.

Eyas Hawke, a term in falconry, signifying a young hawk newly fledged, and fit for flight.

Eyne, *Ene*, eyes.

F.

Fade, to vanish, to perish, to go away.

Faine, doest faine, art desirous.

Falsed, falsified, deceived.

Fare, to go. *Faring*, going on.

Fatal read, propheticall advice. *Fatal errour*, a wandering voyage ordered by the Fates.

Fay, faith, truth; sometimes it signifies a Fairy.

Faytor, deer. *False faytor*, a deceiver.

Fealty, fealty or homage.

Fearen, to frighten.

Feculent, foul, full of dregs.

Fell, fierce, cruel; also gall. *Felly*, fiercely cruelly.

Fellonest, most fierce.

Feminitee, womanhood, state and dignity of a woman.

Fere, a companion. *Ferres*, companions.

Ferme, as *fleshly ferme*, fleshly prison.
Fest, feast, for the rhyme.
Fet, *Fett*, fetch.
Feutred his speare, to set his speare in his rest.
Field, is often used for fight, combat, battle.
Fiaunt, warrant.
Fine, end.
Firmes his eye, keeps his eye steady and firm.
Flatling, flat.
Flight, arrow.
Flit, *Fleet*, swift, *Upton*. To fluctate, to be in motion, *Hughes*.
Flourets, blossoms, or little flowers.
Foeman, foes.
Foile, leaf. *Golden foile*, leaf gold.
Foind, pushed.
Folke-mot, a meeting or assembly of folk or people.
Foltring tongue, faltering, falling, or tripping.
Fon, fool. *Fond*, foolish.
Fond, did find, for the rhyme.
Fone, foes.
Fordoo, undo, destroy, ruin.
Forby, near to.
Forebent, seized, caught hold of.
Forelent, lent before hand.
Foresay, renounce, *Upton*. *Foresaid*, forbid, *Hughes*.
Foreshall, to interrupt.
Forethink, to repine or be concerned at any thing.
Forewent, forsook, went out of their way.
Forgone, lost, neglected, forsaken,
Forlore, *Forlorne*, lost, forsaken, wretched.
Forpined, much pined, consumed.
Forray, to ravage, spoil.
Forslackt, delayed.
Forslow, delay.
Forswat, exhausted with sweat.
Forswonk, wearied, over-laboured.
Forthy, therefore, wherefore, why.
Fortilage, fort.
Forworn, much worn.
Foster, for forester.
Fouldring, thundering, blasting with lightning.
Foyfen, plenty.
Franchise, to free or set at liberty.
Franielon, one of too free or loose behaviour.
Frankelin, a freeman or gentleman.
Fray, to frighten.
Freakes, whimsies, mad actions.
Frenne, stranger.
Frett, to eat, consume. It is used in another sense; to *frett*, to adorn; *fretted*, adorned.
Frize, a warm kind of woollen cloathing.
Frory, froze, frozen.
Frounce, curl, crisp.
Frowy, frowzy, mossy, musty.
Fry of children, fry, spawn.
Furniment, furnishing, furniture.

G.

Gage, pledge, pawn, security.
Galage, a wooden shoe.

Game, 'twixt earnest and game, betwixt earnest and jest.
Gan, for began.
Garres, causes; as, *garres thee greet*.
Gate, a way.
Gazement, gazing.
Geare, stuff, attire, furniture, equipage dress.
Geason, uncommon, perplexing.
Gelt, a gelding, *Upton*. *Gelt*, gold, *Hughes*.
Gentlesse, the behaviour of a gentleman.
German, brother or near kinsman.
Gerne, yawn.
Gests, deeds, actions, exploits, feats.
Giambeaux, boots, greaves, armour for the legs.
Gibe and geare, joke and jeer.
Gin, begin. *Gin*, engine, contrivance.
Giusts, justs or tournaments; more particularly single combat on horseback with spears and swords.
Glade, a passage; generally for a passage cut through a wood.
Glave, a sword.
Glee, mirth.
Glen, a valley.
Glib, a curled bush of hair hanging down over the eyes.
Glitterand, glittering.
Glude, did glide, glance, or swiftly pass.
Glozing speeches, flattering, deceitful.
Gnarre, to snarl or bark.
Gondelay, properly a Venetian wherry.
Goodlybead, goodliness.
Gore, pierce.
Gorge, throat.
Gorget, armour defending the throat.
Grange, a granery, barn, farm.
Grayle, some particles, or gravel. Also used in B. ii. C. 10. St. 53. for the sacred dish in the last supper of our Saviour.
Greave, for grove.
Gree, liking, satisfaction, pleasure.
Greet, to exclaim, cry out, complain.
Gride, *Gryde*, to strike, wound, pierce, or cut through.
Griefful, full of grief.
Griple, one that snatches greedily, a griping miser.
Groom, shepherd, herdsman.
Groynd, grunted.
Guarish, to garnish, to dress out gorgeously.
Guild, a guildhall.
Guerdon, reward, recompense, prize.
Guilers, cheats.
Guise, *Guize*, way, fashion, manner, *Upton*. *Form*, habit, condition, *Hughes*.
Gyre, circling, turning round.

H.

Haberjeon, armour covering the neck and breast, *Upton*. Armour covering the head and shoulders, *Hughes*.
Habiliments, apparel, clothing.

Hable, fit, ready, able, apt, nimble.
Hacqueton, a piece of armour.
Hafendeale, in partition.
Halidom, Holy Dame; an oath by the Virgin Mary.
Han, for have.
Harbrough, harbour.
Hardy, brave, bold. *Hardiment*, courage, boldness.
Hardybood, *Hardyhead*, a brave state of mind.
Harrow, to lay waste, to destroy.
Harrow! an interjection and exclamation, shewing distress.
Hask, a wicker basket to carry fish.
Hauberg Hauberque. Vide *Haberjeon*.
Haught corage, highmind.
Haulft, embraced.
Heast, *Hest*, or *Bebest*, command, precept.
Heben bow, a bow made of ebony.
Hedeguies, a sort of country dances.
Hem, them.
Hidder and seidder, he and she.
Hend, to take hold of.
Hent, seized.
Herbars, herbs, plants.
Herried, *Heried*, to praise, to celebrate.
Hersal, rehearsal.
Hie, to go, to hasten.
Hide, hastened.
Hight, named, called.
Hild, covered.
Hilding, a term of reproach.
Hold, B. ii. C. 2. St. 44. the hold of the castle is put for the castle itself.
Hole, so spelled in the 1st and 2d quartos, in the folios *whole*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 38.
Hood, condition, state. Frequently used in compounds, as knighthood, priesthood, widowhood, &c.
Hore, hoar, hoary, *Upton*. White; sometimes it signifies squallid, filthy rough, *Hughes*.
Hoftry, an inn.
Hot, *Hote*, from *Hight*, was named, called.
Houfing fire, sacramental fire.
Hove, for heave.
Hoving, hovering, floating.
Humbleffe, humility.
Hurlen forth, rush forth.
Hurtle, to rush with violence.
Hurling, rushing, thrusting.
Hymen iö Hymen, the nuptial song at weddings, invoking the god Hymenæus.

I.

Javel, seems to signify a slanderer fellow.
Idlesse, idleness.
Iesses, straps of leather fastened on the hawk's legs when held in the fist.
Impacable, so the quartos and folios; but *Hughes* *implacable*.
ipe, child or offspring.

Impeach, sometimes used by Spenser in the sense of the French word *empêcher*, to hinder.
Importable, not to be borne.
In, *Inn*, *Inne*, an inn, a chamber, a house.
Incontinent, immediately, instantly, forthwith.
Indigne, unworthy.
Infant, the Prince, B. ii. C. 8. St. 56, &c.
Inferd, brought on.
Insest, deadly.
Ingate, entrance.
Ingowes, ingots.
Intendement, attention, understanding, thought.
Intereffe, interest.
Intreat, speak of, treat of.
Intuse, contusion, bruise.
Jollyhead, a state of jollity.
Jouissance, *Joyaunce*, rejoicing, diversion.
Ire, *Tre*, wrath, anger.

K.

Keep, care, heed, custody, charge. *Keeping*, guard.
Keight, caught.
Ken, *Kenn*, to know, to spy, to discover.
Kend, *Kent*, knew, kenned.
Kerns, countrymen or boors.
Kesars, *Keasars*, Emperors, Cæsars, Czars.
Kest, cast.
Kestrel, a sort of hawk of the baser breed.
Kidst, dost know.
Kight, a kite.
Kilt, for killed.
Kirtle, a woman's gown.
Kond, kend, knew.
Kynd, nature. *Kyndle*, natural.
Kynded, begotten.
Kyne, cows or herds.

L.

Lad, led, did lead.
Laid, taint.
Lare, *Laire*, laire of a deer.
Latched, caught.
Lay, a song. *Layes*, songs, poems.
Lay, the earth or ground.
Lazstall, a place to lay dung or rubbish.
Lazars, leprous persons.
Leach, surgeon or physician.
Leare, *Leares*, *Leres*, doctrine, learning, science.
Leasing, lying.
Leavd, levied, raised.
Ledden, language, dialect.
Leef, or *Lief*, willing. *As lief*, more willing.
Leefe, lost.
Legierdemayne, sleight of hand.
Leman, sweetheart, concubine, mistress.
Lenger, longer.
L' Envoy, the epilogue after a copy of verses.
Lest, listen.
Lever, rather.
Leven, lightning.

Levin-brond, thunderbolt.
Lewdly, ignorantly.
Libbard, leopard.
Lich, like.
Liese, dear. *Liefer*, *Lever*, dearer. *Liesest*, dearest.
Liege-lord, sovereign-lord. *Liege-man*, who owes allegiance to the liege lord.
Lig, or *Liggen*, to lie.
Lignage, lineage or descent.
Lilled out his tongue, for lolled out, &c.
Lime bound, a blood hound.
Limiter, one that goes about selling indulgences.
Lin, to lean, give away. Sometimes to cease or give over.
Lincolne greene, a species of cloth manufactured at Lincoln.
Lists, ground inclosed for tilts or tournaments.
Lite, alight, get off horse.
Lived mortally, i. e. lived among mortals.
Livelod, livelihood, maintenance.
Livelybed, liveliness, life, spirit.
Livery and seisin, law phrases.
Lone, a thing lent, a loan.
Long, belong.
Loord, as, *lazy Loord*, idle fellow.
Lordings, Sirs, Masters. A dim. of Lord.
Lore, learning, instruction.
Lore, for *Lorn*, left, lost.
Lorel, *Lofel*, a liar, cheat, a loose fellow.
Lower, or *Loover*, a chimney or opening in the roof of a cottage.
Lout, to bow servilely, to crouch.
Lugs, perches,
Lust, *lustish*, *lustishness*, a lazy disposition.
Lustlesse, listlessly.
Lustylod, lustiness, vigour.
Lustless, weak, not lusty.
Lyte, light on, settle, fall on.
Lytte, soft.

M.

Mage, magician, enchanter,
Magnas stone, the load-stone.
Maboune, Mahomet. By *Maboune*, a Saracen oath.
Make, a mate, consort. To *make* (verb) to compose verses.
Malefices, evil deeds.
Malicing, bearing of malice.
Maligne, maliciously, abuse.
Maltalent, ill will, spite.
Mand, manned, furnished, filled.
Manner, behaviour, carriage.
Mantleth, displayeth his wings. A term in falconry.
Many, company, B. iii. C. 9. St. II. &c.
Marge, margin, brim.
Mark white, the white mark,
Martelled, hammered, beat.
Mas, used for divine service.
Mated, conquered, subdued.

Maugre, in spite of, against one's will, notwithstanding,
Mayle, a coat of mail.
Mazed, stunned.
Mazer bowl, properly a bowl of maple.
Meane, means, conditions, occasion.
Meare, a meer, limit, or boundary.
Medle, to mingle.
Meed, reward, prize.
Mell, to intermeddle.
Mene, did mean, intended.
Ment, mingled.
Merciabile, merciful.
Mercifyde, pitied.
Merimake, merriment.
Mesprise, neglect, contempt, scorn.
Met, meet.
Mew, a place to mew hawks. Any place shut up.
Mickle, much,
Mieve, for move.
Mincing minion, finical affected darling.
Minime, a minim in music.
Miniments, toys, trifles.
Minished, for diminished.
Mirk, dark, obscure.
Mirksome air, obscure, fowl.
Miscreated, created amiss, ill begotten.
Miscreant, originally signifies Infidel, or one of a wrong belief.
Missdone, for misdo, i. e. to do amiss.
Misfare, misfortune.
Mislikee, dislike.
Misler, manner, fort, art, mystery.
Mislereth not, needs not.
Mistrayned, wrongly trained, instructed amiss; or misled, drawn aside.
Misween, to misjudge, interpret wrongly.
Miswent, gone astray.
Mo, *moe*, more.
Mochel, much.
Moldwarps, moles,
Mome, a stupid fellow.
Monastere, a monastery.
Mone, sorrow.
Morion, head-piece, helmet.
Mote, must, might.
Mott, did mete or measure.
Moulds, grows mouldy.
Mountenaunce, the amount of any thing, quantity, distance.
Mowes, making of mouths.
Muchel, much.
Munificence, subsidies, aid benevolence.
Mured, inclosed.
Muzd, mused,

N.

Nar, near, or nearer.
Nas, has not.
Nathless, *Natheless*, not the less, nevertheless.
Nathemore, *Nathemore*, never the more.

Ne, neither, not.
Needments, necessities.
Nempt, named.
Nett, neat, clean.
Newell, novelty.
Newfangelnesse, a love of novelty and changes.
Nill, will not. Cont. for *ne will*.
Nimbleffe, nimbleness.
Nobleffe, nobility.
Nonce, for the nonce, for the occasion.
Not, note, know not. Cont. for *ne wet*.
Nould, would not.
Noule, the crown of the head.
Nouriture, nurture, education.
Nourse, to nurse.
Noyance, harm.
Neyd, annoyed or hurt.
Noyous, hurtful or baleful.

O.

Obsequy, funeral rites.
Offal, refuse, dross.
Ordle, a trial by fire, water, or combat.
Overcame, came over it.
Overcraw, to crow over, to insult.
Overbent, overtook.
Overgraft, overgrown with grafts.
Overraught, reaching over.
Overred, did read it over.
Overwent, overwhelmed.
Overweening, self-conceited, opinionated.
Ought, owned.
Ought the more, the more at all.
Out-well, flow out, yield out, discharge.
Out of band, forthwith.
Out-win, get out, win the way out.
Owches, bosses, or buttons of gold.

P.

Pace, go.
Painim, pagan, infidel.
Paire, impaire, diminish.
Palfrey, a horse; most commonly a lady's pad.
Pall, a robe.
Paled part per part, a phrase in heraldry.
Palmer, a pilgrim.
Panachaea, an universal medicine.
Pannikell, the skull, the crown of the head.
Paragon, an example, pattern; companion, or fellow.
Paramour, a lover.
Paravaunt, peradventure, by chance.
Parbreake, vomit.
Parture, departure.
Pas, go. Also surpass, exceed.
Pase, B. iii. C. i. St. 19. signifies here, country, land, region.
Pavone, peacock.
Paunce, a pancy, or violet.
Payne, pains, endeavour.

Peark, brisk.
Pece, a fort, a strong place, citadel, B. i. C. 10. St. 59. &c.
Peise, poise. *Payfd*, poised.
Perdie, Fr. *par. Dieu*, an old oath.
Pere, companion. *Peres*, companions, equals.
Peregal, equal.
Perforce, by force.
Perling, purling, trickling down.
Perlous, perilous, dangerous.
Perfaunt, piercing.
Persue, pursuing, pursuit, or chace.
Pbeer, companion.
Physnomy, physiognomy.
Picturals, paintings.
Pight, placed, pitched, fixed.
Pill, to rob, to pillage.
Pine, to pine, to waste away.
Pionings, works of pioneers.
Plaine, to complain.
Plaint, complaint.
Pleasaunce, pleasure.
Plesb, for the rhyme, a plash.
Plight, circumstance, condition.
Point, armed completely, *Hughes*. *Car'd not for God or man a point*, not at all, not a tittle, *Upton*. Armed at all points, *ib*.
Poize, weight.
Polaxe, or battle-axe.
Pols and pils, plunders and pillages.
Port, behaviour, carriage.
Portaunce, comportment, carriage.
Portcullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or draw up at pleasure.
Portesse, a breviary, or prayer-book.
Pouldred, reduced to powder.
Pouffe, pease.
Poynant, poignant, sharp, piercing.
Practicke paine, the cunning practice, plot, and endeavour.
Prank, *Some prank their ruffes*, i. e. exhibit forth, and proudly shew. *Prankt in reason's garb*, pompously set forth, arrogantly tricked out.
Preace, press, throng, crowd.
Preft, prepared, ready at hand. Sometimes for pressed,
Pretended, shewn forth, held out.
Prick, to priek as with spurs.
Pricking on the plaine, riding on the plain.
Priefe, proof.
Prive, prove.
Prise, scuffle, fight.
Procurd, solicited, entreated.
Propense, weigh, consider, premeditate.
Protenfe, extension, drawing out.
Prow, brave; *Prower*, braver; *Prowest*, bravest.
Puiffaunce, valour, power, might. *Puissant*, powerful, mighty.
Purfled, flourished with a needle, *Hughes*. Embroidered. or decorated as with embroidery *Upton*.
Purpose, discourse, talk, words.
Purway, provide.
Puttockes, bitterns, kites. So *Gloss.* to Chaucer.

Pyned ghoſt. Vide *Pinet*.

Pyonings. Vide *Pionings*.

Q.

Quadrate, a square.

Quaid, subdued. Perhaps instead of quailed or quelled.

Quaile, to subdue, to quell, *Upton*. *Quail*, to languish, *Hughes*.

Quaint, nice, curious.

Quarle, B. ii. C. ii. St. 33. contracted from *Quarrel*, shaft, arrow.

Quarrey, prey.

Quart, the western division; the fourth part.

Quayd. Vide *Quaid*.

Queem, or *Queam*, please.

Quient, quenched.

Quient elect, quaintly or oddly chosen.

Quell, sometimes used for *tu die*.

Quest, adventure, exploit.

Quick, to quicken, to stir.

Quight, to deliver, to free.

Quip, taunt, flout.

Quite, to requite.

Quited, requited, returned.

Quook, did quake, did shake, did tremble.

R.

Race. Vide *Raſt*.

Rad, for did read; or guessed.

Raſt, *Reſt*, bereſt, bereaved, *Upton*. *Rent*, tore, *Hughes*.

Raid. Vide *Ray*.

Raile, adowne their ſides did raile, i. e. flow or run along.

Raine, region. *Rayne*, rule or kingdom.

Ramp, to paw, or fly out, like a mad horſe.

Rank, in order,

Ranſack, plundered, rifled, violated.

Rapt, in rapture.

Raſh, *mailes did raſh*, did break, did ſhiver in pieces.

Raſt, *Razed*, eraſed, effaced.

Ratbe, early.

Raught, reached, did reach.

Ravin, rapine, ſpoil, ravening.

To Ray, diſcolour, beray.

Ray, for *Aray*, ornament, furniture. Alſo for in ray, in array, in order and rank.

Read, *Reed*, to adviſe, warn, pronounce, declare, interpret, gueſs, divine. Likewiſe counſel, advice, prophecy.

Reave, to bereave, or take away violently.

Readiſyde, rebuild.

Rebut, rebound, recoil, repel.

Reck, care, reckon, account.

Reclayme, call back.

Recoure, recover.

Recul, *Recuile*, to recoil, go back, or give way.

Recreant, out of hope, untruiſty, cowardly.

Redoubted, revered, honoured, feared.

Redounding tears, abounding and flowing over.

Regiment, rule, government.

Relate, bring back.

Relent his pace, to ſlacken, to ſlay.

Reliven, to live again.

Remercied, thanked.

Rencounter, accidental fight, or adventure.

Renforſt, reinforced.

Renſierſt, reinforced, again made fierce and bold.

Renns, for runs.

Renverſt, turn'd upſide down, overturned.

Replevie, to redeem, to recover by a replevy.

Reprieſe, reproof.

Reprize, to make reprifals.

Reſeized, reſtated, in poſſeſſion again.

Reſtant, lodged, placed, reſident.

Retrate, *Retrait*, picture, portrait; air of the face.

Alſo retreat, fall back, give ground.

Retyrd, drawe out.

Reverse, recall, return.

Reverſt, dreſs again, to clothe again.

To Rew, rue, pity. *Rew*, a row. In a *Rew*, in a row.

Ribauld, a debauched fellow.

Riſe, frequent; fully, abundantly.

Riſt, gap, cleft, chink, or crack.

To Rive, to cleave aſunder. *River*, rent, ſplit, torn aſunder.

Rode, inroad.

Ronts, young bullocks.

Roode, a croſs.

Rofiere, a roſe tree.

Rote, harp, or crowd.

Rove, *diſt rove*, i. e. diſt ſhoot thy roving arrows

Rowndell, a round bubble.

Royne, to bite or gnaw.

Ruc. Vide *Rew*.

Ruffs, ornaments for the neck, of plain or *ruffled* muſlin or cambrick.

Ruinate, brought to ruin, overthrown.

Ruing, pitying. *Ruefully*, pitifully.

Ruth, pity.

Rybauld. Vide *Ribauld*.

Ryſe. Vide *Riſe*.

Ryved. Vide *Rive*.

S.

Sad, grave.

Safe ber, her excepted.

Saluted, ſaluted.

Saliaunce, ſally, or aſſault.

Salve his burts, to cure, to remedy.

Salved, ſaluted.

Sam, ſame; ſometimes it ſignifies together.

Samite, ſatin.

Say, a thin ſort of ſilk ſtuff. A ſword of better ſay, of better proof, aſſay.

Scarmoges, ſkirmiſhings.

Scath, harm, miſchief.

Scatterlings, ſcattered rovers or raviſhers.

Scerne, diſcern.

Slave, ſlave.

Selaunders, flanders.
Scord, marked, engraved.
Score, reckoning.
Scorse, exchange.
Serine, *Scryne* chest coffer.
Seruze, squeeze out, press out.
Scryde, descried.
Sdaine, disdain. *Sdeigned*, disdained.
Seare, dry, consumed, burning, parching.
See, seat, habitation.
Seely, filly.
Selcouth, uncommon.
Sele, a seal-fish.
Select shapes, chosen elegant.
Sell, faddle.
Semblaunt, shew, pretence, appearance.
Seminary, a nursery.
Seneschall, a president, governor, or steward.
Sens, used for since.
Sent, the scent, the smelling out.
Sew, follow. *Sewing*, following. *Sewde*, followed.
Sballop, a boat.
Sbarumes, musical instruments, Psal. xcvi. 7.
Sbarwm, is thought to signify a hautboy.
Skeene, B. ii. C. i. St. 10.
Sbend, to disgrace, to blame, to spoil.
Sbere, pure, clear.
To Sbrieve, to act the part of a confessor. *Sbrift*, or *Sbriving*, confession.
Sbriht, shrieked. *Sbrihtes*, shriekings.
Sbrill, to sound shrilly.
To Sbrowd, to shelter. *Sbrouded in sleep*, covered, sheltered.
Sbyne, shining, brightness.
Sib, related, of kin.
Sich, for such.
Siege, seat, bench, throne.
Sient, a graff, sprig, or young shoot.
Sight, fighed.
Sike, such.
Siker, sure, surely.
Sikernefs, sureness, safety.
Simplefs, simplicity.
Sin, used for since.
Singulfs, *Singults*, sighs, sobbings.
Sit, *sits not*, suits not. *Ill it fits*, it ill agrees, ill becomes.
Sith, since that.
Sithes, times.
Sithens, since that time.
To Slug, to grow sluggish.
Smouldry, hot, sweltering.
Snar, to snarl.
Snarled baire, i.e. intangled, as a skain of silk.
Sneb, to snub or check.
Snubbes, knobs or knots in wood.
Sods, turfs, clods of earth.
Sold, salary, hire; a soldier's pay.
Somme, the sum, substance.
Soote, sweet, or sweetly.
Sootblich, soothly, true.
Sort, company. *In sort*, in such sort or manner.
Soucing, plunging, falling.

Souldan, *Soudan*, *Soldan*, a king, tyrant, sovereign.
Sovenaunce, remembrance, recollection.
Sowndes, inlets of the sea between headlands.
Sowne, found. *With striking sowme*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 30.
Soyle, the prey, the foiled beast.
Space, walk about, range about.
Spalles, shoulders.
Sperre the gate bar, or shut the gate.
Sperfed air, for dispersed air.
Spill, to spoil, to destroy.
Spilt, shed, scattered over.
Spire, to breathe.
Sprent, sprinkled.
Springal, a youth, a stripling.
Spyals, espials, spies.
Spyre, it doth spire forth, or grow up to the fairest flower.
Stadle, staff.
Stales, incitements, devices, tricks.
Stank, weary or faint.
Starke, stiff with cold.
Star-read, doctrine of the stars; astronomy.
Steane, for stone.
Sted, place, seat, station, situation.
Steeme, smoke. *Steemed*, had exhaled.
Steemed, esteemed.
Stent, stint, stay, stop.
Stept, steeped, soaked, wetted.
Sterne, tail.
Sterve, to perish, to die.
Steven, sound, noise.
Stire, stir or move.
Stole, a garment, a matron's robe.
Stond, stand, station.
Stonied, astonished, or stunned.
Stond. Vide *Stonied*.
Stound, *Stownd*, space, moment, season, hour, time.
Stoup, in falconry, when the hawk on wing strikes at the fowl.
Stour, *Stowre*, fight, stir, trouble, misfortune, fit.
Straine, *Strens*, race, descent, family, origin.
Strayt, B. ii. C. 7. St. 40.
Stresse, distress.
To Styte, to ascend, to mount up.
Subverft, subverted, overthrown.
Successe, succession.
Suffused eyes, bedewed, suffused with tears.
Suppressing, keeping under.
Suppreft, ravished.
Surbet, wearied.
Surcease, stop.
Surquedry, pride, presumption.
Sute, suit, petition, request.
Swart, swarthy, black.
Swarving, swerving, giving way, going from.
Sway, management, direction, rule, motion.
Sweath-bands, swathe or swaddling-bands.
Swelt, burnt, suffocated with heat, fainted.
Swerved, moved, wandered out of his place.
Swinck, labour.
Swound, a swoon or fainting fit.

T.

Targe, a buckler or shield.
Tassel, Toffel, a twisted or bushy ornament of silk, gold, or silver.
Tassel gent, a gentle, tame male hawk.
Teade, a torch.
Teene, Tine, Tyne, trouble, mischief, injury.
Tenor, the middle part next the base.
Thee, thrive, prosper. *Well mote ye thee*, B. ii. C. i. St. 33.
Therwes, manners, qualifications, customs.
Thilk, this, that.
Tho, then.
Thralled, enslaved.
Thralls, slaves.
Thrill, to pierce through.
Throw that last bitter throw, pain, pangs. *So mighty throwes*, strokes, blows. *To sleep athrowe*, a small while or space.
Thrust, Thirstie, thirst.
Tickle, slippery, unstable, ticklish.
Tide, a while, time, season, an hour.
Tight, tide.
Tind, kindled, excited.
Tire, rank, row, as a tire of ordnance.
Tort, wrong, injury.
Totty, dizzy, tottering.
Touzd, tugged and hauled about.
Tract, by tract, by tracing, by tract and footing.
Trade, tread, trace, or footstep. *Do Trade*, do walk.
Train, Trayn, the train or tail. Likewise used for treachery, deceit.
Tramels, nets.
Translated, turned them to.
Transmew, to transform, transmute.
Transverse, awry, out of order.
Trast, followed as by tract or footing.
Traveile, labour.
Treachour. Treachetour, traitor.
Treague, a truce, cessation of arms; agreement.
Treen, of a tree, wooden.
Trenchant, Trenchant, cutting, sharp.
Troad, path, footing.
Trow, believe, imagine, conceive.
To Truss, a term in falconry, when the hawk raises his prey aloft, and then descends with it to the ground.
Turnament, Turneyment, Turney, a sort of single combat on horseback, commonly with lances.
Turribant, a turban.
Tway, two; in *Tway*, in two. *His Twaine*, his couple.
Tweght, twit, upbraid.
Twitin, to blame, to upbraid.
Twysfold, twofold.

V. U.

Vaded, gone.
Valaw, value, worth, valour.

Vantage, profit.
Vauncing, advancing.
Vaunt, to boast.
Vellenege, rather villinege, the meanest and lowest of tenure.
Venery, hunting of wild beasts, B. i. C. 6. St. 22.
Venger, revenger.
Ventayle, the fore part of the helmet, to give vent or air to the face by lifting up.
Venteth into the wind, snuffs the wind.
Vere the maine sbete, turn, shift.
Vetchy bed, (Shep. Cal.) bed of pease straw.
Vilde, vile.
Virelays, a kind of songs.
Visnomie, physiognomy, visage, aspect.
Umbriere, the visor of the helmet.
Uncouth, unusual, strange, harsh; odd, deformed.
Underfong, attempt by unfair and indirect means.
Undertime, the afternoon, toward the evening, B. iii. C. 7. St. 13.
Undight, not dight, disordered; loosened, untied.
Unneath, difficult, scarcely, with difficulty. Sometimes it signifies almost.
Unbele, to discover, to bewray.
Unberst, took them from the herse or temporary monument where they were usually hanged, B. v. C. iii. St. 37.
Unkempt, unadorned, or void of grace or elegance.
Unkend, not known.
Unlich, unlike.
Unpurvaide, unprovided, not furnished.
Unrest, disquiet, uneasiness.
Unsoot, unsweet.
Unwares, unexpectedly, uncautiously, unwarily.
Unweeting, unknowing, unawares, ignorant.
Unwist, not thought of, unknown.
Upbraist, burst open.
Upbrayes, upbraidings, reproaches.
Upwreaked, unrevenged.

W.

Wage, a pledge; likewise reward, wages.
Waist, a stray.
War, worse.
War-bable, able or powerful in war.
Ware, wary, cautious. *Ware*, did wear.
Wareless, stupidified.
War-old, old in war or strife.
Warray, to make war upon, to harrafs with war.
Warriouresse, a woman-warrior, an Amazon.
Watchet, pale, blue.
Wawes, waves, *Upton. Wawes*, waves, perhaps for woes, *Hughes*.
Way, weigh, value, esteem.
Wayment, to bewail, lament.
Wayne, Waine, chariot.
Weal-away, Wele-away, alas!
Wæen, Weenen, imagine, judge.
Weet, to know. *Weeten*, to wit.
Weetless, unknowing,

Weste, waisted. *Weste*, waved, avoided, put off.
West, (noun) a stray; whatever wanders and is lost.

Well, did well, spring, flow. To *Weld*, to move, to wield, to govern.

Wele, weal, welfare.

Welke, to set decrease, wither; to grow faint.

Welkin, the sky, firmament.

Welter, to wallow.

Wend, to go. *Wend*, for.

Weened, imagine.

Went, way, journey, *Upton*. Going, course. *Hughes*.

To *west*, to set in the west.

Wex, to increase, to grow.

Wbally, full of whales.

Wbatso, whatsoever.

Wbenso, whensoever.

Whilome, *Whylome*, formerly, some while ago.

Wbist, hushed, silenced.

Whit, a little part.

Wbot, hot.

Wbyleare, crewhile, sometime before.

Wicked herbes, noxious poisonous.

Wield, *Weld*, manage, handle, govern, direct, turn, sway, &c.

Wight, creature, person.

Wightly, quickly.

Wimble, shifting to and fro.

Wimpled, folded over like a veil.

Wise, guise, appearance.

To *Wis*, to know. *Wist*, thought, knew.

Wite, blame, reproach.

Withbault, withholden, withdrew.

Woe begonne, far gone in woe, overwhelmed.

Wonne, is used in two senses; in the first, for to overcome, gain the victory, from to win. In the second place, for to dwell, to inhabit, from the German *women*.

Won, to use, to be wont.

Wont, custom, manner.

Woo, to court, or win by courting.

Wood, mad. *Woodness*, madness.

Wot, to know. *Wotest*, knowest.

Wowed, wooed, for the rhyme.

Woxed, waxed.

Wraft, wrest, for the rhyme.

Wreake, to revenge. *Wroke*, revenged.

Wreakful, revengeful.

Wrest, wrist.

Wrizled, wrinkled.

Wroken, wreaked, revenged.

Wbyle, beguile.

Wbyte. Vide *Wit*.

Y.

Ybet, beaten.

Ybent, bent, inclined, addicted.

Yblent, blinded, or confounded.

Ybrent, burnt.

Yclad, clad, clothed.

Ycleped, called, named.

Ydleffe, idleness.

Ydrad, *Ydred*, dreaded, feared.

Yearne, earn, get, procure.

Yede, *Yeed*, *Yeade*, to go.

Yeoman, sometimes signifies servant.

Yerks, yerks, jerks, lashes.

Yeven, given

Yfere, in company, together.

Yfostered, fostered, nourished, brought up;

Yfraught, freighted, loaden.

Yfretted, the same as fretted.

Ygoe, gone.

Yit, yet; for the rhyme.

Ylike, alike.

Ymagery, images, figures.

Ymolt, molten, melten.

Ympe, *Impe*, offspring.

Ympt, grafted on, fixed on as a graft.

Yod. Vide *Yeed*.

Yold, yielded.

Yond, beyond.

Yore, of yore, anciently, formerly.

Yountb, youth:

Younker, a lusty young man!

Ypaid. Vide *Apaid*.

Ypent, pent up, or folded like sheep.

Ypight, placed.

Yplasse, placed.

Yplight, plighted.

Yrapt, rapt in ecstasy.

Yre, ire, anger.

Yrent, rent.

Yrived, rived, riven.

Yroke, *Ywreaken*, *Ywroken*, wreaked, revenged.

Ysame, collected together.

Ysbend, to spoil, to disgrace.

Ywis, *Iwis*, truly, indeed; to my own knowledge. Sometimes used expletively, sometimes ironically.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;

Containing his

VENUS AND ADONIS,
TARQUIN AND LUCRECE,
SONNETS,

PASSIONATE PILGRIM,
AND
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespear rose;
Each scene of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain!

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

Containing his

PASTORALS, ALEXANDERS,
AND
A LITTLE COMEYMENT.

VENUS AND ADONIS,
AS QUIN AND LUCRETIA,
ROMANS.

BY

JOHN H. STODOLSKY

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When learning's trumpet o'er her barbarous tone
Tutted the rude, the rude, the rude, the rude;
Which then of many-colored life he drew,
Rehorted words, and then began to show;
He then saw him from his painted stage,
And passing Time could then be seen.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1825.

THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

AFTER many ages of Gothic ignorance and superstition, learning and genius visited our island in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It was then that liberty began to dawn; and the mantle of mystery being removed from religion and literature, the people began to think for themselves, and to be sensible of the shame and ignominy of ignorance, and mental slavery.

At this æra, so remarkable in history, when the minds of men were awakened to the most animated exertions, Shakspeare arose—to silence the legendary oracles of the bard and the minstrel, to regulate the wildness of romantic fiction, to put to flight the phantoms of allegory, and to advance original poetry almost to perfection.

The appearance of this extraordinary man, among a people yet struggling to emerge from barbarity, is described by Dr. Johnson with a felicity of expression that challenges the whole compass of modern poetry:

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Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain!

Of this astonishing genius, who advanced the studies he cultivated so far beyond the attainments of his age, and effused so much novelty upon his country, few particulars have descended to posterity. The fame of his abilities made a great noise in the age in which he flourished, yet his station was not such as to produce many incidents, as it was subject to but few vicissitudes. Rowe, who well understood and greatly admired him, has collected what incidents of his life were known in his time, and the account here given rests chiefly upon his authority, and the conjectures of his sagacious and erudite commentator Mr. Malone.

Our poet was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d of April 1564. His father, Mr. John Shakspeare, was an Alderman of that town, and a considerable dealer in wool. His mother was the daughter and heir of Robert Arden of Willingcote in the same county. Being encumbered with a large family of ten children, Mr. Shakspeare could afford to give his eldest son but a slender education. He had him bred at the free school, where he acquired what Latin he was master of; but how well he understood that language, or whether, after his leaving school, he made a greater proficiency in it, has been disputed, and is a point very difficult to settle. It is certain, however, that his father was obliged to withdraw him early from school, in order to have his assistance in his own employment, towards supporting the rest of the family.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have entirely devoted himself to that way of living which his father proposed; and in order to settle in the world in a family manner, thought fit to marry, while he was yet very young, Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford.

In this kind of domestic obscurity he continued for some time, till by an unhappy juvenile irregularity he was obliged to quit the place of his nativity. He had the misfortune to fall into ill company; among whom were some who made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, and who engaged him, more than once, in robbing a park belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot, near Stratford; for which he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge himself for this supposed ill usage, he made a ballad upon him, which is said to have been so very bitter, that the prosecution was redoubled against him to that degree, that he was obliged to shelter himself in London.

At the time of his coming to London, hired coaches were not in use, and his first expedient to support himself is said to have been, to hold the horses of the gentlemen who came to the play-house, that they might be ready again when the performance was over. In this office he became so eminent, that he soon had more business than he could manage, and at last hired boys under him, who, as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, retained the appellation of Shakspeare's boys.

Some of the players, accidentally conversing with him, are said to have been so struck with the wit and sprightliness of his conversation, that they recommended him to the house; in which he was admitted, at first, in a very low station, that of *call-boy*, or prompter's attendant, whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage.

In time he found higher employment, and distinguished himself above all his contemporaries, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as an excellent dramatic writer; whose plays were the delight of his own age, and are still the boast and admiration of his country.

By what gradations of improvement he rose from mediocrity to the summit of excellence is not easily known, for the chronology of his writings is yet unsettled. The highest date which Pope has been able to trace, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old. The diligence of Mr. Malone has traced the appearance of that play back to 1595, and has rendered it sufficiently probable that he commenced a writer for the stage in 1591, when he was somewhat more than twenty-seven years old.

All his plays appear to have been performed either at the Globe in Southwark, or at the Theatre in Blackfriars; in both of which he had a property. Queen Elizabeth, whom he celebrates as "a fair vestal throned by the west," had several of his plays acted at court, and gave him many marks of her favour.

What particular friendships he contracted with private men is not certainly known. It is certain he enjoyed the patronage, and probably partook of the munificence of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated "the first heir of his invention." All who have spoken of him, concur in celebrating the gentleness of his manners and the readiness of his wit. "As he was a happy imitator of nature (say his fellow-comedians) so he was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together." Aubrey says "he was a handsome well shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant and smooth wit." The writings of Drayton, Jonson, and other co-temporary poets, bear testimonies to his admirable wit and amiable manners, bordering on idolatry. Unassuming himself, the honours he received were unsought, and accompanied with the rare felicity of being enjoyed without envy.

There is no certain account when he quitted the stage for a private life. In 1603 his name appears among the actors in Jonson's *Sejanus*. In the same year a licence by King James I. is granted to him with Burbage, Heminge, Condell, &c. to exercise the art of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. It is probable he had then no thoughts of retiring; and it is certain he did not write *Macbeth* till after the accession of that monarch, whose doctrine of witches he there embraces.

There is a tradition that he spent the latter part of his life in ease and retirement, at his native Stratford, where he had acquired a property worth about 100 l. a year.

At his house of New-place in that town he died on the 23d of April 1616, when he had exactly completed his 52d year. No account has been transmitted of the malady which at so early a period of life deprived his country of its brightest ornament. He was buried in the great church at Stratford, where a mural monument is erected to his memory. In 1741 a monument was raised to him in Westminster Abbey, among the worthies of his country.

He had three children; a son, named Hamnet, and two daughters, Susanna and Judith. Hamnet, who was a twin-child born at the same time with Judith, died in 1596, in the twelfth year of his age. Judith, his youngest daughter, was married to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without issue. She died in 1662, aged 77. Susanna, his eldest daughter, and his favourite, was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician, of good reputation. She died in 1649, aged sixty-six. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nashe Esq; and afterwards to Sir John Barnard of Abington, but died likewise without issue.

His dramatic writings were first published together by his fellow comedians in 1613, and since re-published by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capel, Johnson, Steevens, Reed, and Malone, with an accumulation of emendatory criticism and philological learning, unparalleled in the illustration of any of the classical writers of antiquity.

Our nation, which demonstrates its taste in nothing so justly as in the admiration it pays to his writings, is yet without a splendid edition of his works. The edition, with engravings, undertaken by Alderman Boydell, promises to remedy this defect, in rivalling the most brilliant decorations that have been lavished on the distinguished poets of other countries. It is not, however, to be accompanied with notes; an omission which Mr. Malone (to whom the admirers of Shakspeare have the greatest obligations) is expected to supply in his promised edition in 4to, with illustrations subjoined on the same page.

It belongs only to the plan of this work to furnish the public with a correct edition of his poems, which are here, for the first time, received into an arrangement of classical English poetry.

In the earlier part of his life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays; at least they are oftener mentioned or alluded to by his contemporaries. "As the soul of Euphorbus" (says Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty "soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his Venus and Adonis; his Lucrece; his sugred Sonnets among his private friends."

The poem of Venus and Adonis, he has told us himself, in his dedication to the Earl of Southampton, was his first composition. It was first printed in 1603, and so much admired in his lifetime, that in thirteen years after its first appearance, six impressions of it were printed. The subject was probably suggested to him by Spenser's description of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's Castle*, in the third book of the *Faery Queene*; or by a short poem, intituled, *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, written by Henry Constable. He has chosen to deviate from the mythological story which Spenser set before him; following probably the model presented to him by the poem, which represents Adonis as insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty.

The Rape of Lucrece was first printed in 1594, and dedicated, like the former, to the Earl of Southampton. It was again published in 1598, 1600, 1607, and 1616. The story on which the poem is founded is related by the Roman historians. The Legend of Lucretia is also found in Chaucer, and in Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and in several ballads of that time; some of which, Mr. Warton thinks, probably suggested to him this story: "Lucretia" (he adds) "was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the gothic ages."

These two poems deserve attention, as being the only part of his writings which he published himself. The length of them may be justly objected to. The circumlocution with which the tale is told, in each of them, more particularly in the Rape of Lucrece, is wearisome: But it was the practice of his age to write a great number of verses on a very slight subject; and he has in this, as

in many other instances, adapted himself to the taste of the times. In poetic merit they are superior to any pieces of the same kind by Daniel or Drayton, the most celebrated writers of narrative poetry then known. Of the two, Venus and Adonis deserves superior praise. "The passion of Venus for Adonis" (says Fenton) "is described by our admirable Shakspeare in language only inferior to the finest writers of antiquity."

The Sonnets were first printed by Thomas Thorpe in 1609. They were again published in 1640. In this edition (which has been followed by Dr. Sewell, and other modern editors) the order of the original copy was not adhered to; and fantastic titles were prefixed to different portions: *The Glory of Beauty, The Force of Love, &c.* The general stile of these poems leaves not the smallest doubt of their authenticity. One hundred and twenty-six of them are inscribed to a friend; the remaining twenty-eight (a small proportion of so many) to a mistress. Many of them are not so simple and clear as they ought to be; yet some are written with perspicuity and energy; Their great defect is want of variety.

120 of these sonnets are addressed to Thomas Wyatt, son to the Earl of South Hampton, the eightieth is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.
The collection of Sonnets intituled the *Passionate Pilgrim*, (for what reason it is not easy to discover) was first published in 1599; with some love epistles from Ovid by Heywood; and other pieces falsely ascribed by the printer to Shakspeare. Some of them seem to have been essays on the subject of Venus and Adonis, before the scheme of his work was completely adjusted. In Mr. Malone's edition (which is followed here) all those which relate to that subject are classed together. The translations from Ovid were republished as Shakspeare's in the edition 1640; nor was the fallacy detected till the year 1766, when it was pointed out by Dr. Farmer in his very ingenious "Essay on the learning of Shakspeare." They are now rejected; as is also a celebrated Madrigal ascribed to Shakspeare, but written by Marlowe, beginning with the words "Come live with me and be my dear." The majority of these unconnected scraps were probably never designed for the public; many of them, however, bear the strongest marks of Shakspeare's hand.

The Lover's Complaint was first printed in 1609, at the end of an edition of his Sonnets; the opening of the poem is uncommonly picturesque, and every part of it has more of the simplicity and pathetic tenderness of the smaller pieces of Spenser than any other poem of that age. Like the ancient song described by himself in his *Twelfth Night*:

————— It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of youth
Like the old age.

In examining the poems of Shakspeare, it would be doing him injustice to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions. They are to be tried by the standard of poetical excellence established in his own age; and after perusing the productions of the contemporary and preceding writers, he will have little to fear from the unprejudiced decision of his judges.

In comparing Shakspeare with himself, let it be remembered, that his two principal poems were written when he was very young, and that his disposition was more inclined to dramatic than narrative poetry; his genius for the one being a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, of a less splendid and transcendent kind, approaching nearer to those of other mortals.

Monthly Review enlarged for August 1819 p. 357-372 on occasion of the works of Keats and Drake

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

Ovid. Amor. l. i El. 15.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend, in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship; nor how the world will censure me, for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: Only if your honour seem but pleased, I account my self highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

W. SHAKSPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the sun, with purple-colour'd face,
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chace:
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than my self! (thus she began)
The fields chief flower! sweet above compare!
Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!
More white and red, than doves or roses are!
Nature, that made thee, with her self at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder! to alight thy steed,
And reign his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather furnish them amid their plenty;
Making them red and pale with fresh variety:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The president of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion calls its balm;
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good.
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire;
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimble she fastens (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove.
Backward she push'd him, as she would be
thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in
lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he
frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:
And kissing speaks, with lustful language
broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He says she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone:
Even so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to consent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture! air of grace!
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies:

Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats:
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale.
Still he is fullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale.
Being red she loves him best, and being white,
Her breast is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love,
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears;
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all
wet,
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a Dive-dapper peering thro' a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winks and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger, in summer's heat,
More thirst for drink, than she for this good
turn;
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
She baths in water, yet in fire must burn.
Oh pity, gan she cry, flint-hearted boy!
Tis but a kiss I beg, why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,
Ev'n by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battel ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar:
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that, which thou unask'd shalt
have.

Over my alters hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest;
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus him, that over-rul'd, I over-sway'd;
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain.
Strong temper'd steel, his stronger strength o-
bey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her, that foil'd the god of fight!

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Tho' mine be not so fair, yet are they red)
The kiss shall be thine own, as well as mine;
What see'st thou on the ground? hold up thy
head:
Look in mine eye-balls, where thy beauty lies,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kiss? Then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night,
Love keeps his revels, where there be but
twain;

Be bold to play, our sport is not in fight.
These blue-vein'd violets, whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we
mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip,
Shews thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be
tasted:

Make use of time, let not advantage slip,
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their
prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice:
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not
for thee,
But, having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou can'st not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in
turning;
My beauty, as the spring, doth yearly grow;
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand
felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie,
These forceless flowers, like sturdy trees, support
me:
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the
sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport
me.
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thy self, be of thy self rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narcissus so himself, himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's
abuse:

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty ;

Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thy self art dead :

And so in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay, the shadow had forsook them :
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them :
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus side.

And now Adonis with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye.
His low ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky ;
Souring his cheeks, cries fie, no more of love,
The sun doth burn my face, I must remove.

Ah me ! (quoth Venus) young, and so unkind !
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone ?
I'll figh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between the sun and thee !
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me.
And, were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heav'nly, and this earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel ?
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth :
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth ?
Oh ! had thy mother born so bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst condemn me thus ?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss !
Speak fair : but speak fair words, or else be mute.
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead ;
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred.
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience choaks her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause.
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand :
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;
And when from thence she struggles to be gone,
She locks her lilly fingers one in one.

Fondling, faith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,

Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer,
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain, or in dale.
Graze on my lips ; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain.
Then be my deer, since I am such a park,
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple ;
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple :
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These loving caves, these round enchanted pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus liking :
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?
Poor Queen of Love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek, that smiles at thee in scorn.

Now which way shall she turn ? What shall she say ?

Her words are done, her woes the more increasing :

The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing :
Pity she cries, some favour, some remorse !
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo ! from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :
The strong-neck'd steed, being ty'd unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her strait goes he,

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth, with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's
thunder:

The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end:
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,
Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is try'd:
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder, that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flatt'ring *holla*, or his *stand I say*?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparison's, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art, with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did his horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril
wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing
strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not
lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather.
To bid the wind abase he now prepares,
And where he run, or fly, they knew not whither.
For through his mane and tail the high wind
sings,
Fanning the hairs, which heave like feather'd
wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind.
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male content,
He veils his tail; that like a falling plume

Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His testy master goes about to take him,
When lo! the unback'd breeder full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie
them,
Out-stripping crows, that strive to over-fly
them.

All swollen with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast.
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick love, by pleading may be blest.
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stop'd or river staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage:
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind;
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice, that she is so nigh,
For all ascance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a sight it was wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him, as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks, receive her soft hand's print,
As apt, as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the woo-
ing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow;
Or ivory in an alabaster band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe!
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to silver doves, that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of thoughts began,
 O fairest mover on this mortal round!
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound.
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure
 thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would
 cure thee.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel
 it?

Give me my heart (saith she) and thou shalt have
 it.

O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it;
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go,
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: Thy palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire
 Affection is a coal, that must be cool'd;
 Else suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath
 none;
 Therefore no marvel, though thy horse be
 gone.

How like a jade he stood, ty'd to a tree,
 Servilely maltred with a leathern rein!
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair see,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending
 crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But when his glutton eyes so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight?
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy;
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach
 thee.
 O! learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
 My love to love, is love but to disgrace it;
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.
 The colt that's back'd, and burden'd being
 young,
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing. Let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
 To love's alarm, it will not ope the gate.

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
 flatt'ry;

For where a heart is hard, they make no batt'ry

What, can'st thou talk? (quoth she) hast thou a
 tongue?

O! would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!
 Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double
 wrong?

I had my load before, now press'd with bearing.
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sound-
 ing!

Earth's deep sweet musick! and heart's deep
 fore-wounding!

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty, and invisible:
 Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
 Each part in me, that were but sensible.

Though neither eyes, nor ears, to hear, nor
 see,

Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch;
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much:
 For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by
 smelling.

But oh! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
 Would they not with the feast should ever last,
 And bid suspicion double-lock the door?
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd,
 Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gust and foul flaws to herdmen, and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun.
 His meaning struck her, e'er his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down;
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
 The silly boy believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze break off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning Love did wittily prevent,
 Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her:
 For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard.
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt, that his unkindness marr'd;
 He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
 Would never rise, so would he kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,
 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth;
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixt,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brows repine,
 But hers, which through the crystal, tears gave
 light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen, by night.

O! where am I! (quoth she) in earth, or heaven!
 Or in the ocean drench'd! or in the fire!
 What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
 Do I delight to die? or life desire?
 But now I liv'd, and Life was Death's annoy:
 But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O! thou didst kill me, kill me once again:
 Thy eyes, shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their
 queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
 O never let their crimson liveries wear!
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous year!
 That the star-gazers having writ on death,
 May say, the Plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips! sweet seals! in my soft lips imprinted,
 What bargains may I make still to be sealing?
 To sell myself, I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing:
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
 Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
 What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
 Say for non-payment that the debt should
 double,
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me.
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks
 fast,
 Or being early pluck'd, is four to taste.

Look, the world's comforter with weary gate,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west!
 The owl (Night's herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest:
 The cole-black clouds, that shadow heaven's
 light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you:
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
 Good night (quoth she) and e'er he says adieu,
 The honey fee of parting tendred is.
 Her arms to lend his neck a sweet embrace,
 Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drowth:
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with
 dearth,
 Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth:
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the prize so
 high,
 That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth
 boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage:
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back;
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's
 wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much han-
 dling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling;
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with tempring
And yields at last to every light impressiō?
Things out of hope are compass't oft with vent'r-
ing,

Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then wooes best, when most his choice is
froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over!
Such Nectar from his lips she had not suckt:
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover,
What though the rose have pricks; yet it is
pluckt.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at
last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her, that he may depart.
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the
match?

He tells her no, to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar (quoth she), whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws,
She sinketh down still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter.
All is imaginary, she doth prove,
He will not manage her although he mount her:
The worse than Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her Joy.

Even as poor birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw;
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds, that helpless berries saw,
The warm effects which she in him finds miss-
ing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good Queen, it will not be,
She hath assay'd, as much as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee,
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd!
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go,
You have no reason to with-hold me so.

Thou hadst been gone (quoth she) sweet boy, e'er
this,
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the
boar.

O! be advis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tusks never sheath'd, he whitteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth
fret,
His snout digs sepulchres where e'er it goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way
And whom he strikes, his crooked tusks slay.;

His brawny side with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof, that thy spears point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed,
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture.
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him part, through whom he
rushes.

Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hand, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties, as he roots the
mead.

O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They, that thrive well, take counsel of their
friends.

When thou didst name the boar, not to dis-
semble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble

Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my
breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's centinel;
Give false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, kill, kill.
Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker, that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth
bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear.

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;

Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make 'em drop with grief, and hang the
head.

What should I do? seeing thee so indeed?
'Tis that trembling at th' imagination, [bleed,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart
And fear doth teach it divination.
I prophecy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare;
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty;
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare,
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy
hounds.

And when thou halt on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many mists through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flocks of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime, where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot-scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled,
With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out:
Then do they spend their mouths; echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this poor Watt far off, upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way.
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For misery is trodden on by many;
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly and hear a little more,
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise;
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself, thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For Love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends: [she]
The night is spent. Why, what of that? (quoth
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends.

And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
In night (quoth she) Desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, Oh, then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make rich men thieves, so do thy
lips
Make modest *Dian* cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven, that were di-
vine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's de-
spite,
To shame the Sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature;
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defacement;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances, and much misery.

As burning fever, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd de-
spair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, favour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day
sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking virgins, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity,
Which by the rights of Time thou needs must
have,
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thy self, thy self art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do
slay.
Or butcher-fire, that raves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;
But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme;
 'The kifs I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream.
 For by this black-fac'd night, desires foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and
 worse,

If Love hath lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaids songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.
 For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there;

Left the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bed-chamber to be barr'd of rest.
 No, Lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?
 'The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger.
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase, O strange excuse!
 When Reason is the bawd to Lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurps his name;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame:
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sun-shine after rain;
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun:
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
 Lust's winter comes, e'er summer half be done.
 Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies:
 Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
 The text is old, the orator too green:
 Therefore in sadness now I will away,
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms, which bound him to her
 breast:
 And homeward through the dark lawns runs a-
 pace,
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
 So did the merciless and pitchy night,
 Fold in the object, that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood;
 Or stonish'd, as night-wanderers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood:
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans:
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.
 Ay me! she cries, and twenty times, Woe!
 Woe!
 And twenty echo's twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty:
 How love makes young men thrall, and old men
 dote;
 How love is wise in folly, foolish witty:
 Her heave anthem still concludes in woe!
 And still the choir of echo's answers so.

Her song was tedious and out-wore the night,
 For lovers hours are long though seeming short:
 If pleas'd themselves, others they think delight
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport.
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
 But idle sounds, resembling parasites?
 Like shrill tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits.
 She said, 'tis so: They answer all, 'tis so,
 And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! hear the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty:
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 The cedar tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
 O! thou clear god, and Patron of all Light!
 From whom each lamp, and shining star doth
 borrow
 The beauteous influence, that makes him bright:
 There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mo-
 ther,
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to
 other.

This said, she hasted to a myrtle grove,
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn;
 And yet she hears no tidings of her Love:
 She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn,
 Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the neck, some kifs her face,
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,

Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder :

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appalls her senses, and her sp'rit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud ;
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain curt'fy, who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters, to surprise her heart ;
Who overcome by doubt, and bloodless fear,
With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasy,
Till cheering up her senses sore dismaid,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy :
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more :
And with that word, she spy'd the hunted boar.

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,
She treads the paths that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is marred with delays :
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respect, yet not at all respecting ;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary cairiff for his master ;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaister.
And here she meets another sadly scowling.
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-responding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;
Another, and another, answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look ! how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies ;
Whereon with earful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies :
So she, at these sad signs, draws up her breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love (thus chides she Death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean ?

To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath ?
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, O no ! it cannot be
Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it.
O ! yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart,
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Had'st thou but beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon-dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping ?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes, that taught all other eyes to see ?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, which like sluices stop'd
The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom drop'd.
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O ! how her eyes and tears did lend, and borrow !
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye ;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow :
Sorrow, that friendly sighs fought still to dry.
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief :
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief.
But none is best, then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollow :
A nurse's song no'er pleas'd her babe so well.
The dire imagination she did follow,

This sound of hope doth labour to expell :
For now reviving Joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass :
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the fluttish ground,
Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing Love ! how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous !
The one doth flatter thee, in thoughts unlikely.
With likely thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame :
It was not she that call'd him all to nought,
Now she adds honour to his hateful name :
She 'cleeps him King of Graves, and Grave for Kings,
Imperial Supreme of all Mortal Things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet Death ! I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe.
Then, gentle Shadow ! (truth I must confess)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my Love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue :
Be wreak'd on him (invisible commander !)
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Cou'd rule them both without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate :
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove ! quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind ?
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !
For he being dead, with him is Beauty slain,
And Beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fye ! fye ! fond Love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hem'd with thieves :
Trifles (unwitnessed with eye, or ear)
Thy coward heart, with false bethinking grieves.
Even at this word she hears a merry-horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away she flies :
The grafs stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight.
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks back in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing, to creep forth again :
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled,
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they resign'd their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain :
Who bids them still consort with ugly Night,
And never wound the heart with looks again :
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestions gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes,
As when the wind imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, Earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's mind confound,
This mutiny each part doth so surprize,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes.

And, being open through unwilling fight
Upon the wide wound, that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank, whose wonted lilly white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.
No flower was nigh, no grafs, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stop'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazzling, makes the wound seem three ;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one ;
And yet (quoth she) behold the two Adons dead !
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :

Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes as fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas! poor World, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou
boast

Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
trim,

But true sweet Beauty liv'd, and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear;
Nor sun, nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
you.

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his Fair.

And therefore wou'd he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun wou'd peep;
The wind wou'd blow it off, and being gone
Play with his locks, then wou'd Adonis weep:
And strait in pity of his tender years,
They both wou'd strive who first shou'd dry his
tears.

To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he wou'd not fear
him;

To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tyger wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf wou'd leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in a brook,
There fishes spread on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red
cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with ber-
ries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave.
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him
so.

'Tis true, 'tis true, thus was Adonis slain,
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who wou'd not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there:
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unaware his tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him, I should have kill'd him first.
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My mouth with his; the more am I accurs'd.

With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness
lies.

Two glasses where her self her self beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.
Wonder of time! (quoth she) this is my spight.
That, you being dead, the day shou'd yet be
light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow, on love, hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unfavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally too high, or low:
That all Love's pleasures shall not match his
woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweats, that shall the sharpest fight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to
speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepid age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with trea-
sures;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be mercifull, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just:
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be the cause of war and dire events,
And set dissention 'twixt the son and fire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my Love destroy,
They that love best, their Love shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteness
stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath :
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is rest from her by death :

She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to
tears.

Poor Flower ! (quoth she) this was thy father's
guise,

(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling fire)

For every little grief to wet his eyes,

To grow unto himself was his desire,

And so 'tis thine ; but know it is as good

To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers's bed, here is my breast,
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right ;
Low in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
There shall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet Love's flow-
er.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their
Queen

Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

read the 20 April 1826

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To the Right Honourable

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship, is without end: whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it assur'd of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty should shew greater: mean time as it is, it is bound to your Lordship: To whom I wish long life, still lengthen'd with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. II.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The Argument.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride, surnam'd Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons, and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army, meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the King's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extoll'd the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucrece. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouch'd, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, Sextus Tarquinius being inflam'd with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his state) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her; and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attir'd in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabb'd herself. Which done, with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: And bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed; with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the King; wherewith the people were so mov'd, that with one consent, and a general acclamation; the Tarquins were all exil'd, and the State-government changed from Kings to Consuls.

From the besieg'd Arden all in post,
Born by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathing Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the waste
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhaply set,
This bateless edge on his keen appetite:
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white;
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight;
Where mortal star, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties,

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state :
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent,
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king, nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O Happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done !
As is the morning's silver melting dew,
Against the golden splendor of the sun :
An expir'd date cancell'd e'er well begun.
Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortrest from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator ;
What needeth then apology be made,
To set forth that which is so singular ?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sov'reignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king ;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
Perchance, that envy of so rich a thing
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitcht thoughts, that meaner men
Should want
The golden hap, which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all too timeless speed, if none of those,
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal, which in his liver glows.
O ! rash false heat wrapt in repentant cold !
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows
old.

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd,
Which of them both should underprop her fame.
When Virtue bragg'd, Beauty would blush for
shame ;
When Beauty boasted blushes, in despight
Virtue wou'd stain that o'er with silver white.

But Beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus doves, doth challenge that fair field ;
Then Virtue claims from Beauty beauty's red,
Which Virtue gave the golden age to guild
Her silver cheeks, and call'd it then her shield ;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assai'd, the red should fence the
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece's face was seen,
Argu'd by Beauty's red and Virtue's white ;
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from World's minority their right ;

Yet their ambition makes them still to fight :
The sov'reignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lillies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye incloses,
Where, left between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal, that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show.
Therefore that praise, which Collatine doth owe,
Inchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspected the false worshipper.
“ For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream of evil,
“ Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes fear :
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer,
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm exprest.

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty,
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye :
Which having all, all could not satisfy ;
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for
more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks ;
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books.
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
hooks ;
Nor could she moralize his wanton fight
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.
Her joy with heav'd up hand she doth exprest,
And wordless, so greets heav'n for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there ;
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather,
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear,
Till sable night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison shuts the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy sprite ;

For after supper long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth
 fight,
 And every one to rest themselves betake,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that
 wake.

As one of which, doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining,
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-
 ing;
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining :
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death sup-
 posed.

Those that much covet are of gain so fond,
 That what they have not (that which they possess;)
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so by hoping more, they have but less;
 Or gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich
 gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth and ease, in waning age :
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage :
 As life for honour, in fell battels rage,
 Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth
 cost
 The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect :
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect
 The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
 Make something, nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust :
 And for himself, himself he must forsake ;
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself, himself confounds, betrays
 To scandalous tongues the wretched hateful
 lays ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls, and wolves death-boding cries :
 Now serves the season, that they may surprize
 The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and
 still
 While lust and murder wakes to stain, and kill.

And now this lustful lord leapt from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,

Is madly tost between desire and dread ;
 Th' one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm :
 But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brainfick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be load-star to his lustful eye,
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly ;
 ' As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
 ' So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here pale with fear, he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprize ;
 And in his inward Mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise :
 Then looking scornfully he doth despise
 His naked armour of still slaughter'd lust,
 And justly thus controuls his thoughts unjust.

" Fair torch burn out thy light, and lend it not
 " To darken her, whose light excelleth thine :
 " And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
 " With your uncleanness, that which is divine.
 " Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
 " Let fair humanity abhor the deed,
 " That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
 " weed.

" O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms !
 " O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
 " O impious act, including all foul harms
 " A martial man to be soft fancy's slave !
 " True valour still a true respect should have.
 " Then my digression is so vile, so base,
 " That it will live engraven in my face.

" Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
 " And be an eye-sore in my golden coat :
 " Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
 " To cypher me how fondly I did dote :
 " That any posterity, sham'd with the note,
 " Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,
 " To wish that I their father had not been.

" What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
 " A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
 " Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week ?
 " Or sells eternity, to get a toy ?
 " For one sweet grape, who will the wine de-
 stroy ?
 " Or what fond beggar, but to touch the
 " crown,
 " Would with the sceptre strait be stricken
 " down ?

" If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 " Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 " Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
 " This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
 " This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 " This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 " Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

" O what excuse can my invention make,
 " When thou shalt charge me with so black a
 " deed!
 " Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
 " shake?
 " Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart
 " bleed?
 " The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,
 " And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 " But coward-like with trembling terror die.

 " Had Collatinus kill'd my son or fire,
 " Or lain in ambush to betray my life;
 " Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 " Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
 " As in revenge or quital of such strife;
 " But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 " The shame and fault finds no excuse, nor
 " end.

 " Shameful it is, if the fact be known;
 " Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving.
 " I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
 " The worst is but denial, and reproving.
 " My will is strong, past reason's weak remov-
 " ing.
 " Who fears a sentence, or an old man's faw,
 " Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (graceless) holds he disputation,
 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will;
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worse sense for vantage still:
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
 And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
 Where her beloved Collatinus lies,
 O how her fear did make her colour rise!
 First, red as roses, that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And now her hand in my hand being lock'd,
 Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear:
 Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
 All orators are dumb, when beauty pleadeth
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuseth;
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth.
 Affection is my captain, and he leads;
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear avant! debating die!
 Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye,

Sad pause, and deep regard beseeems the sage;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure
 lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost choak'd by unresisted lust.
 Away he steals with open list'ning ear,
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now in-
 vasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wit;
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline:
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worse part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who flatter'd by their leaders jocund show,
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
 And as their captain so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward:
 But as they open, they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping Thief to some regard:
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
 Night-wand'ring weazels shriek to see him
 there,
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place,
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case,
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light, he spies
 Lucrecia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks:
 As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste,
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him,
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:
 The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
 He takes for accidental things of trial,
 Or as those bars, which stop the hourly dial;
 Who with a lingring stay his course doth
 let,
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts, that sometime threat the Spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing,
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;

Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves
and sands.

The merchant fears, e'er rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought;

That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the mid'st of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour;
Even there he starts, quoth he, I must desist!

The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then love and fortune be my gods, my guide,
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be
try'd,

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire, fear's frost hath dissolution.

The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame, that follows sweet delight.

This said, the guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide;
The dove sleeps fast, that this night-owl will
catch;

Thus treason works e'er traitors be espy'd.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
But she sound-sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed:
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
By their high treason in his heart mislaid;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full
soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look as the fair, and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-
posed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves in-
closed.

O had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;

Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still.
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece, to their fight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lilly hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss:
Between whose hills, her head intombed is;
Where like a virtuous monument she lies,
To be admir'd of leud unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
Shew'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes like marigolds had sheath'd their light,
And canopy'd in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads play'd with her
breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality,
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin, new ambition bred,
Who like a foul usurper went about,
From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfy'd:
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualify'd,
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, sell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor childrens tears, nor mothers groans respect-
ing,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating heart alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye;
 His eye commends the leading to his hand;
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his
 stand
 On her bare breasts, the heart of all her land;
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did
 scale,
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They must'ring to the quiet cabinet,
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their cries.
 She much amaz'd, breaks up her lock'd-up eyes;
 Who peeping forth, this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controul'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking,
 What terror 'tis? but she in worser taking,
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight, which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies:
 She dares not look, yet winking their appears
 Quick-shifting anticks ugly in her eyes,
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
 Who angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful
 fights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
 (Rude ram! to batter such an ivory wall)
 May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distressed,
 Wounding it self to death, rise up, and fall,
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
 This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,
 Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to shew;
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face,
 That ev'n for anger makes the lilly pale,
 And the red-rose blush at her own disgrace,
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale.
 Under that colour am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquer'd fort, the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestal thee, if thou mean to chide:
 Thy beauty hath insnar'd thee to this night,
 Where thou with patience must my will abide;
 My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,
 Which I to conquer fought with all my might.

But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
 I think the honey guarded with a sting.
 All this before-hand counsel comprehends;
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or
 duty.

I have debated even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
 breed;
 But nothing can affection's course controul,
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears infuse the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which like a falcon tow'ring in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl below with his wings shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he dies:
 So under the insulting Falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
 With trembling fear, as fowls hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,
 If thou deny, then force must work my way;
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blur'd with nameless bastardy;
 And thou the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend,
 The fault unknown is, as a thought unacted;
 A little harm done to a great good end
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound; being so apply'd,
 His venom in effect is purify'd.

Then for thy husband, and thy children's sake,
 Tender my suit, bequeath not to their lot
 The shame, that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot,
 Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
 For marks describ'd in mens nativity,
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice, dead-killing eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
 While she, the picture of pure piety,

Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast, that knows no gentle right,
Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blow these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindring their present fall by this dividing.
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet foul night-waking cat he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pant-
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly, [eth
A swallowing gulf, that e'en in plenty wanteth.
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining; [ing.
Tears harden lust, tho' marble wear with rain-

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face :
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That 'twice she doth begin e'er once she speaks.

She conjures him, by high almighty Jove ;
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath ;
By her untimely tears, her husband's love ;
By holy human law, and common troth ;
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both :
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended :
End thy ill aim, before thy fate be ended.
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
Myself a weakling do not then insnare me ;
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me,
My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave
thee.

If ever man was mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To soften it with their continual motion ;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O ! if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee,
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me ;

Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
name :

Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king ?
O ! be remembered, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away,
Then kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarch's still are fear'd for love :
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove :
If but for fear of this, thy will remove.
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall
learn ?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame ?
To privilege dishonour in thy name,
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another :
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear,
Their own transgressions partially they smother :
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy bro-
ther.
O ! how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their
eyes !

To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust thy rash relier ;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal,
Let him return and flattering thoughts retire.
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrouled tide
Turn not, but swells the higher by this let ;
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret :
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign with their fresh false
haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a sovereign king,
 And lo! there falls into thy boundless flood
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
 If all these petty ill should change thy good,
 The sea within a puddle's womb is herfed,
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
 Thou their fair life, and they their fouler grave;
 Thou loathed in thy shame, they in thy pride:
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state.—
 No more, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear
 Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate, [thee:
 Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies:
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolf has seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice con-
 trou'd,
 Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears,
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
 The spots whereof, could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again;
 This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain.
 Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
 And lust the thief far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight:
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fears this night;
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O! deeper sin, than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
 E'er he can see his own abomination.
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or reign his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble Desire all recreant, poor and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
 grace.
 For there it revels, and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chaf'd;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands dis-
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd; [grac'd:
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death, and pain perpetual:
 Which in her prescience she controul'd still,
 But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.

E'en in this thought through the dark night he
 stealeth,
 A captive victor, that hath lost in gain:
 Bearing away the wound, that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain:
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,
 She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there:
 He scowls and hates himself for his offence,
 She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear:
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
 She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
 He runs and chides his vanish'd loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
 She there remains a hopeless cast away:
 He in his speed looks for the morning-light;
 She prays she never may behold the day:
 For day (quoth she) night-scapes doth open lay;
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
 The same disgrace, which they themselves be-
 hold;
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold.
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame they feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind:
 She wakes her heart, by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
 Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breaths she forth her
spight
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night! image of hell!
Dim register! and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing Chaos! nurse of Blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour of defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason, and the ravisher!

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Must'ring thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time:
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet e'er he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air,
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
E'er he arrive his weary noon-tide prick:
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoaky ranks his smother'd
light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defil'd)
Through night's black bosom should not peep
again.

So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers that make short their pilgrimage.

Where now? have I no one to blush with me?
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with
mine;
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy.
But I alone, alone must sit and pine;
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O Night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke!
Let not the jealous day behold that face,
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloke
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace.
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults, which in thy reign are
made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day;
The light will shew character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet Chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cypher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name:
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame.
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tye the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted;
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain't of mine,
As I, e'er this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding private scar!
Reproach is stamp't in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mote afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them,
knows?

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me, by strong assault, it is bereft:
My honey lost, and I a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandring wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck?
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him.
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd for evil!
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrow's nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man, that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painful
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold: [sits;
But still like pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless bans the harvest of his wits,
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment, that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for, turn to loathed sour,
Even in the moment that we call them ours,

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers;

The adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing;
What vertue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good, that we can say is ours;
But ill-annexed opportunity,
Of kills his life, or else his quality.

O! opportunity! thy guilt is great;
'Tis thou, that execut'st the traitor's treason:
'Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season:
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy her,
Sits sin to seize the souls, that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd:
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor, thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief!
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame;
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul, which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
thee?
But they ne'er met with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds:
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murders rages;
Thy heinous hours wait on them, as their
pages.

When truth and vertue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but sin ne'er gives a fee;
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid,
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said:
My Collatine would else have come to me,
When Tarquin did; but he was staid by thee,

Guilty thou art of murder, and of theft;
Guilty of perjury, and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night;
Swift subtle Post, carrier of grisly Care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false Delight, [snare:
Base watch of woes, Sin's pack-horse, Vertue's
Thou nurdest all, and murderest all that are.
O! hear me then, injurious shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the Hours, thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to find the hate of foes,
To eat up Error by Opinion bred;
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory, is to calm contending kings;
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time on aged things;
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night;
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments;
To feed oblivion with decay of things;
To blot old books, and alter their contents;
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel.
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter;
To make the child a man, the man a child;
To slay the tyger, that doth live by slaughter;
To tame the unicorn, and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the plowman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends;
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends.
O! this dread night! would'st thou one hour
come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack-

Thou ceaseless lacky to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight;
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances;
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans:
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,

To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts harder than
stones;

And let mild women to him lose their mild-
ness;
Wilder to him than tygers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair;
Let him have time against himself to rave;
Let him have time of time's help to despair;
Let him have time to live a loathed slave;
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one, that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools, to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes,
In time of sorrow; and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

O! Time! thou tutor both to good and bad!
Teach me to curse him, that thou taught'st this
ill;

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself, himself seek every hour to kill:
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
spill!

For who so base would such an office have,
As slanderous deaths-man to so base a slave?

The baser is he coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honour'd or begets him hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is mist;
But little stars may hide them, when they list.

The crow may bathe his cole-black wings in
mire,

And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless Night, kings glorious
day.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy your selves in skill-contending schools;
Debate, where leisure serves, with dull debators:
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and unsearchful Night!
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despight:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.

The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand! why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thy self to rid me of this shame:
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thy self, and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death;
But this no slaughter house, no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth,
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain (quoth she) I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life:
I fear'd by Tarquin's sauchion to be slain;
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;
So am I now: Oh no! that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

Oh! that is gone, for which I fought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die;
To clear this spot by death (at least) I give
A badge of fame to Slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy.

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine! thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard graff shall never come to growth.
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doating father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state:
But thou shalt know thy interest was not
bought,
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespasses never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
tale.

By this lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow;
And solemn Night with slow sad gate descended

To ugly hell; when lo! the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes, that light will
borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames her self to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weep-
ing;

To whom she sobbing speaks, O! eye of eyes!
Why pry'st thou through my window? Leave thy
peeping; [sleeping.

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light;
For day hath nought to do what's done by
night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.
True grief is fond, and testy as a child,
Who way-ward once, his mood with nought
agrees.

Old woes, not infant sorrows bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of
skill.

So she deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views;
And to her self all sorrow doth compare,
No object but her passions strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues.

Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no
words;

Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds, that tune their mornings joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy?
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society.

True sorrow then is feelingly surpriz'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:
To see the salve doth make the wound ake more;
Great grief grieves most at that will do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Which, being stopt, the bounding banks o'er-
flows:

Grief dallied with, nor law, nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes intomb
Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts;
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb;
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests:
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears,
Distress likes dumps, when time is kept with
tears.

Come Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair:
As the dark earth weeps at thy languishment,

So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the Diapason bear.
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

And while against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking; wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languish-
ment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold;
Some dark deep desert seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their
kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly;
Or one incompast with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with her self is she in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproaches
debtor.

To kill my self, quoth she, alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who having two sweet babes, when death
takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body, or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to my self was nearer,
When both were kept from heaven, and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peal'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peal'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted;
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy,
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy.
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him, that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife,
That wounds my body so dishonoured :
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
The one will live, the other being dead :
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred.
For in my death I murder shameful scorn ;
My shame so dead, mine Honour is new born.

Dear lord of that dear Jewel I have lost !
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be :
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me.
My self thy friend, will kill my self thy foe ;
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make :
My soul and body to the skies, and ground ;
My resolution (Husband) do you take ;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound ;
My shame be his, that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou Collatine shall oversee this will,
How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it ?
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, so be it ;
Yield to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee ;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes ;
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers
flies,

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so,
As winter meads, when sun doth melt their
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft flow tongue, true mark of modesty ;
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why, her face wore sorrow's livery)
But durst not ask of her audaciously,

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so :
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye :
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled cyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky ;
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean queuch'd their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling ;
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;

Grieving themselves to guess at other smarts ;
And then they drown their eyes, or break their
hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore they are form'd as marble will :
The weak oppress, th' impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp't the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champain plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep ;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove remain
Cave-keeping evils, that obscurely sleep ;
Through chrystal walls each little mote will peep.
Tho' men can cover crimes with bold stern
looks,
Poor womens faces are their own faults books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chides rough winter, that the flower has kill'd :
Not that's devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame : O let it not be hild
Poor womens faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With mens abuses ; those proud lords to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their
shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Affail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death and shame that might ensue,
By that her death to do her husband wrong ;
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread,
And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor Counterfeit of her complaining.
My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
raining ?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood ;
If tears could help, mine own would do me
good.

But tell me, girl, when went (and there she
staid

Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence ?
Madam, e'er I was up (reply'd the maid)
The more to blame my sluggish negligence :
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
My self was stirring e'er the break of day,
And e'er I rose was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be so hold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
O peace ! (quoth Lucrece if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt, than one hath power to tell,

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here:
 (What should I say?) one of my husband's men
 Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be
 writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill;
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight,
 What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
 'This is too curious good, this blunt and ill;
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: Thou, worthy lord
 Of that unworthy wife, that greeteth thee;
 Health to thy person, next vouchsafe t' afford
 (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come, and visit me.
 So I commend me from our house in grief;
 My woes are tedious, tho' my words are brief.

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly:
 By this short schedule Colatine may know
 Her grief but not her grief's true quality;
 She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 E'er she with blood had stain'd her strain'd
 excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hords, to spend when he is by to hear her;
 When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the
 fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspicion, which the world might bear
 her:

To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them
 better.

To see sad sights moves more, than hear them
 told;

For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion, that it doth behold:
 When every part a part of woe doth bear,
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.

Deep sounds make lesser noise, than shallow
 fords;

And sorrow ebbs being blown with wind of
 words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
 At Ardea to my lord with more than haste;
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the four-fac'd groom to hie as fast,
 As lagging souls before the northern blast.

Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she
 deems;

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
 And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
 Receives the scroll without or yea, or no,
 And forthwith bashful innocence doth hie.
 But they, whose guilt within their bosom lies,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her
 shame.

When, silly groom (God wot) it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity;
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds, while others faucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
 Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to
 gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd.
 She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's
 lust,
 And blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-
 plenish,
 The more she thought he spy'd in her some
 blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone;
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan;
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting made for Priam's Troy;
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
 Threatning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
 Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping tear
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife.
 The red blood reek'd to shew the painter's strife,
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear
 The very eyes of men thro' loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust.
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders, grace and majesty,
 You might behold triumphing in their faces:
 In youth quick-bearing and dexterity:

And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble
That one would swear he saw them quake and
tremble.

In Ajax, and Ulysses, O! what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cypher'd either's heart;
Their face, their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor roll'd.
But the mild glance that fly Ulysses lent,
Shew'd deep regard, and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech it seem'd, his beard all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purld up to the
sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listning, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice.
The scalps of many almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back all blown and
red;
Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage, (such signs of rage they bear),
As but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand, himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind;
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector march'd to
field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That thro' their light joy seemed to appear,
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy
fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they
fought,
To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran;
Whose waves to imitate the battel fought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than

Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their some at Simois
banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pirrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim cares reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-
guis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain;
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein.
Wanting the spring, that those shrunk pipes had
fed,
Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes;
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her
wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor Instrument (quoth she) without a sound!
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus, that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so
long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks, that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet, that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris did incur
This load of wrath, that burning Troy did bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The fire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many more?
Let sin alone committed, light alone
Upon his head, that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies!
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus founds!
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies!
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds!
And one man's lust these many lives confounds!
Had dotting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with
fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troys painted woes :
 For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
 So Lucrece set a work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencil'd pensiveness, and colour'd sorrow ;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth
 borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
 And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;
 His face, tho' full of cares, yet shew'd content.
 Onward to Troy with these blunt swains he
 goes,
 So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill,
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;
 Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
 That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
 Nor ashy pale, the fair that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just ;
 And therein so inscon'd his secret evil,
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
 False creeping craft and perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
 Or blot with hell-born sin such faint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
 For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
 The credulous old Priam after flew ; [glory
 Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining
 Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry.
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glass fell wherein they view'd their
 faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
 And chid the painter for his wondrous skill :
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
 So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill.
 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
 That she concludes, the picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
 She would have said, can lurk in such a look ;
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot,
 It cannot be, she in that sense forlook, [took:
 And turn'd it thus, It cannot be I find,
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind.

For e'en as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober sad, so weary and so mild,
 (As if with grief or travel he had fainted)
 To me came Tarquin armed, so beguil'd
 With outward honesty, but yet defil'd

VOL. II.

With inward vice ; as Priam him did cherish,
 So did I Tarquin, so my Troy did perish.

Look, look how listning Priam wets his eyes
 To see those borrow'd tears, that Sinon sheds !
 Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
 For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds :
 His eye drop fire, no water thence proceeds. [pity,
 Those round clear pearls of his that move thy
 Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;
 For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
 And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
 These contraries such unity do hold,
 Only to flatter Fools and make them bold :
 So Priam's trust false Sinons tears doth flatter,
 That he finds means to burn his Troy with
 water.

Here all enrag'd such passion her assails,
 That patience is quite beaten from her breast ;
 She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
 Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
 Whose deed hath made herself, herself detest.
 At last she smilingly with this gives o'er,
 Fool ! fool ! quoth she, his wounds will not be
 fore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
 And time doth weary time with her complaining
 She looks for night, and then she longs for mor-
 row,
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining ;
 Short time seems long, in sorrows sharp sustain-
 ing.
 Tho' woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
 And they that watch, see time how slow it
 creeps.

Which all this time hath over-slipt her thought,
 That she with painted images hath spent,
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought,
 By deep surmise of others detriment,
 Losing her woes in shews of discontent.
 It easeth some, tho' none it ever cur'd,
 To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger comes, back,
 Brings home his lord, and other company ;
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black,
 And round about her tear-distained eye
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
 These watergalls in her dim element,
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
 Her eyes though sod in tears, look red, and raw,
 Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
 He hath no power to ask her how she fares :
 But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondring each other's
 chance.

S f

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins : What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love! what spite hath thy fair colour
spent?

Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear Dear! this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
E'er once she can discharge one word of woe :
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;
While Collatine and his comforted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan, in her wat'ry nest,
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending ;
In me more woes than words are now depending :
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say,
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul inforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining faulchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, awake thou Roman dame !
And entertain my love else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he?
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust ; and so did kill
The lechers in their deed : this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word :
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
Th' adult'rate death of Lucrece, and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
(And far the weaker with so strong a fear)
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear,
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes ;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner
dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own excuse,
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind :
That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings ; but still pure,
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with
woe,
With sad set eyes and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so,
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up
again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye, that doth behold his haste ;
Yet in the eddie boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait, that forc'd him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage being past :
Even so his sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief
draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :
Dear Lord! thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no flood by raining slacketh ;
My woe too sensible, thy passion maketh
More feeling painful ; let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she, that was thy Lucrece—now attend me ;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend
me
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend
me
Comes all too late ; yet let the traitor die ;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But e'er I name him, you fair Lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those, that came with Collatine)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine :
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms ;
Knights by their oaths should right poor ladies
harms.

At this request, with noble disposition,
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd :
But she that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O speak! quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?

May my pure mind with the foul act dispence,
My low declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?

With this they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map, which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune carv'd in with tears.
No, no, quoth she, no dame hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuses giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name. He, he, she
says:

But more than he, her poor tongue could not
speak,
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, He, he, fair Lord, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that hence her soul unsheathed;
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged spright, and through her wounds
doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew,
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw:
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murd'rous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood in poor revenge held it in chase.

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two flow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like the late sack'd island vastly flood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin
stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watry rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place;
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some wat'ry token shows,
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter! dear daughter! old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here de-
liv'd in the child the father's image lies, [priv'd;
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
'Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children predecease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass! I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shews me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn.
O! from my cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see, what once I was.

O! Time, cease thou thy course, and last no
longer,
If they surcease to be, that should survive;
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess the hive:
Then live sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue:
Who mad that sorrow should his use controul,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's
aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more.
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter, or for
wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his;
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine; O mine she is,
Replies her husband; do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say,
He weeps for her; for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
Woe! woe! quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I owned her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
The disperst air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, my daughter, and my
wife.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece's wound his folly's shew:
He with the Romans was esteemed so,

As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow [deeds?
For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds.
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman! do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations
(Since Rome herself in them doth stand dis-
grac'd) [chas'd.
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets

Now by the capital, that we adore!
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd!
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's
store!

By all our country's rites in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife!
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondring at him did him words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they
bow,
And that deep vow which Brutus made be-
fore,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To shew the bleeding body throughout Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence,
Which being done, with speedy diligence,
The Roman's plausibly did give consent,
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

S O N N E T S.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESS

AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET

WISHETH THE

WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER IN SETTING FORTH,

T T.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.

Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

* i. e. Thomas Thorpe, in whose name the sonnets
were first entered in Stationers Hall.

S f iiij

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
 Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou could'st answer—" *This fair child of mine*
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—"
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
 Now is the time that face should form another;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unblest some mother.
 For where is she so fair, whose un-eared womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
 And being frank, she lends to those are free.
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
 For having traffic with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame,
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 And that unfair which fairly doth excell;
 For never-resting time leads summer on
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where:
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,

Leech but their shew; their substance still lives

[sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy summer, e'er thou be distill'd:
 Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
 With beauty's treasure, e'er it be self-kill'd.
 That use it not forbidden usury,
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
 Then, what could death do if thou should'st depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
 To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
 But when from high-moist pitch, with weary car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract, and look another way:
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
 Resembling fire and child and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
 The world will be thy widow and still weep,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And keep unus'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits,
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
 But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O change thy thought, that I may change my
 mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love;
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth
 convertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore years would make the world away.
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty
 cherish:
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
 Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow; [defence,
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make
 Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee
 hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer your's than you yourself here live:
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
 Find no determination: then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease, [bear.
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,

And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 O! none but unthrifths:—Dear my love, you
 know
 You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,
 But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind;
 Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict that I in heaven find:
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge state presenteth nought but shews
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;
 And, all in war with time, for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
 And many maiden gardens yet unset,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
 So should the lines of life that life repair,
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet
 skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life, and shews not half your
 parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, this poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
 S f iij

So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretch'd metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling, [eth.
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amaz-
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's
pleasure, [sure.
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their trea-

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare, [gems,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should exiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say [heart
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's
O let my books be then the eloquence [might.
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-
press'd.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassage,
 To witness duty, not to shew my wit.
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to shew it;
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
 To shew me worthy of thy sweet respect:
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
 Till then, not shew my head where thou may'st
 prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed;
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
 Save that my soul's imaginary fight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
 new.
 Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night and night by day opprest'd?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the hea-
 ven:
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
 When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the
 even.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's length
 seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and mens eyes,
 I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth
 brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
 And mean the expence of many a vanish'd fight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
 That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day, [cover,
 When that churl death my bones with dust shall
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;
 And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now,
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
 staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'er-take me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross. [sheds,
 Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorising thy trespasss with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one:
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone,
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, of all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
 I make my love engrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
 This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 Oh give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight,
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine, which rhimers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
 If my slight muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy four leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love
 call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou ushest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shews,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well besits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
 Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed,
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
 bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy shew
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee, [thee me.
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do shew

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
 Receiving nought by elements so flow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, flight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.

For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life being made of four, with two alone,
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's fight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 That, to my use, it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and
 part;
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects,

Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
“ Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend !
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to
go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you ;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;
The one doth shadow of your beauty shew,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :
But, for their virtue only is their shew,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars's sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find
Even in the eyes of all posterity [room,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view :
Or call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are how happy you make those :
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time :
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime,
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
 Which labouring for invention bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child ?
 O that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Shew me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done !
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;
 Whether we are mended, or wher better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 O ! sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight ?

Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry ;
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy ?
 O no ! thy love, though much, is not so great ;
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake : [where,
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake else-
 From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part ;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shews me myself indeed,
 'Bated and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;
 When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
 brow
 With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night ;
 And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 The rich-proud cost of out-worn bury'd age ;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watry main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay ;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'erflows their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?

O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's best jewels from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restless death I cry,—
As, to behold desert, a beggar born,
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tir'd with all these, from hence would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to shew what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
E'er beauty's dead fleece made another gay;
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To shew false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues, (the voice of souls) gave thee that
due,

Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine
In other accents do this praise confound, [own,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shewn.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy shew,
The solve is this,—that thou dost common
grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy shew,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst
owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your
moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing
worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year you may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day, [sang.
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
 strong, [long.
 To love that well which thou must leave e'er

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
 Or as sweet season'd showers are to the ground ;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look ;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride ?
 So far from variation or quick change ?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed ?
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument ;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent :
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly shew,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so soft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poetry disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
 In others' works thou dost but mend the stile,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robes thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth
 say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame !
 But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundness deep doth ride ;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride :
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this ;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the
 mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
 And therefore may'st without attaint o'er-look
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better us'd
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair no painting set.
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself, being extant, well might shew
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
 For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
 Making his stile admired every where.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
 worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve their character with golden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd. [words,
 I think good thoughts, whilst others write good
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hind-most, holds his rank
 before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.
 But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewel! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
 knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
 That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory:
 And I by this will be a gainer too;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence :
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt ;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell ;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-lost : [row,
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this for-
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of Fortune's might ;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
horse ;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine ;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !

But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot ?—
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not :

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness
tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation flow ;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expence ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity :
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name ?
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose !
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee !
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turns to fair that eyes can see !
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd ;
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate !
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state !
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

T t

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer, [near.
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell, [grew:
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
 smells,
 If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
 So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
 So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
 Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay:
But best is best, if never intermix'd?—
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
 To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in
 seeming;
 I love not less, though less the show appear:
 That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the
 night,
 But that wild music burdens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
 That having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.
 O blame me not if I no more can write!
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass my verses tend,
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can fit,
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love controul,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
 What's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd. [best,
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O for my sake do thou with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your
 tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abyssm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack;
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with
 you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
 O 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
 Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
 When I was certain, o'er uncertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth
 grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 Love's not Time's fool, though rasy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear purchas'd right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your
 sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 Distil'd from limbeckes foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
 fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosom fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee; [me.
 Mine ransoms your's, and your's must ransom

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No,—I am that I am; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste:
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
 No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leaves of short-number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or lay'd great bates for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy
 controul.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee
 back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
 At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest
 reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living
 lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despis'd straight;
 Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows
 well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
 ground;
 And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she bely'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
 O let it then as well beseem thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part.
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
 Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery, my sweetest friend must be?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
 And torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart
 bail;
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
 And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgag'd in thy will;
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still;
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statue of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
 So him I loose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me.
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
 And wilt to boot, and will in overplus:
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think of all but one, and me in that one will.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear by thy blind soul that I was thy will
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil,
 Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is
 Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,

That they behold, and see not what they see?

'They know what beauty is, see where it lies,

Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.

If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,

Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,

Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,

Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?

Why should my heart think that a several plot,

Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not?

To put fair truth upon so fool a face? [err'd,

In things right true my heart and eyes have

And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearn'd in the world's false subtilties.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,

Although she knows my days are past the best,

Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;

On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.

But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?

And wherefore say not I, that I am old?

O love's best habit is in seeming trust,

And age in love loves not to have years told.

Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,

And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to justify the wrong,

That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;

Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;

Use power with power, and slay me not by art.

Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,

Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.

What need'st thou wound with cunning, when
thy might

Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?

Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows

Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;

And therefore from my face she turns my foes,

That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:

Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,

Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press

My tongue ty'd patience with too much disdain;

Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express

The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

If I might teach thee wit, better it were,

Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;

(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,

No news but health from their physicians know:)

For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,

And in my madness might speak ill of thee:

Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,

Mad flanders by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,

Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,

For they in thee a thousand errors note;

But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,

Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;

Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,

Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited

To any sensual feast with thee alone:

But my five wits, nor my five senses can

Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,

Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,

Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be;

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,

That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and my dear virtue hate,

Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:

O but with mine compare thou thine own state,

And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;

Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,

That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,

And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;

Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.

Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those

Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:

Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,

Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,

By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo as a careful house-wife runs to catch

One of her feather'd creatures broke away,

Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch

In pursuit of the thing she would have slay;

Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,

Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent

To follow that which flies before her face,

Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;

So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,

Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;

But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,

And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:

So will I pray that thou may'st have thy will,

If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,

Which like two spirits do suggest me still;

The better angel is a man right fair,

The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil

Tempteth my better angel from my side,

And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,

Wooing his purity with her fool pride.

And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,

Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;

But being both from me, both to each friend,

I guess one angel is another's hell.

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—*not you*.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting the outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd:
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
blind;
Lest eyes well seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake!
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am foresworn,
But thou art twice foresworn to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;

For I have sworn thee fair : more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie !

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell asleep :
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men prove,
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure ; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire ; my mistress' eyes,

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
keep,
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love,

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I foreswore; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I foreswore not thee:
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
 Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
 Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To break an oath, to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
 She told him stories to delight his ear;
 She shew'd him favours to allure his eye;
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and to-
 ward;
 He rose and ran away; ah fool too froward!

III.

If love make me foresworn, how shall I swear to
 love?
 O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant
 prove;
 Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers
 bow'd.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
 eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live, that art can com-
 prehend. [fice;
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suf-
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
 commend;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
 dreadful thunder,
 Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire,
 Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
 To sing the heavens' praise with such an earth-
 ly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
 Hot was the day; the hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
 He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
 Oh Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
 A little pale, with damask dye to grace her,
 None fairer, nor one falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing;
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were
 jestings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
 She burnt with love, as soon as straw out burneth;
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the fram-
 ing,
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither,

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Downland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 Whenas himself to fing'ring he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
 * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
 She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
 See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:
 She shewed her's; he saw more wounds than
 one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
 faded,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
 Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
 sting!
 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree, [be.
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
 For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
 For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him. [me;
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd
 And then she clipt Adonis in her arms:
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
 As if the boy should use like loving charms.
 Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips, [sure.
 And would not take her meaning nor her plea.
 Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth,
 Cannot live together;

Youth is full of pleasure,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee;
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young:
 Age, I do defy thee;
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining glass, that fadeth suddenly;
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
 A doubtful good, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost are seld or never found,
 As faded glass no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
 She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
 And dast me to a cabin hang'd with care,
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;
 Farewell, I could not, for I supp'd with sor-
 row.

XIII.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
 May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
 May be, again to make me wander thither:
 Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord how mine eyes threw gazes to the east!
 My heart doth charge the watch; the morning
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest. [rise
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal dreaming night:
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with
 sorrow;
 For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-
 morrow.
 Were I with her, the night would pass too soon;
 But now are minutes added to the hours;

To spite me now, each minute seems an hour;
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now
 borrow;
 Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-
 morrow.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
 could see,

Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with
 love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
 knight:

To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused more mickle was the pain,
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both to
 gain,

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
 with disdain;

Alas she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
 away;

Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady
 For now my song is ended,

XV.

On a day (alack the day!)

Love, whose month was ever May,

Spy'd a blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air,

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself to heaven's breath:

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But alas! my hand hath sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,

Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom even Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

My flocks feed not,

My ewes breed not,

My rams speed not,

All is amiss

Love's denying,

Faith's defying,

Heart's denying,

Causers of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,

All my lady's love is lost, God wot:

Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,

There a nay is plac'd without remove.

One silly cross

Brought all my loss;

O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame!

For now I see,

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain,

In black mourn I,

All fears scorn I,

Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall:

Heart is bleeding,

All help needing,

(O cruel speeding!)

Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,

My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;

My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,

Plays not at all, but seems afraid;

With sighs so deep,

Procures to weep,

In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.

How sighs resound

Through heartless ground,

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,

Sweet birds sing not,

Green plants bring not

Forth; they die:

Herds stand weeping,

Flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs back peeping

Fearfully.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,

All our merry meetings on the plains,

All our evening sport from us is fled,

All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet love,

Thy like ne'er was

For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:

Poor Coridon

Must live alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.

When as thine eye has close the dame,

And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,

Let reason rule things worthy blame,

As well as fancy, partial might:

Take counsel of some wiser head,

Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,

Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,

Lest she some subtle practice smell;

(A cripple soon can find a halt:)

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,

And set her person forth to sale,

What though her frowning brows be bent,

Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;

And then too late she will repent,

That thus dissembled her delight;

And twice desire, ere it be day,

That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,

And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,

Her feeble force will yield at length,

When craft hath taught her thus to say; ||

"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press thou never to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to faint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shewn,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.

Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want,
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but be were a king."

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear the part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But by my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,

Be the death-divining swan,
Left the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy fable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :—
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen ;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' fight :
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;

To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

T H R E N O S.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a siftering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-run'd tale;
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun, [saw
Whereon the thought might think sometime it
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell
rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of fear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plait,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaten fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from
thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—
Like usury, applying wet to wet,

Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With fleided filk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
here!

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents;
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours), observed as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being fat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old:
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,

That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face;
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her
place;

And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their filken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was fawn.

Small shew of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to
wear;

Yet shew'd his visage by that cost most dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt,
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and therefore free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride; and often men would say,
*"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop
he makes!"*

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case;
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by
him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills
obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe
them:

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresses of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part),
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did;
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shun'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry *it is thy last*.

For further I could say, *this man's untrue*,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling,
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling,
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did
find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as
warm'd,

Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leifures ever charm'd :
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free ;
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd),
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond ; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend ;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard,
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
The heaven-hued saphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold ; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some
moan

Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender ;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
praise ;

Take all these similies to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you ; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives ?

Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrain'd gyves :
She that her fame so to herself contrives,

Vol. II.

The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true ;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly :
Religious love put out religion's eye :
Not to be tempted, would she be enmur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among :
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congeat,
As compound love to phyfic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred fun,
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sling, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst
mine,

Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face ;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace :
O how the channel to the stream gave grace
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue in-
closes.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear ?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extingture hath !

For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,

U u

Shook off my sober guards and civil fears,
Appear to him, as he to me appears, [bore,
All melting; though our drops this difference
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shews.

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Shewing fair Nature is both wild and tame;
And veil'd in them did win whom he would
maim,
Against the thing he fought, he would exclaim

When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chas-
tity.

Thus merely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubim above them hover'd:
Who young and simple would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I sell, and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake.

Oh! that infected moisture of his eye!
Oh! that false fire, which in his cheek so glow'd
Oh! that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly!
Oh! that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd!
Oh! all that borrow'd motion seeming owed!
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Containing his

POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, || ORCHESTRA, A POEM ON DANCING, IN A DIALOGUE
THE HYMNS OF ASTREA, || BETWEEN PENELOPE AND ONE OF HER WOOERS:

Wc. Wc. Wc.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

That Power, which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myself, infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my Soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

POETICAL WORKS

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

CONTAINING THE
POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,
AND A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN PENROPE AND ONE OF HER WORKERS.

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POEM ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY SHAW, NEAVE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1801.

THE LIFE OF DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES was born at Chisgrove, in the parish of Tisbury, Wiltshire, in 1570. He was the third son of John Davies, who is said by Wood to have been a wealthy tanner; but in the books which record his admission into the society of the Middle Temple, it is said, that his father was "late of New Inn, gentleman."

In 1585, the fifteenth year of his age, he was entered a commoner of Queen's college, Oxford. At the beginning of the year 1588, he removed to the Middle Temple; but he appears to have returned occasionally to Oxford; for in 1590 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

At the Temple he applied himself to the study of the law; but he was more distinguished by his abilities, than by the regularity of his manners. He interrupted, it is said, the quiet of the Inn, by misdemeanors, for which he was fined, and by disorders, for which he was removed from Commons.

In 1595, he was called to the Bar; but in 1598, he was expelled the society of the Middle Temple, for quarrelling with the facetious Richard Martin, afterwards Recorder of London, and beating him, while they were at dinner in the common-hall.

His misconduct appears to have retarded his progress at the Bar; but he seems never to have been inattentive to literature. Besides the study of the law, he particularly applied himself to poetry, and wrote twenty-six Acrostics, under the title of *Hymns of Asireca*, in honour of Queen Elizabeth. In 1599, he published, in 4to, his *Nosce Teipsum*, a Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, which completely established his poetical reputation.

In 1601, by the favour of Lord Ellesmere, Keeper of the Great Seal, he was restored to his chamber in the Temple, and practised the law as a barrister. The same year he was chosen a Member of the House of Commons for Corfe-Castle, in Dorsetshire. He appears to have been an active and useful Member of Parliament, and a supporter of the privileges of the House, particularly in the great debate about monopolies.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth, he accompanied Lord Hunsdon into Scotland, to congratulate King James on his accession to the Throne of England. Being introduced to his Majesty by Hunsdon, the King immediately inquired if he was *Nosce Teipsum*; and being informed he was, most graciously embraced him, and assured him of his favour.

In 1603, he was sent Solicitor General to Ireland; and his appointment to the office of Attorney General took place soon after. During his residence in Ireland, he was very active in the measures adopted for the colonization of Ulster, and the civilization of the kingdom. Besides his official services, which were highly applauded, he published several valuable tracts on the state of the people and of the country; which, in 1780, were reprinted, in one volume 8vo, under the title of "Historical Tracts."

In 1606, he was promoted to the degree of Serjeant at Law; and the year following, he received the honour of knighthood. In 1612, he was made King's Serjeant; and the same year he was chosen Speaker of the first House of Commons of Ireland, formed by a general representation.

In 1615, he published his Reports, with a preface to Lord Ellesmere, which is justly esteemed the best that ever was prefixed to a law book. Soon after the publication of this work, he appears to have quitted Ireland, in consequence of a change in its administration.

After his return to England, he was appointed to act as one of the Justices of Assize, in several circuits. He was also elected a Member of the House of Commons for Newcastle under Line, in the Parliament which met at the beginning of the year 1621. He seems not often to have spoken in Parliament at this period; except on the affairs of Ireland.

In 1626, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, in the room of Sir Randolph Crew; but before he could be sworn in, he was carried off by an apoplexy, in the night of the 7th of December, at his house in the Strand, in the 57th year of his age.

He married Lady Eleanor Touchet, youngest daughter of George Lord Audley, Earl of Castlehaven, by whom he had one son, who was an idiot, and died young, and a daughter, named Lucy, who was married to Ferdinando Lord Hastings, afterwards Earl of Huntingdon. His lady was a very singular character, and dealt much in prophecies, which brought on her very rigorous treatment, after his death, from the High Commission Court. An account of her prophecies was published in 1649. She died in 1652.

From a low extraction, Davies made his way to eminence by his abilities. Camden, Bacon, Harrington, Selden, Jonson, Hoskins, Donne, and Corbet, are unquestionable authorities in his favour; but he seems not hitherto to have obtained a reputation adequate to his merit.

His "Historical Tracts," which are written with great accuracy and perspicuity, have, indeed, been reprinted; but his poetical pieces, which have considerable excellence, are now, for the first time, received into an arrangement of classical English poetry.

The second edition of his *Poem on the Immortality of the Soul* was printed in 4to, 1602, with the following title, "*Nosce Teipsum*: This oracle expounded in two elegies; I. Of Human Knowledge; II. Of the Soul of Man, and the Immortality thereof." A third edition was printed, in folio, 1688; and a fourth, in 8vo, 1697, by Tate, with an admirable preface, furnished by a clergyman, whose name he was not permitted to give the public.

An edition of his "Poetical Works," consisting of the "Poem on the Immortality of the Soul; Hymns to Astrea; and Orchestra, a Poem on Dancing," was printed, in 8vo, 1773, by T. Davies, a bookseller, who has laudably employed himself in reviving the noblest monuments of the dead.

The Preface to Tate's edition has been reprinted by Mr. Davies; and as it exhibits a just and advantageous character of the *Nosce Teipsum*, it is also preserved in the present edition.

The *Nosce Teipsum* is the earliest philosophical poem this country has produced, and the best poem of the age of Elizabeth, except the Faery Queen: The language is pure, demonstrative, and neat; and the versification exquisitely polished, and harmonious.

The *Hymns to Astrea* contain much poetry and much flattery, and are greatly superior to the atrocious verses of other writers, who are justly ridiculed and condemned by Dryden, in his *MacFleckno*, and by Addison, in his *Essay on Wit*.

The *Orchestra* contains a very ingenious explanation of the antiquity and excellency of Dancing, in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers. It is much to be regretted, that it should be left unfinished; or what is more likely, that the imperfect part should be lost; for in all probability he completed it, being written in his youth, as appears from the conclusion. Harrington has an epigram in commendation of it, at the end of his translation of Ariosto.

He is said to have written some epigrams, printed at Middleburg, about 1598, and a metaphrase of several of King David's Psalms, which was never published.

The inscription, on a monument erected near his grave in the church of St. Martin in the Fields, gives him the following character:

"He was a man of fine abilities and uncommon eloquence, and a most excellent writer both in prose and verse. He tempered the severity of the lawyer with the politeness and learning of the gentleman: he was a faithful advocate, an impartial judge, and equally remarkable for a love of sincere piety, and a contempt of anxious superstition."

THE PREFACE

TO

SIR JOHN DAVIES'S POEM

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

PUBLISHED IN 1699.

THERE is a natural love and fondness in Englishmen for whatever was done in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; we look upon her time as our golden age, and the great men who lived in it, as our chiefest heroes of virtue, and greatest examples of wisdom, courage, integrity, and learning.

Among many others, the author of this Poem merits a lasting honour; for, as he was a most eloquent lawyer, so, in the composition of this piece, we admire him for a good poet, and exact philosopher. It is not rhyming that makes a poet, but the true and impartial representing of virtue and vice, so as to instruct mankind in matters of greatest importance. And this observation has been made of our countrymen, That Sir John Suckling wrote in the most courtly and gentlemanlike style; Waller in the most sweet and flowing numbers; Denham with the most accurate judgment and correctness; Cowley with pleasing softness, and plenty of imagination: none ever uttered more divine thought than Mr. Herbert; none more philosophically than Sir John Davies. His thoughts are moulded into easy and

significant words; his rhymes never mislead the sense, but are led and governed by it; so that in reading such useful performances, the wit of mankind may be refined from its dross, their memories furnished with the best notions, their judgments strengthened, and their conceptions enlarged; by which means the mind will be raised to the most perfect ideas it is capable of in this degenerate state.

But as others have laboured to carry out our thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of delights abroad, it is the peculiar character of this author, that he has taught us (with Antoninus) to meditate upon ourselves; that he has disclosed to us greater secrets at home, self-reflection being the only way to valuable and true knowledge, which consists in that rare science of a man's self, which the moral philosopher loses in a crowd of definitions, divisions, and distinctions; the historian cannot find it amongst all his musty records, being far better acquainted with the transactions of a thousand years past, than with the present age, or with himself: the writer of fables

and romances wander from it, in following the delusions of a wild fancy, chimeras and fictions that do not only exceed the works, but also the possibility of nature. Whereas the resemblance of truth is the utmost limits of poetical liberty, which our author has very religiously observed; for he has not only placed and connected together the most amiable images of all those powers that are in our souls, but he has furnished and squared his matter like a true philosopher; that is, he has made the body and soul, colour and shadow of his Poem, out of the store-house of his own mind, which gives the whole work a real and natural beauty; when that which is borrowed out of books, (the boxes of counterfeit complexion) shews well or ill as it has more or less likeness to the natural. But our author is beholding to none but himself; and by knowing himself thoroughly, he has arrived to know much; which appears in his admirable variety of well chosen metaphors and similitudes, that cannot be found within the compass of a narrow knowledge. For this reason, the Poem, on account of its intrinsic worth, would be as lasting as the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*, if the language it is wrote in were as immutable as that of the Greeks and Romans.

Now it would be of great benefit to the beaux of our age, to carry this glass in their pocket, whereby they might learn to think, rather than dress well. It would be of use also to the wits and virtuofos to carry this antidote about them, against the poison they have sucked in from *Lucretius* or *Hobbs*. This would acquaint them with some principles of religion; for, in old times, the poets were their divines, and exercised a kind of spiritual authority amongst the people. Verse in those days was the sacred style, the style of oracles and laws. The vows and thanks of the people were recommended to their gods in songs and hymns. Why may they not retain this privilege? for if prose should contend with verse, it would be upon unequal terms, and (as it were) on foot against the wings of *Pegasus*. With what delight are we touched in hearing the stories of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, and *Æneas*? Because in their characters we have wisdom, honour, fortitude, and justice set before our eyes. It was *Plato's* opinion, that if a man could see virtue, he would be strangely enamoured on her person. Which is the reason why *Horace* and *Virgil* have continued so long in reputation, because they have drawn her in all the charms of poetry. No man is so senseless of rational impressions, as not to be wonderfully affected with the pastorals of the ancients, when under the stories of wolves and sheep, they describe the misery of people under hard masters, and their happiness under good. So the bitter but wholesome lambick was wont to make villany blush; the Satire incited men to laugh at folly; the Comedian chastised the common errors of life; and the Tragedian made kings afraid to be tyrants, and tyrants to be their own tormentors.

Wherefore, as *Sir Philip Sidney* said of *Chaucer*, that he knew not which he should most wonder

at, either that he in his dark time should see so distinctly, or that we in this clear age should go so stumbly after him; so may we marvel at and bewail the low condition of poetry now, when in our plays scarce any one rule of decorum is observed, but in the space of two hours and an half we pass through all the fits of *Bedlam*; in one scene we are all in mirth, in the next we are sunk into sadness; whilst even the most laboured parts are commonly starved for want of thought; a confused heap of words, and empty sound of rhyme.

This very consideration should advance the esteem of the following poem, wherein are represented the various movements of the mind; at which we are as much transported as with the most excellent scenes of passion in *Shakspeare*, or *Fletcher*: for in this, as in a mirror (that will not flatter) we see how the soul arbitrates in the understanding upon the various reports of sense, and all the changes of imagination: how compliant the will is to her dictates, and obeys her as a queen does her king. At the same time acknowledging a subjection, and yet retaining a majesty. How the passions move at her command, like a well disciplined army; from which regular composure of the faculties, all operating in their proper time and place, there arises a complacency upon the whole soul, that infinitely transcends all other pleasures.

What deep philosophy is this! to discover the process of God's art in fashioning the soul of man after his own image; by remarking how one part moves another, and how those motions are varied by several positions of each part, from the first springs and plummets, to the very hand that points out the visible and last effects. What eloquence and force of wit, to convey these profound speculations in the easiest language, expressed in words so vulgarly received, that they are understood by the meanest capacities.

For the poet takes care in every line to satisfy the understanding of mankind: he follows step by step the workings of the mind from the first strokes of sense, then of fancy, afterwards of judgment, into the principles both of natural and supernatural motives: hereby the soul is made intelligible, which comprehends all things besides; the boundless tracks of sea and land, and the vaster spaces of heaven; that vital principle of action, which has always been busied in inquiries abroad, is now made known to itself; insomuch that we may find out what we ourselves are, from whence we came, and whither we must go; we may perceive what noble guests those are, which we lodge in our bosoms, which are nearer to us than all other things, and yet nothing farther from our acquaintance.

But here all the labyrinths and windings of the human frame are laid open: 'tis seen by what pulleys and wheels the work is carried on, as plainly as if a window were opened into our breast: for it is the work of God alone to create a mind.—The next to this is to shew how its operations are performed.

THE
AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

TO
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

To that clear majesty which in the North
Doth, like another sun, in glory rise, [worth;
Which standeth fix'd, yet spreads her heav'nly
Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes.

Like heav'n in all, like earth to this alone,
That tho' great states by her support do stand;
Yet she herself supported is of none,
But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand.

To the divinest and the richest mind,
Both by art's purchase, and by nature's dow'r,
That ever was from heaven to earth confin'd,
To shew the utmost of a creature's pow'r :

To that great spring, which doth great kingdoms
move; [streams,
The sacred spring, whence right and honour
Distilling virtue, shedding peace and love,
In every place, as Cynthia sheds her beams :

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
Whereby we reason, live, and move, and be;
These sparks by nature evermore aspire,
Which makes them now to such a highness flee.

Fair soul, since to the fairest body join'd,
You give such lively life, such quick'ning pow'r;
And influence of such celestial kind,
As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower :

As where the sun is present all the year,
And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the spring be everlasting there,
And every season like the month of May.

O! many, many years may you remain
A happy angel to this happy land :
Long, long may you on earth our empress reign,
Ere you in heaven a glorious angel stand.

Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to heaven depart,
Who mak'st each place a heaven wherein thou art.

HER MAJESTY'S

Devoted Subject

And Servant,

JOHN DAVIES,

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHY did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind;

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the first parents, all the rules of good,
So that their skill infus'd, and did pass all arts
That ever were, before, or since the flood;

And when their reasons eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the sun)
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near,
As th' intellectual angels could have done:

E'en then to them th' spirit of lies suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not ill,
And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts
A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they straight desir'd to know;
Which ill, being naught but a defect of good,
In all God's works the Devil could not show,
While man their Lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid, [find;
Where they sought knowledge they did error
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty, [know.
Which then their own experience made them

But then grew reason dark, that she no more,
Could the fair forms of good and truth discern,
Bats they became, that eagles were before;
And this they got by their desire to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid?
Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity,
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid.

What is this knowledge? but the sky-stol'n fire,
For which the thief * still chain'd in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr † did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain, [got?
Which when Jove's guest ‡ embrac'd, he monsters
Or the false pails, ¶ which oft being fill'd with pain?
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach
Which the youth § sought, and sought his death
withal?
Or the boy's † wings, which when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discern?
When error chokes the windows of the mind;
The divers forms of things, how can we learn?
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did
spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

* Prometheus. † See Aesop's Fables.
‡ Ixion, ¶ Danaides. § Phaeton. † Icarus.

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most
high.

[such :
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weakness
" Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
" We learn so little and forget so much."

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, He knew nought, but that he nought did
know,

And the great mocking-master mock'd not then,
When he said, Truth was buried deep below.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own Soul understands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
When, know thyself, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy Soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give, [is.
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, not what she

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do :
But that whereby we reason, live and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of
Nile ;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own Soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade ;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it ;
We interpret laws, which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are
writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by de-
grees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly ;
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees ?

No, doubtless ; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the Fable of the Lady fair,
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how :

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd ;
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
And loathes the watry glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth
die :

E'en so man's Soul which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all fights her own fight least endure :

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a fluttish house haunted with sprites ;
So she impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things de-
lights.

For this few know themselves : for merchants
broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feeble sense with sword and
fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire :

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part ;
As bees in storms back to their hives return ;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
As men seek towns, when foes the country
burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear ;
Reform'd my will and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air :
So working seas settle and purge the wine :
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair :
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lifts my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my Body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my Soul hath power to know all things;
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing;
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

OF THE SOUL OF MAN,

AND THE

IMMORTALITY THEREOF.

THE lights of heav'n (which are the world's
fair eyes)

Look down into the world, the world to see;
And as they turn or wander in the skies,
Survey all things that on this centre be.

And yet the lights which in my tow'r do shine,
Mine eyes, which view all objects nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are,

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see?
Which fight the knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That Pow'r, which gave me eyes the world to
view,
To view myself, infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my Soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sun-beams in the air do shine;
So the best Soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.

O light, which mak'st the light, which makes the
day!
Which set'st the eye without, and mind within,
Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin,

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear?
When the great wits, of whom all skill we
learn,
Are ignorant both what she is, and where.

One thinks the Soul is air; another fire;
Another blood, diffus'd about the heart;
Another faith, the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral Soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of Soul is vain,
And that we only well-mixt bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary;
And thus they vary in judgment of her seat;
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
Some in the river, fountain of the veins;
Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part;
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all con-
tains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom shew,
While with their doctrines they at hazard
play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the Soul, so vain and fond a thought;
But some among these masters have been found,
Which in their schools the self-same thing have
taught.

God only wise, to punish pride of wit,
Among men's wits hath this confusion wrought,
As the proud tow'r whose points the clouds did
hit,
By tongues confusion was to ruin brought.

But (thou) which didst man's soul of nothing
make,
And when to nothing it was fallen again,
"To make it new, the form of man didst take;
"And God with God, becam'st a man with
"men."

Thou that hast fashion'd twice this Soul of ours,
So that she is by double title thine,
Thou only know'st her nature and her pow'rs,
Her subtil form thou only canst define.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
As greater circles comprehend the less;
But she wants pow'r, her own pow'rs to ex-
tend,
As fetter'd men cannot their strength express.

But thou bright morning Star, thou rising Sun,
Which in these later times hast brought to
light
Those mysteries, that, since the world begun,
Lay hid in darkness and eternal night.

Thou (like the sun) do'st with an equal ray
Into the palace and the cottage shine,
And shew'st the Soul, both to the clerk and lay,
By the clear lamp of oracle divine.

This lamp, through all the regions of my brain,
Where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of
grace,
As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain
Each subtle line of her immortal face.

The Soul a substance and a spirit is,
Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man, for every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.

And though this spirit be to th' Body knit,
As an apt means her pow'rs to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,
Yet she survives, although the Body dies.

SECTION I.

*That the Soul is a thing subsisting by itself without
the Body.*

SHE is a substance, and a real thing,
Which hath itself an actual working might,
Which neither from the senses power doth spring,
Nor from the Body's humours temper'd right.

She is a vine, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread herself, or spring upright;
She is a star, whose beams do not proceed
From any sun, but from a native light.

For when she sorts things present with things past,
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee;
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
These acts her own §, without her body be.

When of the dew, which th' eye and ear do take,
From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is hers, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts, one skill doth draw;
Gathering from divers fights one art of war;
From many cases, like one rule of law;
These her collections, not the senses are.

When in th' effects she doth the causes know;
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring
doth rise;
And seeing the branch, conceives the root below:
These things she views without the Body's eyes.

When she, without a Pegasus, doth fly
Swifter than lightning's fire from East to West;
About the centre, and above the sky,
She travels then, although the body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end;
Ere she in act doth any part begin,
What instruments doth then the Body lend?

When without hands she doth thus castles build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When she digests the world, yet is not fill'd:
By her own pow'rs these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Considers virtue, vice, and general things;
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet, all alone,
(Retir'd within herself) she doth fulfil;
Use of her Body's organs she hath none,
When she doth use the pow'rs of wit and will.

§ That the Soul hath a proper operation without the
Body.

et in the Body's prison so she lies,
As through the Body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise, [book.
By gathering notes out of the world's great

Nor can herself discourse or judge of ought,
But what the sense collects, and home doth
bring;
And yet the pow'rs of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give them not their pow'r of sight:
So, though these fruits of sense her objects be,
Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuff his skill doth shew,
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill:
Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
But order them by their own royal will.

So, though this cunning mistress, and this queen,
Doth, as her instruments, the senses use,
To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen;
Yet she herself doth only judge and choose.

E'en as a prudent emperor, that reigns
By sovereign title over sundry lands,
Borrows, in mean affairs, his subjects pains,
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of weight and consequence indeed,
Himself doth in his chamber then debate;
Where all his counsellors he doth exceed,
As far in judgment, as he doth in state.

Or as the man whom princes do advance,
Upon their gracious mercy-seat to sit,
Doth common things of course and circumstance,
To the reports of common men commit:

But when the cause itself must be decreed,
Himself in person in his proper court,
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,
Of ev'ry proof, and ev'ry bye-report.

Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
And milk and honey from his tongue doth flow:
Happy are they that still are in his sight,
To reap the wisdom which his lips doth sow.

Right so the Soul, which is a lady free,
And doth the justice of her state maintain:
Because the senses ready servants be,
Attending nigh about her court, the brain:

By them the forms of outward things she learns,
For they return into the fantasie,
Whatever each of them abroad discerns,
And there enroll it for the mind to see.

But when she sits to judge the good and ill,
And to discern betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the senses skill,
But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

Then she the senses checks, which oft do err,
And e'en against their false reports decrees;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer;
For with a pow'r above the sense, she sees.

Therefore no sense the precious joys conceives,
Which in her private contemplations be;
For then the ravish'd spirit th' senses leaves,
Hath her own pow'rs, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
When on the Body's instruments she plays;
But the proportions of the wit and will,
Those sweet accords are even th' angels lays.

These tunes of reason are Amphion's lyre,
Wherewith he did the Theban city found:
These are the notes wherewith the heavenly choir,
The praise of him which made the heaven doth
found.

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
That she performs her noblest works alone
"The work, the touch-stone of the nature is;
"And by their operations things are known."

SECTION II.

*That the Soul is more than a Perfection, or
Reflection of the Sense.*

ARE they not senseless then, that think the Soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the Sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the Sense accuse,
Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the Sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets spheres not much asun-
der:

What tells us then their distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thun-
der:

What tells us then they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
Sense saith, they're crows: What makes us
think them men?

When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
What makes us know our tongue's false judg-
ment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course;
When her rebellious Sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did Sense persuade Ulysses not to hear
The mermaid's songs which so his men did please,
That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of Sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right-hand with courage stout?
Could Sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in man there is a nature sound,
Beside the Senses, and above them far;
"Though most men being in sensual pleasures
"drown'd,
"It seems their Souls but in their Senses are."

If we had nought but Sense, then only they
Should have sound minds, which have their
Senses sound:

But Wisdom grows, when Senses do decay;
And folly most in quickest Sense is found.

If we had nought but Sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than
As having Sense's apprehensive might, [we;
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing pow'r,
Which doth in us the erring Sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flow'r,
And birds, of grapes, the cunning shadow peck'd.

Sense outides knows, the soul through all things
sees: [view:
Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance
Sense sees the bark, but she the life of trees;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concords
true.

But why do I the Soul and Sense divide,
When Sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversify'd,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the root doth
grow
In th' inward Soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the soul a nature, which contains
The pow'r of Sense, within a greater pow'r;
Which doth employ and use the Sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bow'r.

SECTION III.

*That the Soul is more than the Temperature
of the Humours of the Body.*

If she doth then the subtle sense excel,
How gross are they that drown her in the blood?
Or in the Body's humours temper'd well;
As if in them such high perfection flood?

As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best, and best tun'd instrument?
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had pow'r to make the painter excellent.

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
Why doth not sickness make men brutish still.

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessence of these out of the mind?

If th' elements which have nor life, nor sense,
Can breed in us so great a pow'r as this,
Why give they not themselves like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the Body's quality, [blind
Then she would be with it sick, maim'd and
But we perceive where these privations be,
An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind.

If she the Body's nature did partake, [decay:
Her strength would with the Body's strength
But when the Body's strongest sinews flake,
Then is the Soul most active, quick and gay.

If she were but the Body's accident,
And her sole being did in it subsist,
As white in snow, she might herself absent,
And in the Body's substance not be miss'd.

But it on her, not she on it depends;
For she the Body doth sustain and cherish:
Such secret pow'rs of life to it she leads,
That when they fail, then doth the Body perish.

Since then the Soul works by herself alone, [ing,
Springs not from Sense, nor humours well agree-
Her nature is peculiar, and her own;
She is a substance, and a perfect being.

SECTION IV.

That the Soul is a Spirit.

BUT though this substance be the root of Sense,
Sense knows her not, which doth but Bodiness
know:

She is a Spirit, and heav'nly influence, [flow.
Which from th' fountain of God's spirit doth

She is a Spirit, yet not like air, or wind;
Nor like the spirits about the heart, or brain;
Nor like those spirits which alchymists do find,
When they in ev'ry thing seek gold in vain.

For she all natures under heaven doth pass, [do see,
Being like those spirits, which God's bright face
Or like Himself, whose image once she was,
Though now (alas!) she scarce his shadow be,

For of all forms, she holds the first degree,
That are to gross, material bodies knit;
Yet she herself is bodyless, and free;
And though confin'd, is almost infinite.

Were she a Body, ¶ how could she remain
Within this Body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All Bodies are confin'd within some place,
But she all place within herself confines:
All Bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the Soul's dimensive lines?

No Body can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the Soul ten thousand forms do fit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All Bodies are with other Bodies fill'd,
But she receives both heav'n and earth together:
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be;
For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,
As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast Body must we make the mind,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and lands;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to Spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

This doth she, when, from things particular,
She doth abstract the universal kinds,
Which bodyless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

And thus from divers accidents and acts,
Which do within her observation fall,
She goddesses, and pow'rs divine abstracts;
As nature, fortune, and the virtues all.

¶ That it cannot be a Body.

Again; how can the sev'ral Bodies know,
If in herself a body's form she bear?
How can a mirror fundry faces show,
If from all shapes and forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
Except our eyes were of all colours void;
Nor fundry tastes can any tongue discern,
Which is with gross and bitter humours cloy'd.

Nor can a man of passions judge aright,
Except his mind be from all passions free:
Nor can a judge his office well acquit,
If he possess'd of either party be.

If, lastly, this quick pow'r a body were,
Were it as swift as in the wind or fire,
(Whose atoms do the one down side-ways bear,
And th' other make in pyramids aspire.)

Her nimble Body yet in time must move,
And not in instants thro' all places slide:
But she is nigh and far, beneath, above,
In point of time, which thought cannot divide:

She's sent as soon to China, as to Spain;
And thence returns, as soon as she is sent:
She measures with one time, and with one pain,
An ell of silk, and heav'n's wide spreading tent.

As then the Soul a substance hath alone,
Besides the Body in which she's confin'd;
So hath she not a Body of her own,
But is a spirit, and immaterial mind.

Since Body and Soul have such diversities, [gan;
Well might we muse, how first their match be-
But that we learn, that he that spread the skies,
And fix'd the earth, first form'd the soul in man.

This true, Prometheus first made man of earth,
And shed in him a beam of heav'nly fire;
Now in their mother's wombs, before their birth,
Doth in all sons of men their Souls inspire.

And as Minerva is in fables said,
From Jove, without a mother, to proceed;
So our true Jove, without a mother's aid;
Doth daily millions of Minervas breed,

SECTION V.

Erroneous Opinions of the Creation of Souls.

THEN neither from eternity before, begun,
Nor from the time, when time's first point
Made he all souls, which now he keeps in store;
Some in the moon, and others in the sun:

Nor in a secret cloister doth he keep
These virgin spirits, 'till their marriage-day;
Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,
Till they awake within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certain number make,
 Infusing part in beasts and part in men;
 And, as unwilling further pains to take,
 Would make no more than those he framed
 then.

So that the widow Soul, her Body dying,
 Unto the next born Body married was;
 And so by often changing, and supplying, [pass.
 Men's Souls to beasts, and beasts to men did

(These thoughts are fond; for since the Bodies born
 Be more in number far, than those that die,
 Thousands must be abortive and forlorn,
 Ere others deaths to them their Souls supply:)

But as God's handmaid, Nature, doth create
 B dies in time distinct, and order due;
 So God gives Souls the like successive date,
 Which himself makes, in Bodies formed new;

Which himself makes of no material thing;
 For unto angels he no pow'r hath giv'n
 Either to form the shape, or stuff to bring
 From air or fire, or substance of the heav'n.

Nor herein doth he Nature's service use;
 For tho' from Bodies, she can Bodies bring,
 Yet could she never Souls from Souls traduce,
 As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

SECTION VI.

That the Soul is not ex traduce.

ALAS! that some who were great lights of old,
 And in their hands the lamp of God did bear!
 Some rev'rend fathers did this error hold,
 Having their eyes dimm'd with religious fear.

OBJECTION.

For when (say they) by rule of faith we find,
 That ev'ry soul unto her Body knit,
 Brings from the mother's womb the sin of kind,
 The root of all the ill she doth commit.

How can we say that God the Soul doth make,
 But we must make him author of her sin?
 Then from man's Soul she doth beginning take,
 Since in man's Soul corruption did begin.

For if God make her first, he makes her ill,
 (Which God forbid our thoughts should yield
 unto;)
 Or makes the Body her fair form to spill,
 Which, of itself, it had not power to do.

Not Adam's Body, but his Soul did sin,
 And so herself unto corruption brought;
 But our poor Soul corrupted is within,
 Ere she had sinn'd, either in act, or thought:

And yet we see in her such pow'rs divine,
 As we could gladly think, from God she came;
 Fain would we make him author of the wine,
 If for the dregs we could some other blame.

ANSWER.

Thus these good men with holy zeal were blind,
 When on the other part the truth did shine;
 Whereof we do clear demonstrations find,
 By light of nature, and by light divine.

None are so gross as to contend for this,
 That Souls from Bodies may traduced be;
 Between whose natures no proportion is,
 When root and branch in nature still agree.

But many subtle wits have justify'd,
 That Souls from Souls spiritually may spring;
 Which (if the nature of the Soul be try'd)
 Will e'en in nature prove as gross a thing.

SECTION VII.

Reasons drawn from Nature.

For all things made, are either made of nought,
 Or made of stuff that ready made doth stand;
 Of nought no creature ever formed ought,
 For that is proper to th' Almighty's hand.

If then the Soul another Soul do make,
 Because her pow'r is kept within a bound,
 She must some former stuff, or matter take;
 But in the Soul there is no matter found.

Then if her heav'nly form do not agree
 With any matter which the world contains,
 Then she of nothing must created be;
 And to create, to God alone pertains.

Again, if Souls do other Souls beget,
 'Tis by themselves, or by the Body's pow'r:
 If by themselves, what doth their working let;
 But they might Souls engender ev'ry hour?

If by the Body, how can wit and will
 Join with the Body only in this act,
 Since when they do their other works fulfil,
 They from the Body do themselves abstract.

Again, if Souls of Souls begotten were,
 Into each other they should change and move:
 And change and motion still corruption bear;
 How shall we then the Soul immortal prove?

If, lastly, Souls do generation use,
 Then should they spread incorruptible seed:
 What then becomes of that which they do lose,
 When th' act of generation do not speed?

And tho' the Soul could cast spiritual seed,
 Yet would she not, because she never dies;
 For mortal things desire their like to breed,
 That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the angels, sons of God are nam'd,
And marry not, nor are in marriage giv'n :
Their spirits and ours are of one substance fram'd,
And have one father, e'en the Lord of heaven ;

Who would at first, that in each other thing,
The earth and water living Souls should breed,
But that man's Soul, whom he would make their
king,
Should from himself immediately proceed.

And when he took the woman from man's side,
Doubtless himself inspir'd her Soul alone :
For 'tis not said, he did man's Soul divide,
But took flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.

Lastly, God being made man for man's own
fate,
And being like man in all, except in sin,
His Body from the virgin's womb did take ;
But all agree, God form'd his Soul within.

Then is the Soul from God ; so Pagans say,
Which saw by nature's light her heav'nly kind ;
Naming her kin to God, and God's bright ray,
A citizen of heav'n, to earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the ear,
Whom my young muse so boldly termed blind !
And crave more heav'nly light, that cloud to
clear ;
Which makes them think, God doth not make
the mind.

SECTION VIII.

Reasons from Divinity.

God doubtless, makes her, and doth make her
good,
And grafts her in the Body, there to spring ;
Which, though it be corrupted flesh and blood,
Can no way to the Soul corruption bring :

Yet is not God the author of her ill,
Though author of her being, and being there :
And if we dare to judge our Maker's will,
He can condemn us, and himself can clear.

First, God from infinite eternity
Decreed, what hath been, is, or shall be done ;
And was resolv'd, that ev'ry man should be,
And in his turn, his race of life should run :

And so did purpose all the Souls to make,
That ever have been made, or ever shall ;
And that their being they should only take
In human Bodies, or not be at all.

Was it then fit that such a weak event
(Weakness itself, the sin and fall of man)
His counsel's execution should prevent,
Decreed and fix'd before the world began ?

Or that one penal law by Adam broke,
Should make God break his own eternal law ;
The settled order of the world revoke,
And change all forms of things which he
forelaw ?

Could Eve's weak hand, extended to the tree,
In sunder rent that adamant chain,
Whose golden links, effects and causes be ; [main ?
And which to God's own chair doth fix'd re-

O could we see how cause from cause doth spring !
How mutually they link'd and folded are !
And hear how oft one disagreeing string
The harmony doth rather make than mar !

And view at once, how death by sin is brought ;
And how from death, a better life doth rise !
How this God's justice, and his mercy taught !
We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure times by first and last,
The sight of things successively do take,
When God on all at once his view doth cast,
And of all times doth but one instant make.

All in Himself, as in a glass, he sees ; [he :
For from Him, by Him, thro' Him, all things
His sight is not discursive, by degrees ;
But seeing th' whole, each single part doth see.

He looks on Adam, as a root, or well ;
And on his heirs, as branches, and as streams :
He sees all men, as one man, though they dwell
In sundry cities, and in sundry realms.

And as the root and branch are but one tree,
And well and stream do but one river make ;
So, if the root and well corrupted be,
The stream and branch the same corruption take.

So, when the root and fountain of mankind
Did draw corruption, and God's curse, by sin ;
This was a charge, that all his heirs did bind,
And all his offspring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th' hand doth strike, the man offends,
(For part from whole, law severs not in this)
So Adam's sin to the whole kind extends ;
For all their natures are but part of his.

Therefore this sin of kind, not personal,
But real, and hereditary was ;
The guilt thereof, and punishment to all,
By course of nature, and of law doth pass.

For as that easy law was giv'n to all,
To ancestor and heir, to first and last ;
So was the first transgression general :
And all did pluck the fruit and all did taste.

Of this we find some footsteps in our law,
Which doth her root from God and nature take ;
Ten thousand men she doth together draw,
And of them all, one corporation make :

Yet these, and their successors, are but one;
And if they gain, or lose their liberties,
They harm, or profit not themselves alone,
But such as in succeeding times shall rise.

And so the ancestor, and all his heirs,
Though they in number pass the stars of heav'n,
Are still but one; his forfeitures are theirs,
And unto them are his advancements giv'n:

His civil acts do bind and bar them all;
And as from Adam, all corruption take,
So, if the father's crime be capital,
In all the blood, law doth corruption make.

Is it then just with us, to disinherit
Th' unborn nephews, for the father's fault;
And to advance again, for one man's merit,
A thousand heirs that have deserved nought?

And is not God's decree as just as ours,
If he, for Adam's sin, his sons deprive
Of all those native virtues, and those pow'rs,
Which he to him, and to his race did give?

For, what is this contagious sin of kind,
But a privation of that grace within,
And of that great rich dowry of the mind,
Which all had had, but for the first man's sin.

If then a man, on light conditions gain
A great estate, to him and his for ever;
If wilfully he forfeit it again,
Who doth bemoan his heir or blame the giver?

So, though God make the Soul good, rich, and fair,
Yet when her form is to the Body knit,
Which makes the man, which man is Adam's heir,
Justly forthwith he takes his grace from it:

And then the Soul, being first from nothing
brought,
When God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
And this declining proneness unto nought,
Is e'en that sin that we are born withal.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
Which in the first Soul were, deprived are;
But in their place the contrary do rise,
And real spots of sin her beauty mar.

Nor is it strange, that Adam's ill desert
Should be transferr'd unto his guilty race,
When Christ his grace and justice doth impart
To men unjust, and such as have no grace.

Lastly, the Soul were better so to be
Born slave to sin, than not to be at all;
Since (if she do believe) one sets her free,
That makes her mount the higher for her fall.

Yet this the curious wits will not content;
They yet will know (since God foresaw this ill)
Why his high providence did not prevent
The declination of the first man's will.

If by his word he had the current stay'd
Of Adam's will, which was by nature free,
It had been one, as if his word had said,
I will henceforth, that man no man shall be.

For what is man without a moving mind,
Which hath a judging wit, and choosing will?
Now, if God's pow'r should her election bind,
Her motions then would cease and stand all still.

And why did God in man this Soul infuse,
But that he should his Maker know and love?
Now, if love be compell'd, and cannot choose,
How can it grateful, or thank-worthy prove?

Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary;
And not enchanted, or by fate constrain'd:
Nor like that love, which did Ulysses carry
To Circe's isle, with mighty charms enchain'd.

Besides, were we unchangeable in will,
And of a wit that nothing could misdeem;
Equal to God; whose wisdom shineth still,
And never errs, we might ourselves esteem.

So that if man would be invariable,
He must be God, or like a rock or tree;
For e'en the perfect angels were not stable,
But had a fall more desperate than we.

Then let us praise that pow'r, which makes us be
Men as we are, and rest contented so;
And knowing man's fall was curiosity,
Admire God's counsels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the maker is
Of all the Souls, in all the men that be;
Yet their corruption is no fault of his.
But the first man's that broke God's first decree

SECTION IX.

Why the Soul is united to the Body.

This substance, and this spirit of God's own
making,
Is in the Body plac'd, and planted here,
"That both of God, and of the world partaking,
"Of all that is, man might the image bear."

God first made angels bodyless, pure minds;
Then other things, which mindless Bodies be;
Last, he made man, th' horizon 'twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the world's abridgment see.

Besides, this world below did need one wight,
Which might thereof distinguish ev'ry part;
Make use thereof, and take therein delight;
And order things with industry and art:

Which also God might in his works admire,
And here beneath yield him both pray'r and
praise;
As there, above, the holy angels choir
Doth spread his glory forth with spiritual lays.

Lastly, the brute, unreasonable wights,
Did want a visible king, o'er them to reign;
And God himself thus to the world unites,
That so the world might endless bliss obtain.

SECTION X.

In what manner the Soul is united to the Body.

BUT how shall we this union well express?
Nought ties the Soul, her subtlety is such;
She moves the Body, which she doth possess;
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a tent;
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in his web is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
Nor as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread:

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and ev'ry part:

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide;
Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted;
Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide;
And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted:

So doth the piercing Soul the Body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indivisible, incorruptible still;
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled or confus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below;
So from th' Eternal Light the Soul doth spring,
Though in the Body she her pow'rs do show.

SECTION XI.

How the Soul exercises her Powers in the Body.

BUT as the world's sun doth effect beget
Diff'rent in divers places ev'ry day;
Here Autumn's temperature, there Summer's heat;
Here flow'ry Spring-tide, and there Winter
gray.

Here ev'n, there morn; here noon, there day, there
night, [some dead;
Melts wax, dries clay, makes flow'rs, some quick,
Makes the Moor black, the European white;
Th' American tawny, and th' East Indian red:

So in our little world, this Soul of ours
Being only one, and to one Body ty'd,
Doth use, on divers objects, divers powers;
And so are her effects diversify'd.

SECTION XII.

The Vegetative Power of the Soul.

HER quick'ning power in ev'ry living part,
Doth as a nurse, or as a mother serve;
And doth employ her economic art,
And busy care, her household to preserve.

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain;
There she decocts, and doth the food prepare;
There she distributes it to ev'ry vein,
There she expels what she may fitly spare.

This pow'r to Martha may compared be,
Who busy was, the household things to do:
Or to a Dryas, living in a tree:
For e'en to trees this pow'r is proper too.

And though the Soul may not this pow'r extend
Out of the Body, but still use it there;
She hath a pow'r which she abroad doth send,
Which views and searcheth allthings ev'rywhere.

SECTION XIII.

The Power of Sense.

THIS pow'r is Sense, which from abroad doth
bring [sound,
The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and
The quantity and shape of ev'ry thing
Within earth's centre, or heav'n's circle found.

This pow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes;
Yet not the things, but forms of things receives;
As when a seal in wax impression makes,
The print therein, but not itself, it leaves.

And though things sensible be numberless,
But only five the Sense's organs be;
And in those five, all things their forms express,
Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see:

These are the windows, thro' the which she views
The light of knowledge, which is life's load star:
"And yet while she these spectacles doth use,
"Of worldly things seem greater than they
"are."

SECTION XIV.

Seeing.

FIRST, The two Eyes, which have the seeing
pow'r,
Stand as one watchman, spy or sentinel,
Being plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r;
And tho' both see, yet both but one thing tell.

These mirrors take into their little space
The forms of moon, and sun, and ev'ry star,
Of ev'ry Body, and of ev'ry place, [are:
Which with the world's wide arms embraced

Yet their best object, and their noblest use,
Hereafter in another world will be,
When God in them shall heav'nly light infuse,
That face to face they may their Maker see.

Here are they guides, which do the Body lead,
Which else would stumble in eternal night:
Here in this world they do much knowledge read,
And are the casements which admit most light:

They are her farthest reaching instrument,
Yet they no beams unto their objects send;
But all the rays are from their object sent,
And in the eyes with pointed angles end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet
In a sharp point, and so things seem but small;
If they be near, their rays do spread and fleet,
And make broad points, that things seem great
withal.

Lastly, nine things to sight required are;
The pow'r to see, the light, the visible thing,
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,
Clear space and time, the form distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the Soul doth use the eyes,
As instruments of her quick pow'r of sight:
Hence doth th' arts optic, and fair painting rise;
Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

SECTION XV.

Hearing.

Now let us hear how she the ears employs:
Their office is, the troubled air to take;
Which in their mazes forms a sound or noise,
Whereof herself doth true distinction make.

These wickets of the Soul are plac'd on high,
Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.

For should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it the organ may more gently touch.

As streams, which with their winding banks do
play, [plain;
Stopp'd by their creeks, run softly thro' the
So in th' ear's labyrinth the voice doth stray,
And doth with easy motion touch the brain.

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense;
For e'en the ears of such as have no skill
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence;
And knowing not what's good, yet find the
ill.

And tho' this sense first gentle music found,
Her proper object is the speech of men;
But that speech chiefly which God's heralds found,
When their tongues utter what his spirit did
pen.

Our eyes have lids, our ears still ope we see,
Quickly to hear how ev'ry tale is prov'd:
Our eyes still move, our ears unmoved be,
That though we hear quick, we be not quickly
mov'd.

Thus by the organs of the eye and ear,
The Soul with knowledge doth herself endue:
"Thus she her prison may with pleasure bear,
"Having such prospects, all the world to
"view."

These conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
But th' other three attend the Body still;
For by their services the soul doth find
What things are to the body good or ill.

SECTION XVI.

Taste.

THE Body's life with meats and air is fed;
Therefore the Soul doth use the tasting pow'r
In veins, which through the tongue and palate
spread,
Distinguish ev'ry relish, sweet and sour.

This is the Body's nurse; but since man's wit
Found th' art of cook'ry to delight his sense,
More Bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,
Than with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

SECTION XVII.

Smelling.

NEXT, in the nostrils she doth use the smell:
As God the breath of life in them did give;
So makes he now this pow'r in them to dwell,
To judge all airs, whereby we breathe and live.

This sense is also mistress of an art,
Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell;
Though this dear art doth little good impart,
"Since they smell best, that do of nothing
"smell."

And yet good scents do purify the brain,
Awake the fancy, and the wits refine:
Hence old devotion, incense did ordain,
To make men's spirits apt for thoughts di-
vine.

SECTION XVIII.

Feeling.

LASTLY, the feeling pow'r, which is life's root,
Through ev'ry living part itself doth shed
By sinews, which extend from head to foot,
And, like a net, all o'er the body spread.

Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on ev'ry side.

By touch, the first pure qualities we learn,
Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and
dry;
By touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern:
By touch, sweet pleasure and sharp pain we try.

SECTION XIX.

Of the Imagination, or Common Sense.

THESE are the outward instruments of sense;
These are the guards which ev'ry thing must
pass,
Ere it approach the mind's intelligence,
Or touch the fantasy, wit's looking-glass.

And yet these porters, which all things admit,
Themselves perceive not, nor discern the things:
One common pow'r doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper forms together brings.

For all those nerves, which spirits of Sense do
bear,

And to those outward organs spreading go,
United are, as in a centre, there; [know.
And there this pow'r those sundry forms doth

Those outward organs present things receive;
This inward sense doth absent things retain;
Yet strait transmits all forms she doth perceive,
Unto an higher region of the brain.

SECTION XX.

Fantasy.

WHERE Fantasy, near hand-maid to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
Compounds in one, things different in their kind;
Compares the black and white, the great and
small.

Besides, those single forms she doth esteem,
And in her balance doth their values try;
Where some things good, and some things ill do
seem,
And neutral some, in her fantastic eye.

This busy pow'r is working day and night;
For when the outward senses rest do take,
A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,
With flutt'ring wings, do keep her still awake.

SECTION XXI.

Sensitive Memory.

YET always all may not afore her be;
Successively she this and that intends;
Therefore such forms as she doth cease to see,
To Memory's large volume she commends.

This ledger-book lies in the brain behind,
Like Janus' eye, which in his poll was set:
The layman's tables, storehouse of the mind;
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here sense's apprehension end doth take;
As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

SECTION XXII.

The Passion of the Sense.

BUT though the apprehensive pow'r do pause,
The motive virtue then begins to move;
Which in the heart below doth passions cause,
Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and
love.

These passions have a free commanding might,
And divers actions in our life do breed;
For all acts done without true reason's light,
Do from the passion of the Sense proceed.

But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of Sense,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence [bring.
'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth
reign,

The spirits of life do their beginning take;
These spirits of life ascending to the brain,
When they come there, the spirits of Sense do
make.

These spirits of Sense, in Fantasy's high court,
Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;
And so they send a good or ill report
Down to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be good, it causeth love,
And longing hope, and well-assured joy:
If it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
And trembling fear, and vexing griefs annoy.

Yet were these natural affections good,
 (For they which want them, blocks or devils be)
 If reason in her first perfection stood,
 That she might nature's passions rectify.

SECTION XXIII.

Local Motion.

BESIDES, another motive-power doth arise
 Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do
 spring
 The vital spirits; which, born in arteries,
 Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire:
 This holds the sinews like a bridle's reins;
 And makes the Body to advance, retire,
 To turn, or stop, as she them flacks or strains.

Thus the Soul tunes the Body's instruments,
 These harmonies she makes with life and sense;
 The organs fit are by the body lent,
 But th' actions flow from the Soul's influence.

SECTION XXIV.

The intellectual Powers of the Soul.

BUT now I have a will, yet want a wit,
 T' express the working of the wit and will;
 Which, though their root be to the body knit,
 Use not the body, when they use their skill.

These pow'rs the nature of the Soul declare,
 For to man's Soul these only proper be;
 For on the earth no other wights there are
 That have these heav'nly powers, but only we.

SECTION XXV.

Wit, Reason, Understanding, Opinion, Judgment, Wisdom.

THE Wit, the pupil of the Soul's clear eye,
 And in man's world the only shining star,
 Looks in the mirror of the fantasy,
 Where all the gath'nings of the senses are.

From thence this pow'r the shapes of things ab-
 stracts,
 And them within her passive part receives,
 Which are enlight'ned by that part which acts;
 And so the forms of single things perceives.

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
 Anticipating, and comparing things,
 She doth all universal natures know,
 And all effects into their causes bring.

When she rates things, and moves from ground to
 ground,

The name of Reason she obtains by this:
 But when by Reason she the truth hath found,
 And standeth fix'd, she Understanding is.

When her assent she lightly doth incline
 To either part, she his opinion's light:
 But when she doth by principles define
 A certain truth, she hath true Judgment's fight.

And as from senses Reason's work doth spring,
 So many Reasons Understanding gain;
 And many Understandings knowledge bring;
 And by much knowledge, Wisdom we obtain.

So, many stairs we must ascend upright,
 Ere we attain to Wisdom's high degree:
 So doth this earth eclipse our Reason's light,
 Which else (in instances) would like angels see.

SECTION XXVI.

Innate Ideas in the Soul.

YET hath the Soul a dowry natural,
 And sparks of light, some common things to see;
 Not being a blank where naught is writ at all,
 But what the writer will, may written be.

For Nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,
 Prescribing truth to wit, and good to will;
 Which do accuse, or else excuse all men,
 For ev'ry thought or practice, good or ill:

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
 Making the world, and all therein, their food;
 As fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,
 Being nourish'd still with new supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quench'd
 with sin,
 Yet they whom that just One hath justify'd,
 Have them increas'd with heav'nly light within,
 And like the widow's oil, still multiply'd,

SECTION XXVII.

The Power of Will, and Relation between the Wit and Will.

AND as this Wit should goodness truly know,
 We have a Will, which that true good should
 choose [shew]
 Though Will do oft (when Wit false forms doth
 Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse.

Will puts in practice what the Wit deviseth:
 Will ever acts, and Wit contemplates still:
 And as from Wit the pow'r of Wisdom riseth,
 All other virtues daughters are of Will.

Will is the prince, and Wit the counsellor,
Which doth for common good in council sit;
And when Wit is resolv'd, Will lends her pow'r
To execute what is advis'd by Wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul
Of fancy's court the judgments false and vain:
Will holds the royal sceptre in the Soul,
And on the passions of the heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any emperor,
Naught can restrain her gentle liberty:
No tyrant, nor no torment, hath the pow'r
To make us will, when we unwilling be.

SECTION XXVIII.

The Intellectual Memory.

To these high pow'rs a store-house doth pertain,
Where they all arts and gen'ral reasons lay;
Which in the Soul, e'en after death, remain,
And no Lethean flood can wash away.

SECTION XXIX.

The dependency of the Soul's faculties upon each other.

THIS is the Soul, and these her virtues be;
Which, though they have their sundry proper
And one exceeds another in degree, [ends,
Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our wit is giv'n Almighty God to know;
Our will is giv'n to love him, being known:
But God could not be known to us below,
But by his works, which through the sense are
shewn.

And as the wit doth reap the fruits of sense,
So doth the quick'ning pow'r the senses feed:
Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispense,
"The best the service of the least doth need."

Ev'n so the king his magistrates do serve;
Yet commons feed both magistrates and king:
The commons' peace the magistrates preserve,
By borrow'd pow'r, which from the prince doth
spring.

The quick'ning power would be, and so would
rest:

The sense would not be only, but be well:
But wit's ambition longeth to the best,
For it desires in endless bliss to dwell.

And these three pow'rs three sorts of men do
make;
For some, like plants, their veins do only fill;
And some, like beasts, their senses pleasures take;
And some, like angels, do contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turn'd some men to flow'rs,
And others did with brutish forms invest,
And did of others make celestial pow'rs,
Like angels, which still travel, yet still rest.

Yet these three pow'rs are not three Souls, but
one;

As one and two are both contain'd in three;
Three being one number by itself alone,
A shadow of the blessed Trinity.

Oh! what is man (great Maker of mankind!)
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire;
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine;
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except (like thee) it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd men, since God a man became;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the Body's life depend:
The Soul, though made in time, survives for ay;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SECTION XXX.

That the Soul is immortal, proved by several Reasons.

HER only end is never-ending bliss;
Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
Who, last of ends, and first of causes, is;
And to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then, and dead a Soul hath he,
Which thinks his Soul doth with his body
die;
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security?

For though these light and vicious persons say,
Our soul is but a smoke, or airy blast,
Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
And when we die, doth turn to wind at last:

Although they say, come let us eat and drink;
Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies;
Though thus they say, they know not what to
think;
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no hereticks desire to spread
 Their light opinions, like these epicures;
 For so their stagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
 And other men's assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience
 strive,

There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
 Which cannot be extinct, but still revive; [beasts.
 That though they would, they cannot quite be

But who so makes a mirror of his mind,
 And doth with patience view himself therein.
 His Soul's eternity shall clearly find,
 Though th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.

REASON I.

Drawn from the desire of Knowledge.

First, in man's mind we find an appetite
 To learn and know the truth of ev'ry thing,
 Which is co-natural, and born with it,
 And from the essence of the Soul doth spring.

With this desire, she hath a native might
 To find out ev'ry truth, if she had time;
 Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
 And by degrees from cause to cause to climb.

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
 As doth a hungry eagle through the wind;
 Or as a ship transported with the tide,
 Which in their passage leave no print behind:

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
 While some few things we through the sense
 do strain,
 That our short race of life is at an end,
 Ere we the principles of skill attain.

Or God (who to vain ends hath nothing done)
 In vain this appetite and pow'r hath giv'n;
 Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
 Hereafter must be perfected in heav'n.

God never gave a pow'r to one whole kind,
 But most part of that kind did use the same:
 Most eyes have perfect sight, though some be
 blind;
 Most legs can nimbly run, though some be lame.

But in this life no soul the truth can know
 So perfectly, as it hath pow'r to do:
 If then perfection be not found below,
 An higher place must make her mount thereto.

REASON II.

Drawn from the Motion of the Soul.

Again, how can she but immortal be,
 When with the motions of both will and wit,
 She still aspireth to eternity,
 And never rests, till she attain to it?

Water in conduit pipes can rise no higher
 Than the well-head, from whence it first doth
 spring:

Then since no eternal God she doth aspire,
 She cannot be but an eternal thing.

" All moving things to other things do move,
 " Of the same kind which shews their nature
 " such."

So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
 Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
 Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins*,
 From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
 And runs a lymph along the grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
 From whose soft side she first did issue make:
 She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
 Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake:

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
 As that her course doth make no final stay,
 Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
 Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
 The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
 Because at first she doth the earth behold,
 And only this material world she views:

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
 And doth embrace the world, and worldly
 things;
 She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
 And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heav'n she cannot light on aught
 That with her heav'nly nature doth agree;
 She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
 She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
 Or pleasure of the sense contentment find?
 Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
 Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
 Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh
 and gay;
 She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;
 But pleas'd with none, doth rise, and soar away:

So, when the Soul finds here no true content,
 And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
 She doth return from whence she first was sent,
 And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
 And never rests, till it the first attain:
 Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
 But never stays, till it the last do gain.

* The Soul compared to a river,

Now God the Truth, and first of Causes is;
 God is the last good end, which lasteth still;
 Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this;
 Alpha to Wit, Omega to the Will.

Since then her heavenly kind she doth display,
 In that to God she doth directly move;
 And on no mortal thing can make her stray,
 She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
 She cannot here so well, and truly see;
 For this perfection she must yet attend,
 Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
 Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
 On none of them can fix a constant thought,
 Though she to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet she can love a foreign emperor,
 Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears
 to be,
 If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
 Or but his letters, or his pictures see:

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
 Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign;
 Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
 Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin-soul on earth doth stay,
 She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand ways,
 By these great pow'rs, which on the earth bear
 sway;
 The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure,
 praise:

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
 These do by fits her fantasy possess;
 But she distastes them all within a while,
 And in the sweetest finds a tediousness.

But if upon the world's Almighty King
 She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
 Who by his picture drawn in every thing,
 And sacred messages, her love hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much;
 This honey tasted still, is ever sweet;
 The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
 As almost here she with her bliss doth meet:

But when in heaven she shall his essence see,
 This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss;
 Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be;
 Her joys are full, her motions rest in this:

There is the crown'd with garlands of content;
 There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink:
 That presence doth such high delights present,
 As never tongue could speak, nor heart could
 think.

REASON III.

*From Contempt of Death in the better Sort
 of Spirits.*

For this, the better souls do oft despise
 The Body's death, and do it oft desire;
 For when on ground, the burthen'd balance lies,
 The empty part is lifted up the higher:

But if the body's death the Soul should kill,
 Then death must needs against her nature be;
 And were it so, all Souls would fly it still,
 For nature hates and shuns her contrary.

For all things else, which nature makes to be,
 Their being to preserve are chiefly taught;
 And though some things desire a change to see,
 Yet never thing did long to turn to naught.

If then by death the Soul were quenched quite,
 She could not thus against her nature run;
 Since ev'ry senseless thing, by nature's light,
 Doth preservation seek, destruction shun.

Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
 If death took all, that they should agree,
 Before this life, their honour to prefer;
 For what is praise to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the Body's prop she stand;
 If on the Body's life, her life depend,
 As Meleager's on the fatal brand,
 The body's good she only would intend:

We should not find her half so brave and bold,
 To lead it to the wars, and to the seas,
 To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
 When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease.

Doubtless, all Souls have a surviving thought,
 Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
 But if we think of being turn'd to naught,
 A trembling horror in our Souls we find.

REASON IV.

From the Fear of Death in wicked Souls.

And as the better spirit, when she doth bear
 A scorn of death, doth shew she cannot die;
 So when the wicked Soul death's face doth fear,
 E'en then she proves her own eternity.

For when death's form appears, she feareth not
 An utter quenching or extinguishment;
 She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
 That so she might all future ill prevent:

But she doth doubt what after may befall;
 For nature's law accuseth her within,
 And faith, 'tis true what is affirm'd by all,
 That after death there is a pain for sin.

Then she who hath been hoodwink'd from her
birth,
Doth first herself within death's mirror see;
And when her body doth return to earth,
She first takes care, how she alone shall be.

Whoever sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sickness weak and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their Souls to ev'ry saint?

When was there ever cursed atheist brought
Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed pow'r, which he had set at nought,
Scorn'd and blasphemed all his life before?

These light vain persons still are drunk and mad,
With surfeitings and pleasures of their youth;
But at their death they are fresh, sober, sad;
Then they discern, and then they speak the
truth.

If then all Souls, both good and bad, do teach,
With gen'ral voice, that Souls can never die;
'Tis not men's flattering gloss, but nature's
speech,
Which, like God's oracles, can never lie.

REASON V.

From the general Desire of Immortality.

Hence springs that universal strong desire;
Which all men have of immortality:
Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire;
But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of nature is not vain,
"She covets not impossibilities;
"Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
"But one assent of all, is ever wise."

From hence that gen'ral care and study springs,
That launching, and progression of the mind,
Which all men have so much of future things,
That they no joy do in the present find.

From this desire, that main desire proceeds,
Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds;
For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,
For things their kind would everlasting make:
Hence it is, that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age shall take.

If we these rules unto ourselves apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind,
All these true notes of immortality
In our heart's tables we shall written find.

REASON VI.

*From the very Doubt and Disputation of
Immortality.*

And though some impious wits do questions move
And doubt if souls immortal be, or no;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
Because they seem immortal things to know.

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortal, some immortal call;
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make;
And as those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see:

So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly shew,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason, none could reason know:

So when the Soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things she doubts can move;
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
Ev'n when she strives the contrary to prove.

For ev'n the thought of immortality,
Being an act done without the Body's aid,
Shews, that herself alone could move and be,
Although the Body in the grave were laid.

SECTION XXXI.

That the Soul cannot be destroyed.

AND if herself she can so lively move.
And never need a foreign help to take;
Then must her motion everlasting prove,
"Because herself she never can forsake."

But though corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cause * that from itself may spring,
Some outward cause fate hath perhaps design'd,
Which to the Soul may utter quenching bring.

Perhaps her cause may cease †, and she may die:
God is her cause, his Word her Maker was;
Which shall stand fix'd for all eternity,
When heav'n and earth shall like a shadow
pass.

* Her cause ceaseth not.

† She hath no contrary.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,
By strong antipathy, the soul may kill;
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
And life and death, peace, and war together;
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
Yet neither troubleth nor disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of food, the soul may pine *;
But that were strange, since all things bad and
good;

Since all God's creatures, mortal and divine;
Since God himself is her eternal food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
And so are subject to mortality:
But truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind,
The tree of life, which will not let her die.

Yet violence, perhaps the Soul destroys ‖,
As lightning, or the sun-beams dim the light;
Or as a thunder clap, or cannon's noise,
The pow'r of hearing doth astonish quite:

But high perfection to the soul it brings,
T' encounter things most excellent and high;
For, when she views the best and greatest things,
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Besides, as Homer's gods, 'gainst armies stand,
Her subtle form can through all dangers slide:
Bodies are captive, minds endure no band;
"And will is free, and can no force abide."

But lastly, time perhaps at last hath pow'r §
To spend her lively pow'rs, and quench her light;
But old god Saturn, which doth all devour,
Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

Heav'n waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion slay;
And time itself, in time shall cease to move;
Only the Soul survives, and lives for ay.

"Our Bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,
"March towards death, until at last they die:
"Whether they work or play, or sleep or wake,
"Our life doth pass, and with time's wings
"doth fly:

But to the Soul time doth perfection give,
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still;
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
The more she feeds, her strength doth more in-
crease:

And what is strength, but an effect of youth,
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease?

* She cannot die for want of food.

‖ Violence cannot destroy her.

§ Time cannot destroy her.

SECTION XXXII.

*Objections against the Immortality of the Soul, with
their respective Answers.*

BUT now these epicures begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe than true,
And that I fondly do myself beguile,
While these receiv'd opinions I ensue.

OBJECTION I.

For, what, say they? doth not the soul wax old?
How comes it then that aged men do dote;
And that their brains grow sottish, dull, and
cold,
Which were in youth the only spirits of note?

What! are not souls within themselves corrupted?
How can there ideots then by nature be?
How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazzled are, now clearly see?

ANSWER.

These questions make a subtle argument
To such as think both sense and reason one;
To whom nor agent, from the instrument,
Nor pow'r of working, from the work is known.

But they that know that wit can shew no skill,
But when she things in sense's glass doth view,
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
It nothing sees, or sees the false for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,
Where th' inward sense of fantasy should sit,
And th' outward senses, gath'ring should retain,
By nature, or by chance, become unfit:

Either at first incapable it is,
And so few things, or none at all receives;
Or marr'd by accident, which haps amiss:
And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning prince that useth spies,
If they return no news, doth nothing know;
But if they make advertisement of lies,
The prince's counsels all awry do go:

Ev'n so the Soul to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses undisposed be;
And to receive the forms of things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the ideot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to know the truth, and choose the good;
If she such figures in the brain did find,
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a frenzy do possess the brain,
It so disturbs and blots the forms of things,
As fantasy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds :
Then doth it fly the good, and ill pursue ;
Believing all that this false spy propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appease,
Which this distemper in the fancy wrought ;
Then shall the wit, which never had disease,
Discourse, and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So, though the clouds eclipse the sun's fair light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beam ;
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of sight,
Ev'n when they look into a troubled stream.

Then these defects in sense's organs be,
Not in the soul, or in her working might :
She cannot lose her perfect pow'r to see,
Though mists and clouds do choke her win-
dow light.

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the agent, but the instrument :
We must not blame Apollo, but his lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The Soul in all hath one intelligence ;
Though too much moisture in an infant's
brain,
And too much dryness in an old man's sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retain :

Then doth the Soul want work, and idle sit,
And this we childishness and dotage call ;
Yet hath she then a quick and active wit,
If she had stuff and tools to work withal :

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair ;
Give but the aged man, the young man's
sense ;
Let but Medea, Æson's youth repair,
And straight she shews her wonted excellence.

As a good harper stricken far in years,
Into whose cunning hands the gout doth fall,
All his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if Apollo takes his gout away,
That he his nimble figures may apply ;
Apollo's self will envy at his play,
And all the world applaud his minstrelsy.

Then dotage is no weakness of the mind,
But of the sense ; for if the mind did waste,
In all old men we should this wasting find,
When they some certain term of years had
pass'd ;

But most of them, e'en to their dying hour,
Retain a mind more lively, quick and strong ;
And better use their understanding pow'r,
Then when their brains were warm, and limbs
were young.

For, though the Body wasted be and weak,
And though the leaden form of earth it bears ;
Yet when we hear that half dead Body speak,
We oft are ravish'd to the heav'nly spheres.

OBJECTION II.

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,
Then hath the Soul no pow'r her pow'rs to use :
So, in a sort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,
When unto act she cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is she ?
For since from ev'ry thing some pow'rs do
spring ;
And from those pow'rs, some acts proceeding be
Then kill both pow'r and act, and kill the thing.

ANSWER.

Doubtless, the Body's death, when once it dies,
The instrument of sense and life doth kill ;
So that she cannot use those faculties,
Although the root rest in her substance still.

But (as the Body living) wit and will
Can judge and choose, without the Body's aid ;
Though not such objects they are working still,
As through the Body's organs are convey'd :

So, when the Body serves her turn no more,
And all her senses are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
In heav'nly contemplations, all alone.

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,
And have good horsemanship, and learning's
skill,
Though both his lute and horse we take away,
Doth he not keep his former learning still ?

He keeps it doubtless, and can use it too ;
And doth both t' other skills in pow'r retain ;
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horse he meet again.

So though the instruments, (by which we live,
And view the world) the Body's death do kill ;
Yet with the Body they shall all revive,
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

OBJECTION III.

But how, till then, shall she herself employ ?
Her spies are dead, which brought home news
before :
What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy,
But she hath means to understand no more.

Then what do those poor souls, which nothing get ?
Or what do those which get, and cannot keep ?
Like bucklers bottomless, which all outlet ;
Those souls, for want of exercise, must sleep.

ANSWER.

See how man's Soul against itself doth strive:
Why should we not have other means to know?
As children, while within the womb they live,
Feed by the navel: here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some use of sense,
And should by chance their mother's talking
hear,
That in short time they shall come forth from thence,
Would fear their birth, more than our death
we fear.

They would cry out, if we this place shall leave,
Then shall we break our tender navel-strings:
How shall we then our nourishment receive,
Since our sweet food no other conduit brings?

And if a man should to these babes reply,
That into this fair world they shall be brought,
Where they shall view the earth, the sea, the sky,
The glorious sun, and all that God hath
wrought:

That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
Which by their mouths they shall with pleasure
take;

Which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet;
And of their little limbs, tall Bodies make:

This world they'd think a fable, e'en as we
Do think the story of the golden age;
Or as some sensual spirits 'mongst us be,
Which hold the world to come, a feigned stage:

Yet shall these infants after find all true,
Though then thereof they nothing could con-
ceive:

As soon as they are born, the world they view,
And with their mouths, the nurses milk receive.

So when the Soul is born (for death is naught
But the Soul's birth, and so we should it call)
Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought;
And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth she see by spectacles no more,
She hears not by report of double spies;
Herself in instances doth all things explore;
For each thing's present, and before her lies.

OBJECTION IV.

But still this crew with questions me pursues:
If Souls deceas'd (they say) still living be,
Why do they not return, to bring us news
Of that strange world, where they such wonders
see?

ANSWER.

Fond men! if we believe that men do live
Under the zenith of both frozen poles,
Though none come thence, advertisement to give,
Why bear we not the like faith of our Souls?

The Soul hath here on earth no more to do,
Than we have business in our mother's womb;
What child doth covet to return thereto,
Although all children first from thence do come?

But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
Did shew, the footing found, for all the flood;
So when good Souls, departed through death's
door,
Come not again, it shews their dwelling good.

And doubtless, such a Soul as up doth mount,
And doth appear before her Maker's face,
Holds this vile world in such a base account,
As she looks down and scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detrudd down to hell,
Either for shame, they still themselves retire;
Or tied in chains, they in close prison dwell,
And cannot come, although they much desire.

OBJECTION V.

Well, well, say these vain spirits, though vain it is,
To think our Souls to heav'n or hell do go;
Politick men have thought it not amiss,
To spread this lie, to make men virtuous so.

ANSWER.

Do you then think this moral virtue good?
I think you do, ev'n for your private gain;
For commonwealths by virtue ever stood,
And common good the private doth contain.

If then this virtue you do love so well,
Have you no means, her practice to maintain;
But you this lie must to the people tell,
That good Souls live in joy, and ill in pain?

Must virtue be preserved by a lie?
Virtue and truth do ever best agree;
By this it seems to be a verity,
Since the effects so good and virtuous be.

For, as the devil the father is of lies,
So vice and mischief do his lies ensue:
Then this good doctrine did not he devise;
But made this lie, which saith, it is not true.

For, how can that be false, which ev'ry tongue
Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true?
Which truth hath in all ages been so strong,
As, loadstone-like, all hearts it ever drew.

For, not the Christian, or the Jew alone,
The Persian, or the Turk, acknowledge this;
This mystery to the wild Indian known,
And to the Cannibal and Tartar is.

This rich Assyrian drug grows ev'ry where;
As common in the North, as in the East:
This doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
But of itself is native in the breast.

None that acknowledge God, or providence,
 Their Soul's eternity did ever doubt;
 For all religion taketh root from hence,
 Which no poor naked nation lives without.

For since the world for man created was,
 (For only man the use thereof doth know)
 If man do perish like a wither'd grass,
 How doth God's wisdom order things below?

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
 Why made he man, of other creatures, king;
 When (if he perish here) there is not found
 In all the world so poor and vile a thing?

If death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
 Since for our service all things else were
 wrought;

That daws, and trees, and rocks should last so long,
 When we must in an instant pass to nought.

But blest'd be that Great Pow'r, that hath us
 blest'd

With longer life than heav'n or earth can have;
 Which hath infus'd into our mortal breast
 Immortal pow'rs not subject to the grave.

For though the Soul do seem her grave to bear,
 And in this world is almost bury'd quick,
 We have no cause the Body's death to fear;
 For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

SECTION XXXIII.

*Three Kinds of Life answerable to the three Powers
 of the Soul.*

For as the Soul's essential pow'rs are three;
 The quick'ning pow'r, the pow'r of sense and
 reason;
 Three kinds of life to her designed be. [season.
 Which perfect these three pow'rs in their due

The first life in the mother's womb is spent,
 Where she the nursing pow'r doth only use;
 Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,
 Sh' expels her Body, and this world she views.

This we call birth; but if the child could speak,
 He death would call it; and of nature plain,
 That she would thrust him out naked and weak,
 And in this passage pinch him with such pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,
 Where all his senses in perfection be;
 Where he finds flow'rs to smell, and fruits to taste,
 And sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see.

When he hath pass'd some time upon the stage,
 His reason then a little seems to wake;
 Which tho' she spring when sense doth fade with age,
 Yet can she here no perfect practice make.

Then doth aspiring Soul the Body leave,
 Which we call death; but were it known to all,
 What life our Souls do by this death receive,
 Men would it birth, or goal-deliv'ry call.

I this third life, reason will be so bright,
 As that her spark will like the sun beams shine,
 And shall of God enjoy the real fight,
 Being still increas'd by influence divine.

SECTION XXXIV.

The Conclusion.

O IGNORANT poor man! what dost thou bear
 Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast?
 What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
 What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest?

Look in thy Soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
 Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the
 flood:

Honour and pleasure both are in my mind,
 And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
 This worthy mind should worthy things em-
 brace:

Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
 Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quick'ning pow'r with surfeitings:
 Mar not her sense with sensuality:
 Cast not her wit on idle things:
 Make not her free will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
 Think not that death against her nature is;
 Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,
 Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
 Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see;
 Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more;
 Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hood-
 wink'd be.

And thou, my Soul, which turn'st with curious eye,
 To view the beams of thine own form divine,
 Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
 While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare
 Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
 Study the best and highest things that are,
 But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:
 Use all thy pow'rs, that blessed pow'r to praise,
 Which gives thee pow'r to be, and use the same.

HYMNS OF ASTREA,

IN ACROSTIC VERSE.

HYMN I.

Of Astrea.

EARLY before the day doth spring,
Let us awake, my Muse, and sing;
It is no time to slumber;
So many joys this time doth bring,
As time will fail to number.

But whereunto shall we bend our lays?
E'en up to Heaven, again to raise
The Maid which thence descended,
Hath brought again the golden days,
And all the world amended.

Rudeness itself she doth refine,
E'en like an alchymist divine,
Gross times of iron turning
Into the purest form of gold;
Not to corrupt, till heaven wax old,
And be refin'd with burning.

HYMN II.

To Astrea.

ETERNAL Virgin, Goddess true,
Let me presume to sing to you.
I owe, e'en great Jove hath leisure
Sometimes to hear the vulgar crew,
And hears them oft with pleasure.

VOL. II.

Blessed Astrea, I in part
Enjoy the blessings you impart,
The peace, the milk and honey,
Humanity, and civil art,
A richer dow'r than money.

Right glad am I that now I live,
E'en in these days whereto you give
Great happiness and glory;
If after you I should be born,
No doubt I should my birth-day scorn,
Admiring your sweet story.

HYMN III.

To the Spring.

EARTH now is green, and heaven is blue,
Lively spring which makes all new,
Iolly spring doth enter;
Sweet young sun-beams do subdue
Angry, aged winter.

Blasts are mild, and seas are calm,
Every meadow flows with balm,
The earth wears all her riches;
Harmonious birds sing such a psalm,
As ear and heart bewitches.

Reserve (sweet spring) this nymph of ours,
Eternal garlands of thy flow'rs,
Green garlands never wasting;
In her shall last our state's fair spring,
Now and for ever flourishing,
As long as heav'n is lasting.

Y y

HYMN IV.

To the Month of May.

EACH day of thine, sweet month of May,
 Love makes a solemn holy-day.
 I will perform like duty,
 Sith thou resemblest every way
 Astrea, queen of beauty.

Both your fresh beauties do partake;
 Either's aspect doth summer make,
 Thoughts of young love awaking;
 Hearts you both do cause to ake,
 And yet be pleas'd with aching.

Right dear art thou, and so is she,
 'En like attracting sympathy,
 Gains unto both like dearness;
 I ween this made antiquity,
 Name thee, Sweet May of Majesty,
 As being both like in clearness.

HYMN V.

To the Lark.

EARLY cheerful mounting lark,
 Light's gentle usher, morning's clerk,
 In merry notes delighting;
 Sitt awhile thy song, and hark,
 And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn, to heav'n it bear,
 'En up to heav'n, and sing it there,
 To heav'n each morning bear it;
 Have it set to some sweet sphere,
 And let the angels hear it.

Renown'd Astrea, that great name,
 Exceeding great in worth and fame,
 Great worth hath so renown'd it;
 'Tis Astrea's name I praise;
 Now then, sweet lark, do thou it raise,
 And in high heaven resound it.

HYMN VI.

To the Nightingale.

EVERY night from ev'n to morn,
 Love's chorister amid the thorn
 Is now so sweet a singer,
 So sweet, as for her song I scorn
 A polio's voice and finger.

But nightingale, sith you delight
 Ever to watch the starry night,
 Tell all the stars of heaven,
 Heaven never had a star so bright,
 As now to earth is given.

Royal Astrea makes our day
 Eternal with her beams, nor may
 Griefs darkness overcome her;
 I now perceive why some do write,
 No country hath so short a night,
 As England hath in summer.

HYMN VII.

To the Rose.

EYE of the garden, queen of flow'rs,
 Love's cup wherein lie nectar's pow'rs,
 Ingen'der'd first of nectar;
 Sweet nurse-child of the spring's young hours,
 And beauty's fair character.

Best jewel that the earth doth wear,
 'N when the brave young sun draws near,
 To her hot love pretending;
 Himself likewise like form doth bear,
 At rising and descending.

Rose of the Queen of Love belov'd;
 England's great kings divinely mov'd,
 Gave roses in their banner;
 It shew'd that beauty's rose indeed,
 Now in this age should them succeed,
 And reign in more sweet manner.

HYMN VIII.

To all the Princes of Europe.

EUROPE, the earth's sweet paradise;
 Let all thy kings that would be wise,
 In politic devotion,
 Sail hither to observe her eyes,
 And mark her heav'nly motion.

Brave princess of this civil age,
 Enter into this pilgrimage:
 His saint's tongue's an oracle;
 Her eye hath made a prince a page,
 And works each day a miracle.

Raise but your looks to her, and see
 'En the true beams of majesty,
 Great princes, mark her duly;
 If all the world you do survey,
 No forehead spreads so bright a ray,
 And notes a prince so truly.

HYMN IX.

To Flora.

EMPRESS of flow'rs, tell where away
 Lies your sweet court this May,
 In Greenwich garden alleys:
 Since there the heav'nly pow'rs do play
 And haunt no other valleys.

B eauty, virtue, majesty,
E loquent Muses, three times three,
T he new fresh hours, and graces,
H ave pleasures in the place to be,
A bove all other places.

R oses and lilies did them draw,
E re they divine Astrea saw,
G ay flow'rs they sought for pleasure;
I nstead of gath'ring crowns of flow'rs,
N ow gather thy Astræa's dowers,
A nd bear to heav'n that treasure.

HYMN X.

To the Month of September.

E ach month hath praise in some degree;
L et May to others seem to be
I n sense the sweetest season;
S eptember thou art best to me,
A nd best doth please my reason.

B ut neither for thy corn nor wine
E xtol I those mild days of thine,
T hough corn and wine might praise thee,
H eav'n gives thee honour more divine,
A nd higher fortunes raise thee.

R enown'd art thou (sweet Month) for this,
E mong thy days her birth-day is,
G race, plenty, peace, and honour
I n one fair hour with her were born,
N ow since they still her crown adorn,
A nd still attend upon her.

HYMN XI.

To the Sun.

E ye of the world, fountain of light,
L ife of day, and death of night,
I humbly seek thy kindness;
S weet, dazzle not my feeble sight,
A nd strike me not with blindness.

B ehold me mildly from that face,
E 'en where thou now dost run thy race,
T he sphere where now thou turnest;
H aving like Phaeton chang'd thy place,
A nd yet hearts only burnest.

R ed in her right cheek thou dost rise,
E xalted after in her eyes,
G reat glory there thou shewest:
I n th' other cheek when thou descendest,
N ew redness unto us thou lendest,
A nd so thy round thou goest.

HYMN XII.

To her Picture.

E XTREME was his audacity,
L ittle his skill that finish'd thee;
I am ashamed and sorry,
S o dull her counterfeit should be,
A nd she so full of glory.

B ut here are colours red and white,
E ach line, and each proportion right;
T hese lines, this red and whiteness,
H ave wanting yet a life and light,
A majesty, and brightness.

R ude counterfeit, I then did err,
E 'en now when I would needs infer
G reat boldness in thy maker:
I did mistake, he was not bold,
N or durst his eyes her eyes behold,
A nd this made him mistake her.

HYMN XIII.

Of her Mind.

E ARTH, now adieu, my ravish'd thought
L ifted to heav'n sets thee at naught;
I nfinite is my longing,
S ecrets of angels to be taught,
A nd things to heav'n belonging.

B rought down from heav'n of angels kind,
E 'en now I do admire her mind,
T his is my contemplation,
H er clear sweet spirit which is refin'd,
A bove human creation.

R ich sun-beam of th' eternal light,
E xcellent Soul, how shall I write;
G ood angels make me able;
I cannot see but by your eye,
N or, but by your tongue, signify
A thing so admirable.

HYMN XIV.

Of the Sun-beams of her Mind.

E XCEEDING glorious is the star,
L et us behold her beams afar
I n a side line reflected;
S ight bears them not, when near they are,
A nd in right lines directed.

B ehold her in her virtue's beams,
E xtending sun-like to all realms;
T he sun none views too nearly:
H er well of goodness in the streams,
A ppears right well and clearly.

R adiant virtues, if your light
E nfeeble the best judgment's sight,
G reat splendor above measure
I s in the mind, from whence you flow:
N o wit may have access to know,
A nd view so bright a treasure.

HYMN XV.

Of her Wit.

E ye of that mind most quick and clear,
L ike heaven's eye which from his sphere
I nto all things prieth,
S ees through all things ev'ry where,
A nd all their natures trieth.

B right image of an angel's wit,
E xceeding sharp and swift like it,
T hings instantly discerning:
H aving a nature infinite,
A nd yet increas'd by learning.

R ebound upon thyself thy light,
E njoy thine own sweet precious sight,
G ive us but some reflection;
I t is enough for us if we,
N ow in her speech, now policy,
A dmire thine high perfection.

HYMN XVI.

Of her Will.

E ver well affected will,
L oving goodness, loathing ill,
I nestimable treasure!
S ince such a power hath power to spill,
A nd save us at her pleasure.

B e thou our law, sweet will, and say,
E v'n what thou wilt, we will obey
'T his law; if I could read it;
H erein would I spend night and day,
A nd study still to plead it.

R oyal free-will, and only free,
E ach other will is slave to thee;
G lad is each will to serve thee:
I n thee such princely pow'rs is seen,
N o spirit but takes thee for her queen,
A nd thinks she must observe thee.

HYMN XVII.

Of her Memory.

E xcellent jewels would you see,
L ovely ladies come with me,
I will (for love I owe you)
S how you as rich a treasury,
A s East or West can shew you.

B ehold, if you can judge of it,
E v'n that great store-house of her wit,
T hat beautiful large table,
H er memory, wherein is writ
A ll knowledge admirable.

R ead this fair book, and you shall learn
E xquisite skill; if you discern,
G ain heav'n by this discerning;
I n such a memory divine,
N ature did form the Muses nine,
A nd Pallas queen of learning.

HYMN XVIII.

Of her Fancy.

E xquisite curiosity,
L ook on thyself with judging eye,
I f aught be faulty, leave it:
S o delicate a fantasy
A s this, will straight perceive it.

B ecause her temper is so fine,
E ndow'd with harmonies divine;
T herefore if discord strike it,
H er true proportions do repine,
A nd sadly do dislike it.

R ight otherwise a pleasure sweet,
E 'er she takes in actions meet,
G racing with smiles such meetness;
I n her fair forehead beams appear,
N o summer's day is half so clear,
A dorn'd with half that sweetness.

HYMN XIX.

Of the Organs of her mind.

E clars'd she is, and her bright rays
L ie under veils, yet many ways
I s her fair form revealed;
S he diversely herself conveys,
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y instruments her pow'rs appear
E xceedingly well tun'd and clear:
T his lute is still in measure,
H olds still in tune, e'en like a sphere,
A nd yields the world sweet pleasure.

R esolve me, Muse, how this thing is,
E re a body like to this
G ave heav'n to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make
N o doubt the angels bodies take,
A bove our common nature.

HYMN XX.

Of the Passions of the Heart.

EXAMINE not th' inscrutable heart,
 Light Muse of her, though she in part
 Impart it to the subject;
 Search not, although from heav'n thou art,
 And this an heav'nly object.

But since she hath a heart, we know,
 Ere some passions thence do flow,
 Though ever ruled with honour;
 Her judgment reigns, they wait below,
 And fix their eyes upon her.

Rectify'd so, they in their kind
 Increase each virtue of her mind,
 Govern'd with mild tranquillity;
 In all the regions under heav'n,
 No state doth bear itself so even,
 And with so sweet facility.

HYMN XXI.

Of the innumerable Virtues of her Mind.

ER thou proceed in these sweet pains
 Learn Muse how many drops it rains
 In cold and moist December;
 Sum up May flow'rs, and August's grains,
 And grapes of mild September.

Bear the sea's sand in memory,
 Earth's grafs, and the stars in sky,
 The little moats which mounted,
 Hang in the beams of Phœbus eye,
 And never can be counted.

Recount these numbers numberless,
 Ere thou her virtue can express,
 Great wits this count will cumber.
 Instruct thyself in numb'ring schools;
 Now courtiers use to beg for fools,
 All such as cannot number.

HYMN XXII.

Of her Wisdom.

EAGLE ey'd wisdom, life's loadstar,
 Looking near on things afar;
 Love's best lov'd daughter,
 Shows to her spirit all that are,
 As Jove himself hath taught her.

By this straight rule she rectifies
 Each thought that in her heart doth rise;
 This is her clear true mirror,
 Her looking-glass, wherein she spies
 All forms of truth and error.

Right princely virtue fit to reign,
 Enthroniz'd in her spirit remain,
 Guiding our fortunes ever;
 If we this star once cease to see,
 No doubt our state will shipwreck'd be,
 And torn and sunk for ever.

HYMN XXIII.

Of her Justice.

ERIL'D Astrea's come again,
 Lo here she doth all things maintain
 In number, weight, and measure:
 She rules us with delightful pain,
 And we obey with pleasure.

By love she rules more than by law,
 E'en her great mercy breedeth awe;
 This is her sword and sceptre;
 Herewith she hearts did ever draw,
 And this guard ever kept her.

Reward doth sit in her right hand,
 Each virtue thence takes her garland
 Gather'd in honour's garden:
 In her left hand (wherein should be
 Nought but the sword) sits clemency,
 And conquer's vice with pardon.

HYMN XXIV.

Of her Magnanimity.

EV'n as her state, so is her mind,
 Lifted above the vulgar kind,
 It treads proud Fortune under;
 Sun-like it sits above the wind,
 Above the storms and thunder.

B rave spirit, large heart, admiring nought,
 Esteeming each thing as it ought,
 That swelleth not, nor shrinketh:
 Honour is always in her thought,
 And of great things she thinketh.

Rocks, pillars, and heaven's axle-tree,
 Exemplify her constancy;
 Great changes never change her:
 In her sex fears are wont to rise,
 Nature permits, virtue denies,
 And scorns the face of danger.

HYMN XXV.

Of her Moderation.

EMPRESS of kingdoms though she be,
 Larger is her sov'reignty,
 If she herself do govern;
 Subject unto herself is she,
 And of herself true sovereign.

Bauty's crown though she do wear,
Exalted into Fortune's chair,
Thron'd like the queen of pleasure:
Her virtues still possess her ear,
And counsel her to measure.

Reason, if she incarnate were,
Evn Reason's self could never bear
Greatness with moderation;
In her one temper still is seen,
No liberty claims she as queen,
And shews no alteration.

HYMN XXVI.

To Envy.

Envy, go weep; my Muse and I
Laugh thee to scorn, thy feeble eye

HYMN XXIV.

Of the Magnanimity.

Ev'n as her state, so is her mind,
Lied above the vulgar kind,
A throne proud Fortune under;
On-like it sits above the wind,
Above the storm and thunder.

Have spirit, large heart, admiring thought,
Heavening each thing as it ought;
That swellst not, nor thinkest;
Honor is always in her thought,
And of great things she thinks.

Rock, pillar, and heaven's axle-tree,
Her constancy her constancy;
Groom changes never change her;
In her sex tears are wont to rise,
And flows the face of danger.

HYMN XXV.

Of the Moderation.

Embrace of kingdoms though she be,
Larger is her love to thee;
In the midst do govern;
Spies unto herself is she,
And all herself in love to thee.

Is dazzled with the glory
Shining in this gay poetry,
And little golden story.

Behold how my proud quill doth shed
Eternal nectar on her head:
The pomp of coronation
Hath not such pow'r her fame to spread,
As this my admiration.

Respect my pen as free and frank
Expecting not reward nor thank,
Great wonder only moves it;
I never made it mercenary,
Nor should my Muse this burthen carry
As hir'd but that she loves it.

HYMN XXI.

Of the Inimitable Virtue of the Mind.

As thou proceedest in these sweet strains,
I earn Mine how to sing drops is rain;
In cold and moist December;
I was up May day, and August's grain;
And grapes of night September;
I eat the sea's land in winter,
I eat the grass, and the stars in sky,
The little moose which mounted, show I need
Hark in the beams of Phoebe eye,
And never can be counted.

Recount these numbers numberless,
I re thou her virtue as expected,
O treat with this count will consider;
I almost myself in number ring schools;
How courtesies are to beg for love,
As if such as cannot number.

HYMN XXII.

Of the Wisdom.

As thou art wisdom, life's Jordan,
Looking near on things afar;
I over best below'd danger,
I show to best fight all that are,
I love himself that taught her.

By this straight rule the rectitude
I see though that in heart doth rise;
This is her clear true mirror,
In looking-glass, wherein the face
A mirror of truth and virtue.

ORCHESTRA;

OR,

A POEM EXPRESSING THE ANTIQUITY AND EXCELLENCY OF DANCING.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PENELOPE AND ONE OF HER WOOERS.

NOT FINISHED;

TO THE PRINCE.

SIR, whatsoever you are pleas'd to do,
It is your special praise that you are bent,
And sadly set your princely mind thereto:
Which makes you in each thing so excellent,
Hence is it, that you came so soon to be
A man at arms, in ev'ry point aright;
The fairest flow'r of noble chivalry;
And of Saint George's band, the bravest knight.

And hence it is, that all your youthful train
In activeness, and grace, you do excel,
When you do courtly dancings entertain,
Then dancing's praise may be presented well.
To you, whose action adds more praise thereto,
Than all the Muses with their pens can do.

Y. y. iiii

ORCHESTRA;

OR,

A POEM ON DANCING.

I.

WHERE lives the man that never yet did hear
Of chaste Penelope, Ulysses' queen?
Who kept her faith unspotted twenty year,
Till he return'd that far away had been,
And many men, and many towns had seen:
Ten year at siege of Troy he ling'ring lay,
And ten year in the Midland sea did stray.

II.

Homer, to whom the muses did carouse
A great deep cup with heav'nly nectar fill'd,
The greatest, deepest cup in Jove's great house,
(For Jove himself had so expressly will'd)
He drank off all, nor let one drop be spill'd;
Since when, his brain that had before been
dry,
Became the well-spring of all poetry.

III.

Homer doth tell in his abundant verse,
The long laborious travels of the man,
And of his lady too he doth rehearse,
How she illudes with all the art she can,
Th' ungrateful love which other lords began:
For of her lord, false fame had long since
sworn,
That Neptune's monsters had his carcase torn.

IV.

All this he tells, but one thing he forgot,
One thing most worthy his eternal song,
But he was old, and blind, and saw it not,
Or else he thought he should Ulysses wrong,
To mingle it his tragic acts among:

Yet was there not in all the world of things,
A sweeter burthen for his muses wings.

V.

The courtly love Antinous did make,
Antinous that fresh and jolly knight,
Which of the gallants that did undertake
To win the widow, had most wealth and might,
Wit to persuade, and beauty to delight.
The courtly love he made unto the queen,
Homer forgot as if it had not been.

VI.

Sing then Terpsichore, my light muse sing
His gentle art, and cunning courtesy:
You, lady, can remember ev'ry thing,
For you are daughter of queen memory;
But sing a plain and easy melody: [ground,
For the soft mean that warbleth but the
To my rude ear doth yield the sweetest sound.

VII.

One only night's discourse I can report,
When the great torch-bearer of heav'n was gone
Down in a mask unto the Ocean's court,
To revel it with Thetis all alone;
Antinous disguised and unknown,
Like to the spring in gaudy ornament,
Unto the castle of the princess went.

VIII.

The sov'reign castle of the rocky isle,
Wherein Penelope the princess lay,
Shone with a thousand lamps, which did exile
The shadows dark, and turn'd the night to day.
Not Jove's blue tent, what time the sunny ray

Behind the bulwark of the earth retires,
Is seen to sparkle with more twinkling fires.

IX.

That night the Queen came forth from far within,
And in the presence of her court was seen;
For the sweet singer Phæmius did begin
To praise the worthies that at Troy had been;
Somewhat of her Ulysses she did ween. [sing,
In his grave hymn the heav'nly man would
Or of his wars, or of his wandering.

X.

Pallas that hour with her sweet breath divine
Inspir'd immortal beauty in her eyes,
That with celestial glory she did shine,
Brighter than Venus when she doth arise
Out of the waters to adorn the skies;
The wooers all amazed do admire,
And check their own presumptuous desire.

XI.

Only Antinous when at first he view'd [shin'd,
Her star bright eyes that with new honour
Was not dismay'd, but therewithal renew'd
The nobleness and splendor of his mind;
And as he did fit circumstances find,
Unto the throne he boldly did advance,
And with fair manners woo'd the Queen to
dance.

XII.

" Goddesses of women, sith your heav'nliness
" Hath now vouchsaf'd itself to represent
" To our dim eyes, which though they see the less,
" Yet are they blest'd in their astonishment,
" Imitate heaven whose beauty's excellent;
" Are in continual motion day and night,
" And move thereby more wonder and de-
" light.

XIII.

" Let me the mover be, to turn about
" Those glorious ornaments, that youth and love
" Have fix'd in you, ev'ry part throughout,
" Which if you will in timely measure move,
" Not all those precious gems in heav'n above
" Shall yield a sight more pleasing to behold,
" With all their turns and tracings manifold."

XIV.

With this the modest princess blush'd and smil'd
Like to a clear and rosy eventide;
And softly did return this answer mild:
" Fair Sir, you needs must fairly be deny'd,
" Where your demand cannot be satisfy'd:
" My feet which nature only taught to go,
" Did never yet the art of footing know.

XV.

" But why persuade you me to this new rage?
" (For all disorder and misrule is new)
" For such misgovernment in former age
" Our old divine forefathers never knew;
" Who if they liv'd, and did the follies view
" Which their fond nephews make their chief
" affairs,
" Would hate themselves that had begot such
" heirs."

XVI.

" Sole heir of virtue and of beauty both,
" Whence cometh it (Antinous replies)

" That your imperious virtue is so loth
" To grant your beauty her chief exercise?
" Or from what spring doth your opinion rise,
" That dancing is a frenzy and a rage,
" First known and us'd in this new fangled
" age?"

XVII.

" Dancing * (bright Lady) then began to be,
" When the first seeds whereof the world did
" spring,
" The fire, air, earth, and water did agree,
" By love's persuasion, nature's mighty king,
" To leave their first disorder'd combating;
" And in a dance such measure to observe,
" As all the world their motion should pre-
" serve.

XVIII.

" Since when they still are carried in a round,
" And changing come one in another's place,
" Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
" But ev'ry one doth keep the bounded space
" Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace;
" This wond'rous miracle did love devise,
" For dancing is love's proper exercise.

XIX.

" Like this, he fram'd the God's eternal bow'r,
" And of a shapeless and confused mass,
" By his through piercing and digesting pow'r,
" The turning vault of heaven formed was:
" Whose starry wheels he hath so made to pass,
" As that their movings do a music frame,
" And they themselves still dance unto the
" same.

XX.

" Or if this (all) which round about we see,
" (As idle Morpheus some sick brains have
" taught)
" Of undivided motes compacted be,
" How was this goodly architecture wrought?
" Or by what means were they together
" brought?
" They err, that say they did concur by
" chance, [dance.
" Love made them meet in a well order'd

XXI.

" As when Amphion with his charming lyre
" Begot so sweet a syren of the air,
" That with her rhetoric made the stones conspire
" The ruin of a city to repair,
" (A work of wit and reason's wise affair:)
" So love's smooth tongue, the motes such
" measure taught
" That they join'd hands, and so the world
" was wrought.

XXII.

" How justly then is dancing termed new,
" Which with the world in point of time begun;
" Yea, time itself, (whose birth Jove never knew,
" And which indeed is elder than the sun)
" Had not one moment of his age outrun,
" When out leap'd dancing from the heap of
" things,
" And lightly rode upon his nimble wings.

* The antiquity of dancing.

xxiii.

" Reason hath both her pictures in her treasure,
 " Where time the measure of all moving is;
 " And dancing is a moving all in measure;
 " Now if you do resemble that to this,
 " And think both one, I think you think amiss:
 " But if you judge them twins, together got,
 " And time first born, your judgment erreth
 " not.

xxiv.

" Thus doth it equal age with age enjoy,
 " And yet in lusty youth for ever flow'rs,
 " Like love his sire, whom painters make a boy,
 " Yet is he eldest of the heav'nly pow'rs;
 " Or like his brother time, whose winged hours
 " Going and coming will not let him die,
 " But still preserve him in his infancy."

xxv.

This said; the Queen with her sweet lips, divine,
 Gently began to move the subtle air,
 Which gladly yielding, did itself incline
 To take a shape between those rubies fair;
 And being formed, softly did repair
 With twenty doublings in the empty way,
 Unto Antinous' ears, and thus did say:

xxvi.

" What eye doth see the heav'n but doth admire
 " When it the movings of the heav'ns doth see?
 " Myself, if I to heav'n may once aspire,
 " If that be dancing, will a dancer be:
 " But as for this your frantic jollity
 " How it began, or whence you did it learn,
 " I never could with reason's eye discern."

xxvii.

Antinous answer'd: " Jewel of the earth,
 " Worthy you are that heav'nly dance to lead;
 " But for you think our dancing base of birth,
 " And newly born but of a brain-sick head,
 " I will forthwith his antique gentry read;
 " And for I love him, will his herald be,
 " And blaze his arms, and draw his pedigree."

xxviii.

" When Love had shap'd this world, this great
 " fair wight, [tains,
 " That all wights else in this wide womb con-
 " And had instructed it to dance aright, ¶
 " A thousand measures with a thousand strains,
 " Which it should practise with delightful pains,
 " Until that fatal instant should revolve,
 " When all to nothing should again resolve."

xxix.

" The comely order and proportion fair
 " On ev'ry side, did please his wand'ring eye,
 " Till glancing through the thin transparent air,
 " A rude disorder'd rout he did espy
 " Of men and women, that most spitefully
 " Did one another throng, and crowd so fore,
 " That his kind eye in pity wept therefore."

xxx.

" And swifter than the light'ning down he came,
 " Another shapeless chaos to digest,
 " He will begin another world to frame,
 " (For Love till all be well will never rest)
 " Then with such words as cannot be express,

¶ The original of dancing.

" He cuts the troops, that all asunder fling,
 " And ere they wist, he casts them in a ring,

xxxi.

" Then did he rarify the element,
 " And in the centre of the ring appear, [went,
 " The beams that from his forehead spreading
 " Begot an horror, and religious fear
 " In all the souls that round about him were;
 " Which in their ears attentiveness procures,
 " While he, with such like sounds their minds
 " allures."

xxxii.

" How doth confusion's mother, headlong chance†,
 " Put reason's noble squadron to the rout?
 " Or how should you that have the governance
 " Of nature's children, heav'n and earth
 " throughout, [out?
 " Prescribe them rules, and live yourselves with-
 " Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
 " Since man's chief pleasure is society?"

xxxiii.

" If sense hath not yet taught you, learn of me
 " A comely moderation and discreet,
 " That your assemblies may well order'd be
 " When my uniting pow'r shall make you meet,
 " With heav'nly tunes it shall be temper'd
 " sweet:
 " And be the model of the world's great
 " frame, [name.
 " And you earth's children, Dancing shall it

xxxiv.

" Behold the world how it is whirled round,
 " And for it is so whirled, is named so;
 " In whose large volume many rules are found
 " Of this new art, which it doth fairly show:
 " For your quick eyes in wand'ring to and fro
 " From East to West, on no one thing can
 " glance,
 " But if you mark it well, it seems to dance,

xxxv.

" First you see fix'd in this huge mirror blue
 " Of trembling lights §, a number numberless,
 " Fix'd they are nam'd, but with a name untrue,
 " For they all move, and in a dance express
 " That great long year that doth contain no less
 " Than three score hundreds of those years
 " in all, [tural.
 " Which the sun makes with his course na-

xxxvi.

" What if to you these sparks disorder'd seem
 " As if by chance they had been scatter'd there?
 " The gods a solemn measure do it deem,
 " And see a just proportion ev'ry where,
 " And know the points whence first their mov-
 " ings were,
 " To which first points when all return again,
 " The axle-tree of heav'n shall break in twain."

xxxvii.

" Under that spangled sky, five wand'ring flames¶,
 " Besides the King of Day, and Queen of Night,
 " Are wheel'd around, all in their sundry frames,
 " And all in sundry measures do delight.
 " Yet altogether keep no measure right:

† The speech of Love, persuading men to learn dancing.
 § By the orderly motion of the fixed stars.

¶ Of the planets.

" For by itself, each doth itself advance,
 " And by itself, each doth a galliard dance.

XXXVIII.

Venus, the mother of that bastard Love,
 " Which doth usurp the world's great marshal's
 " name,

" Just with the sun her dainty feet doth move,
 " And unto him doth all the gestures frame:
 " Nor after, now afore the flattering dame,
 " With divers cunning passages doth err,
 " Still him respecting that respects not her.

XXXIX.

" For that brave sun the father of the day,
 " Doth love this earth, the mother of the night,
 " And like a reveller in rich array
 " Doth dance his galliard in his leman's sight
 " Both back, and forth, and sideways passing
 " light,

" His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,
 " That all stand still and at his beauty gaze,

XL.

" But see the earth, when he approacheth near,
 " How she for joy doth spring, and sweetly
 " smile;

" But see again her sad and heavy cheer
 " When changing places he retires a while;
 " But those black clouds he shortly will exile,
 " And make them all before his presence fly,
 " As mists consum'd before the cheerful eye.

XLI.

" Who doth not see the measures of the moon,
 " Which thirteen times she danceth ev'ry year?
 " And ends her pavin, thirteen times as soon
 " As doth her brother, of whose golden hair
 " She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear;
 " Then doth she coily turn her face aside,
 " That half her cheek is scarce sometimes
 " descry'd.

XLII.

" Next her, the pure, subtle, and cleansing fire *
 " Is swiftly carried in a circle even:
 " Though Vulcan be pronounc'd by many a liar
 " The only halting god that dwells in heav'n:
 " But that foul name may be more fitly giv'n
 " To your false fire, that far from heav'n is
 " fall,
 " And doth consume, waste, spoil, disorder all.

XLIII.

" And now behold your tender nurse the air †,
 " And common neighbour that aye runs around,
 " How many pictures and impressions fair
 " Within her empty regions are there found,
 " Which to your senses dancing do propound;
 " For what are breath, speech, echoes, music,
 " winds,
 " But dancings of the air in sundry kinds?

XLIV.

" For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
 " Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
 " And when you speak, so well the dancing loves,
 " That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
 " With thousand forms she doth herself endue:
 " For all the words that from your lips re-
 " pair, [air.
 " Are naught but tricks and turnings of the
 " Of the fire, † Of the air.

XLV.

" Hence is her prattling daughter echo born,
 " That dances to all voices she can hear:
 " There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
 " Nor any time wherein she will forbear
 " The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
 " And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
 " For after time she endeth ev'ry trick.

XLVI.

" And thou sweet music, dancing's only life,
 " The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
 " Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
 " The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
 " With thine own tongue thou trees and stones
 " can teach,
 " That when the air doth dance her finest
 " measure,
 " Then art thou born the gods and mens
 " sweet pleasure.

XLVII.

" Lastly, where keep the winds their revelry,
 " Their violent turnings, and wild whirling
 " hays?
 " But in the air's translucent gallery?
 " Where she herself is turn'd a hundred ways,
 " While with those maskers wantonly she plays;
 " Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
 " As two at once encumber not the place.

XLVIII.

" If then fire, air, wand'ring and fix'd lights
 " In ev'ry province of the imperial sky,
 " Yield perfect forms of dancing to your sights,
 " In vain I teach the ear, that which the eye
 " With certain view already doth descry.
 " But for your eyes perceive not all they see,
 " In this I will your senses master be.

XLIX.

" For lo the sea * that fleets about the land,
 " And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
 " Music and measure both can understand:
 " For his great crystal eye is always cast
 " Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast:
 " And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
 " So danceth he about the centre here.

L.

" Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
 " One after other flow unto the shore,
 " Which when they have with many kisses wet,
 " They ebb away in order as before;
 " And to make known his courtly love the
 " more,
 " He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,
 " And with his arms the tim'rous earth em-
 " brace.

LI.

" Only the earth doth stand for ever still,
 " Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains
 " meet,
 " (Although some wits enrich'd with learning's
 " skill
 " Say heav'n stands firm, and that the earth
 " doth fleet,
 " And swiftly turneth underneath their feet)
 " Yet though the earth is ever stedfast seen,
 " On her broad breast hath dancing ever been,
 " * Of the sea.

LII.

" For those blue veins that through her body spread,
 " Those sapphire streams which from great
 " hills do spring *,
 " (The earth's great dugs; for ev'ry wight is fed
 " With sweet fresh moisture from them issuing)
 " Observe a dance in their wild wand'ring :
 " And still their dance begets a murmur sweet,
 " And still the murmur with the dance doth
 " meet.

LIII.

" Of all their ways I love Meander's path
 " Which to the tune of dying swans doth dance,
 " Such winding flights, such turns and cricks he
 " hath,
 " Such creaks, such wrenches, and such dalliance;
 " That whether it be hap or heedless chance,
 " In this indented course and wriggling play
 " He seems to dance a perfect cunning hay.

LIV.

" But wherefore do these streams for ever run?
 " To keep themselves for ever sweet and clear :
 " For let their everlasting course be done,
 " They straight corrupt and foul with mud ap-
 " pear.
 " O ye sweet nymphs that beauty's loss do fear,
 " Contemn the drugs that physic doth devise,
 " And learn of love this dainty exercise.

LV.

" See how those flow'rs that have sweet beauty
 " too,
 " The only jewels that the earth doth wear †,
 " When the young sun in bravery her doth woo)
 " As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
 " Do wave their tender bodies here and there;
 " And though their dance no perfect mea-
 " sure is,
 " Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

LVI.

" What makes the vine about the elm to dance,
 " With turnings, windings, and embracements
 " round?
 " What makes the loadstone to the north advance
 " His subtle point, if from thence he found
 " His chief attracting virtue to redound?
 " Kind nature first doth cause all things to
 " love,
 " Love makes them dance, and in just or-
 " der move.

LVII.

" Hark how the birds do sing, and mark then how
 " Jump with the modulation of their lays,
 " They lightly leap, and skip from bough to bough :
 " Yet do the cranes deserve a greater praise
 " Which keep such measure in their airy ways,
 " As when they all in order naked are,
 " They make a perfect form triangular.

LVIII.

" In the chief angle flies the watchful guide,
 " And all the followers their heads do lay
 " On their foregoers backs, on either side;
 " But the captain hath no rest to stay
 " His head forwearied with the windy way,

* Of the rivers.

† Of other things upon the earth.

" He back retires, and then the next behind,
 " As his lieutenant leads them through the
 " wind.

LIX.

" But why relate I ev'ry singular?
 " Since all the world's great fortunes and affairs
 " Forward and backward rapp'd and whirled are,
 " According to the music of the spheres :
 " And change herself, her nimble feet upbears
 " On a round slippery wheel that rolleth ay,
 " And turns all states with her imperious
 " sway.

LX.

" Learn then to dance, you that are princes born,
 " And lawful lords of earthly creatures all;
 " Imitate them, and therefore take no scorn,
 " For this new art to them is natural,
 " And imitate the stars celestial :
 " For when pale death your vital twist shall
 " sever, [ever.
 " Your better parts must dance with them for

LXI.

" Thus Love persuades, and all the crowd of men
 " That stands around doth make a murmuring :
 " As when the wind loos'd from his hollow den,
 " Among the trees a gentle base doth sing,
 " Or as a brook through pebbles wandering :
 " But in their looks they utter'd this plain
 " speech,
 " That they would learn to dance, if Love
 " would teach §.

LXII.

" Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain
 " The motions seven that are in nature found,
 " Upward and downward, forth, and back again,
 " To this side, and to that, and turning round || ;
 " Whereof a thousand brawls he doth com-
 " pound,
 " Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
 " And ever with a turn they must conclude.

LXIII.

" As when a nymph arising from the land,
 " Leadeth a dance with her long watery train
 " Down to the sea, she wryes to every hand,
 " And every way doth cross the fertile plain :
 " But when at last she falls into the main,
 " Then all her traverses concluded are,
 " And with the sea, her course is circular.

LXIV.

" Thus when at first Love had them marshalled,
 " As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,
 " He taught them rounds and winding ways to
 " tread,
 " And about trees to cast themselves in rings :
 " As the two bears whom the first mover flings
 " With a short turn about heaven's axle-tree,
 " In a round dance for ever wheeling be.

LXV.

" But after these, as men more civil grew,
 " He did more grave and solemn measures
 " frame ¶,
 " With such fair order and proportion true,

§ How Love taught men to dance.

|| Rounds or Country Dances.

¶ Measures.

" And correspondence ev'ry way the same,
 " That no fault-finding eye did ever blame.
 " For ev'ry eye was moved at the sight [light.
 " With sober wond'ring, and with sweet de-

LXVI.

" Not those young students of the heav'nly book,
 " Atlas the great, Prometheus the wife,
 " Which on the stars did all their lifetime look,
 " Could ever find such measure in the skies,
 " So full of change and rare varieties;
 " Yet all the feet whereon these measures go,
 " Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.

LXVII.

" But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
 " A swift and wand'ring dance * she did invent,
 " With passages uncertain to and fro,
 " Yet with a certain answer and consent
 " To the quick music of the instrument.
 " Five was the number of the music's feet,
 " Which still the dance did with five paces
 " meet.

LXVIII.

" A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
 " A spirit and a virtue masculine,
 " Impatient that her house on earth should stay
 " Since she herself is fiery and divine :
 " Oft doth she make her body upward fine ;
 " With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
 " Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.

LXIX.

" What shall I name those current traverses †,
 " That on a triple dactyl foot do run
 " Close by the ground with sliding passages,
 " Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won
 " Which with best order can all orders shun :
 " For every where he wantonly must range,
 " And turn, and wind, with unexpected
 " change.

LXX.

" Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
 " A lofty jumping, or a leaping round §,
 " Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwined,
 " And whirl themselves with strict embrace-
 " ments bound,
 " And still their feet an anapest do sound :
 " An anapest is all their music's song,
 " Whose first two feet are short, and third
 " is long.

LXXI.

" As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove
 " That taught the Spartans dancing on the
 " sands,
 " Of swift Eurotas, dance in heav'n above,
 " Knit and united with eternal hands;
 " Among the stars their double image stands,
 " Where both are carried with an equal pace,
 " Together jumping in their turning race.

LXXII.

" This is the net wherein the sun's bright eye
 " Venus and Mars entangled did behold,
 " For in the dance their arms they so employ,
 " As each doth seem the other to enfold :
 " What if lewd wits another tale have told

* Galliards. † Courantoes. ‡ Lavoltaes.

" Of jealous Vulcan, and of iron chains ?
 " Yet this true sense that forged lie contains.

LXXIII.

" These various forms of dancing Love did frame,
 " And beside these, a hundred millions more,
 " And as he did invent, he taught the same,
 " With goodly gesture, and with comely show,
 " Now keeping state, now humbly honouring
 " low :
 " And ever for the persons and the place
 " He taught most fit, and best according
 " grace ¶.

LXXIV.

" For Love, within his fertile working brain
 " Did then conceive those gracious virgins three,
 " Whose civil moderation does maintain
 " All decent order and conveniency,
 " And fair respect and seemly modesty.
 " And then he thought it fit they should be
 " born, [adorn.
 " That their sweet presence dancing might

LXXV.

" Hence is it that these Graces painted are
 " With hand in hand dancing an endless round :
 " And with regarding eyes, that still beware
 " That there be no disgrace amongst them
 " found ;
 " With equal foot they beat the flow'ry ground,
 " Laughing or singing, as their passions will,
 " Yet nothing that they do becomes them ill.

LXXVI.

" Thus Love taught men, and men thus learn'd of
 " Love
 " Sweet music's sound with feet to counterfeit,
 " Which was long time before high thund'ring
 " Jove
 " Was lifted up to heaven's imperial seat :
 " For though by birth he were the prince of
 " Crete,
 " Nor Crete, nor heav'n, should the young
 " prince have seen,
 " If dancers with their timbrels had not been.

LXXVII.

" Since when all ceremonious mysteries,
 " All sacred orgies and religious rites,
 " All poms, and triumphs, and solemnities,
 " All funerals, nuptials, and like public fights,
 " All parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,
 " All learned arts, and every great affair,
 " A lively shape of dancing seems to bear ¶.

LXXVIII.

" For what did he who with his ten-tongu'd lute
 " Gave beasts and blocks an understanding ear ?
 " Or rather into bestial minds and brute
 " Shed and infus'd the beams of reason clear ?
 " Doubtless for men that rude and savage were
 " A civil form of dancing he devis'd,
 " Wherewith unto their gods they sacrific'd.

LXXIX.

" So did Musæus, so Amphion did,
 " And Linus with his sweet enchanting song,
 " And he whose hand the earth of monsters rid,

¶ Grace in dancing.

‡ The use and forms of dancing in sundry affairs of man's life.

" And had men's ears fast chained to his
 " tongue;
 " And Theseus to his wood-born slaves among,
 " Us'd dancing as the finest policy
 " To plant religion and society.

LXXX.

" And therefore now the Thracian Orpheus' lyre,
 " And Hercules himself, are stelly'd;
 " And in high heaven amidst the starry quire
 " Dancing their parts continually do slide:
 " So on the zodiac Ganymede doth ride;
 " And so is Hebe with the Muses nine
 " For pleasing Jove with dancing, made di-
 " vine.

LXXXI.

" Wherefore was Proteus said himself to change
 " Into a stream, a lion, and a tree,
 " And many other forms fantastic strange,
 " As in his fickle thought he with'd to be?
 " But that he danc'd with such facility,
 " As like a lion he could pace with pride,
 " Ply like a plant, and like a river slide.

LXXXII.

" And how was Ceneus made at first a man,
 " And then a woman, then a man again,
 " But in a dance? which when he first began
 " He the man's part in measure did sustain;
 " But when he chang'd into a second strain,
 " He danc'd the woman's part another space,
 " And then return'd into his former place.

LXXXIII.

" Hence sprang the fable of Tereias,
 " That he the pleasure of both sexes try'd;
 " For in a dance he man and woman was,
 " By often change of place from side to side:
 " But for the woman easily did slide, [art,
 " And smoothly swim with cunning hidden
 " He took more pleasure in a woman's part.

LXXXIV.

" So to a fish Venus herself did change,
 " And swimming through the soft and yield-
 " ing wave,
 " With gentle motions did so smoothly range,
 " As none might see where she the water drave:
 " But this plain truth that falsed fable gave,
 " That she did dance with sliding easiness,
 " Pliant and quick in wand'ring passages.

LXXXV.

" And merry Bacchus practis'd dancing too,
 " And to the Lydian numbers rounds did make;
 " The like he did in th' Eastern Indies do,
 " And taught them all when Phœbus did awake,
 " And when at night he did his coach forsake,
 " To honour heav'n, and heav'n's great
 " rolling eye,
 " With turning dances, and with melody.

LXXXVI.

" Thus they who first did found a common-weal,
 " And they who first religion did ordain,
 " By dancing first the people's hearts did steal,
 " Of whom we now a thousand tales do feign;
 " Yet do we now their perfect rules retain,
 " And use them still in such devices new,
 " As in the world long since their withering
 " grew.

LXXXVII.

" For after towns and kingdoms founded were;
 " Between great states arose well-ordered
 " war;
 " Wherein most perfect measure doth appear,
 " Whether their well-set ranks respected are
 " In quadrant form or semicircular;
 " Or else the march, when all the troops
 " advance,
 " And to the drum in gallant order dance.

LXXXVIII.

" And after wars, when white-wing'd Victory
 " Is with a glorious triumph beautify'd,
 " And every one doth lō lō cry,
 " Whilst all in gold the conqueror doth ride;
 " The solemn pomp that fills the city wide
 " Observes such rank and measure every
 " where,
 " As if they altogether dancing were.

LXXXIX.

" The like just order mourners do observe,
 " (" But with unlike affection and attire)
 " When some great man that nobly did deserve,
 " And whom his friends impatiently desire,
 " Is brought with honour to his latest fire:
 " The dead corpse too in that sad dance is
 " mov'd,
 " As if both dead and living dancing lov'd.

XC.

" A diverse cause, but like solemnity,
 " Unto the temple leads the bashful bride,
 " Which blusheth like the Indian ivory
 " Which is with dip of Tyrian purple dy'd:
 " A golden troop doth pass on ev'ry side
 " Of flourishing young men and virgins gay,
 " Which keep fair measure all the flow'ry
 " way.

XCI.

" And not alone the general multitude,
 " But those choice Nestors which in council
 " grave
 " Of cities and of kingdoms do conclude,
 " Most comely order in their sessions have:
 " Wherefore the wise Thessalians ever gave
 " The name of leader of their countries
 " dance
 " To him that had their countries govern-

XCII.

" And those great masters of their liberal arts
 " In all their several schools do dancing
 " teach;
 " For humble grammar first doth set the parts
 " Of congruent and well-according speech;
 " Which rhetoric, whose state the clouds doth
 " reach,
 " And heav'nly poetry, do forward lead,
 " And diverse measure diversely do tread.

XCIII.

" For rhetoric clothing speech in rich array,
 " In looser number teacheth her to range,
 " With twenty tropes, and turnings ev'ry way,
 " And various figures, and licentious change;
 " But poetry, with rule and order strange,
 " So curiously doth move each single pace,
 " As all is mar'd, if she one foot misplace.

xciv.

" These arts of speech the guides and marshals
 " are ;
 " But logic leadeth reason in a dance,
 " Reason the connoisseur and bright load-star,
 " In this world's sea t' avoid the rock of
 " chance,
 " For with close following and continuance
 " One reason doth another so ensue,
 " As in conclusion still the dance is true.

xcv.

" So music to her own sweet tunes doth trip
 " With tricks of 3, 5, 8, 15, and more :
 " So doth the art of numb'ring seem to skip
 " From even to odd in her proportion'd score :
 " So do those skills, whose quick eyes do explore
 " The just dimension both of earth and hea-
 " ven,
 " In all their rules observe a measure even.

xcvi.

" Lo, this is dancing's true nobility :
 " Dancing the child of music and of love ;
 " Dancing itself both love and harmony,
 " Where all agree, and all in order move ;
 " Dancing, the art that all arts do approve :
 " The fair character of the world's consent,
 " The heav'n's true figure, and th' earth's
 " ornament."

xcvii.

The queen, whose dainty ears had borne too long
 The tedious praise of that she did despise,
 Adding once more the music of the tongue
 To the sweet speech of her alluring eyes,
 Began to answer in such winning wise,
 As that forthwith Antinous' tongue was
 ty'd,
 His eyes fast fix'd, his ears were open wide.

xcviii.

" Forsooth (quoth she) great glory you have won,
 " To your trim minion dancing all this while,
 " By blazing him Love's first begotten son ;
 " Of ev'ry ill the hateful father vile,
 " That doth the world with forceries beguile :
 " Cunningly mad, religiously prophane,
 " Wit's monster, reason's canker, sense's
 " bane.

xcix.

" Love taught the mother that unkind desire
 " To wash her hands in her own infant's blood ;
 " Love taught the daughter to betray her fire
 " Into most base and worthy servitude ;
 " Love taught the brother to prepare such food
 " To feast his brother, that the all-seeing sun,
 " Wrapt in a cloud, that wicked light did
 " shun.

c.

" And ev'n this self-same Love hath dancing
 " taught,
 " An art that sheweth th' idea of his mind
 " With vaineſs, frenzy, and miſorder fraught ;
 " Sometimes with blood and cruelties unkind :
 " For in a dance Tereus' mad wife did find
 " Fit time and place by murder of her ſon
 " T' avenge the wrong his traiterous ſire
 " had done.

ci.

" What mean the mermaids when they dance and
 ſing,
 " But certain death unto the mariner ?
 " What tidings do the dancing dolphins bring,
 " But that ſome dangerous ſtorm approacheth
 " near ?
 " Then ſith both love and dancing liveries bear
 " Of ſuch ill hap, unhappy may I prove,
 " If fitting free I either dance or love."

cii.

Yet once again Antinous did reply ; [cent,
 " Great queen, condemn not Love * the inno-
 " For this miſchievous luſt, which traiterouſly
 " Uſurps his name, and ſteals his ornament :
 " For that true love which dancing did invent,
 " Is he that tun'd the world's whole har-
 " mony,
 " And link'd all men in ſweet ſociety.

ciii.

" He firſt extracted from th' earth mingled mind
 " That heav'nly fire, or quinteſſence divine,
 " Which doth ſuch ſympathy in beauty find,
 " As is between the elm and fruitful vine,
 " And ſo to beauty ever doth incline :
 " Life's life it is, and cordial to the heart,
 " And of our better part, the better part.

civ.

" This is true Love, by that true Cupid got,
 " Which danceth galliards in your am'rous eyes,
 " But to your frozen heart approacheth not,
 " Only your heart he dares not enterprize ;
 " And yet through every other part he flies,
 " And every where he nimbly danceth now,
 " That in yourſelf, yourſelf perceive not how.

cv.

" For your ſweet beauty daintily transfus'd
 " With due proportion throughout ev'ry part,
 " What is it but a dance where Love hath us'd
 " His finer cunning, and more curious art ;
 " Where all the elements themſelves impart,
 " And turn, and wind, and mingle with ſuch
 " meaſure, [pleaſure ?
 " That th' eye that ſees it, ſurfeits with the

cvi.

" Love in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth,
 " Love danceth in your pulſes and your veins,
 " Love when you ſow, your needles point ad-
 " vanceth,
 " And makes it dance a thouſand curious ſtrains
 " Of winding rounds, whereof the form remains :
 " To ſhew, that your fair hands can dance
 " the hay, [they.
 " Which your fine feet would learn as well as

cvii.

" And when your ivory fingers touch the ſtrings,
 " Of any ſilver ſounding inſtrument,
 " Love makes them dance to thoſe ſweet mur-
 " murings,
 " With buſy ſkill, and cunning excellent :
 " O that your feet thoſe tunes would repreſent
 " With artificial motions to and fro,
 " That Love this art in ev'ry part might
 ſhow !

* True Love inventor of dancing.

CVIII.

" Yet your fair soul, which came from heav'n
 " above
 " To rule this house, another heav'n below,
 " With divers powers in harmony doth move,
 " And all the virtues that from her do flow,
 " In a round measure hand in hand do go :
 " Could I now see, as I conceive this dance,
 " Wonder and love would cast me in a trance.

CIX.

" The richest jewel in all the heav'nly treasure
 " That ever yet unto the earth was shown,
 " Is perfect concord, th' only perfect pleasure
 " That wretched earth-born men have ever
 " known,
 " For many hearts it doth compound in one :
 " That what so one doth will, or speak, or do,
 " With one consent they all agree thereto.

CX.

" Concord's true picture shineth in this art,
 " Where divers men and women ranked be,
 " And every one doth dance a several part,
 " Yet all as one, in measure do agree,
 " Observing perfect uniformity :
 " All turn together, all together trace,
 " And all together honour and embrace.

CXI.

" If they whom sacred love hath link'd in one,
 " Do, as they dance, in all their course of life ;
 " Never shall burning grief nor bitter moan,
 " Nor factious difference, nor unkind strife,
 " Arise betwixt the husband and the wife :
 " For whether forth or back, or round he go,
 " As the man doth, so must the woman do.

CXII.

" What if by often interchange of place
 " Sometime the woman gets the upper hand ?
 " That is but done for more delightful grace,
 " For on that part she doth not ever stand :
 " But, as the measure's law doth her command,
 " She wheels about, and ere the dance doth
 " end,
 " Into her former place she doth transcend.

CXIII.

" But not alone this correspondence meet
 " And uniform consent doth dancing praise,
 " For comeliness, the child of order sweet,
 " Enamels it with her eye-pleasing rays :
 " Fair comeliness, ten hundred thousand ways,
 " Through dancing sheds itself, and makes it
 " shine, [vine.
 " With glorious beauty, and with grace di-

CXIV.

" For comeliness is a disposing fair
 " Of things and actions in fit time and place ;
 " Which doth in dancing shew itself most clear,
 " When troops confus'd, which here and there
 " do trace
 " Without distinguishment or bounded space,
 " By dancing rule into such ranks are brought,
 " As glads the eye, as ravisheth the thought.

CXV.

" Then why should reason judge that reasonless
 " Which is wit's offspring, and the work of art,
 " Image of concord and of comeliness.

" Who sees a clock moving in every part,
 " A sailing pinnacle, or a wheeling cart,
 " But thinks that reason, ere it came to pass,
 " The first impulsive cause and mover was ?

CVI.

" Who sees an army all in rank advance,
 " But deems a wise commander is in place
 " Which leadeth on that brave victorious dance ?
 " Much more in dancing's art, in dancing's
 " grace
 " Blindless itself may reason's footsteps trace :
 " For of Love's maze it is the curious plot
 " And of man's fellowship the true love knot.

CXVII.

" But if these eyes of yours, (load stars of love
 " Shewing the world's great dance to your
 " mind's eye)
 " Cannot with all their demonstrations move
 " Kind apprehension in your fantasy
 " Of dancing's virtue, and nobility :
 " How can my barbrous tongue win you
 " thereto, [never do ?
 " Which heav'n and earth's fair speech could

CXVIII.

" O Love my king ; if all my wit and power
 " Have done you all the service that they can,
 " O be you present in this present hour,
 " And help your servant and your true liege-
 " man,
 " End that persuasion which I erst began :
 " For who in praise of dancing can persuade
 " With such sweet force as love, which
 " dancing made ?"

CXIX.

Love heard his pray'r, and swifter than the wind
 Like to a page, in habit, face and speech,
 He came, and stood Antinous behind †,
 And many secrets to his thoughts did teach :
 At last a crystal mirror he did reach
 Unto his hands, that he with one rash view,
 All forms therein by Love's revealing knew.

CXX.

And humbly honouring, gave it to the queen
 With this fair speech : See, fairest queen (quoth
 " The fairest sight that ever shall be seen, [he)
 " And th' only wonder of posterity,
 " The richest work in nature's treasury ;
 " Which she disdains to shew on this world's
 " stage,
 " And thinks it far too good for our rude age.

CXXI.

" But in another world divided far,
 " In the great, fortunate, triangled isle,
 " Thrice twelve degrees remov'd from the north
 " star,
 " She will this glorious workmanship compile,
 " Which she hath been conceiving all this while
 " Since the world's birth, and will bring
 " forth at last, [past."
 " When six and twenty hundred years are

CXXII.

Penelope, the queen, when she had view'd
 The strange eye-dazzling admirable sight,
 Fain would have prais'd the state and pulchritude,

† A passage to the description of dancing in that age.

But she was stricken dumb with wonder quite,
Yet her sweet mind retain'd her thinking
might; [dwell,
Her ravish'd mind in heav'nly thoughts did
But what she thought, no mortal tongue can
tell.

CXXIII.

You lady Muse, whom Jove the counsellor
Begot of memory, wisdom's treasures,
To your divining tongue is given a power
Of uttering secrets large and limitless:
You can Penelope's strange thoughts express
Which she conceiv'd, and then would fain
have told,
When she the wond'rous crystal did behold.

CXXIV.

Her winged thoughts bore up her mind so high,
As that she ween'd she saw the glorious throne
Where the bright moon doth sit in majesty,
A thousand sparkling stars about her shone;
But she herself did sparkle more alone
Than all those thousand beauties would have
done
If they had been confounded all in one.

CXXV.

And yet she thought those stars mov'd in such
measure,
To do their sovereign honour and delight,
As sooth'd her mind with sweet enchanting plea-
sure,
Although the various change amaz'd her sight,
And her weak judgment did entangle quite:
Beside, their moving made them shine more
clear, [pear.
As diamonds mov'd, more sparkling do ap-

CXXVI.

This was the picture of her wondrous thought;
But who can wonder that her thought was so,
Sith Vulcan king of fire that mirror wrought,
(Who things to come, present, and past, doth
know)
And there did represent in lively show
Our glorious English court's divine image,
As it should be in this our golden age.

* * * * *

*Here are wanting some Stanzas describing
Queen Elizabeth.*

VOL. II.

Then follow these:

CXXVII.

Her brighter dazzling beams of majesty
Were laid aside, for she vouchsaf'd awhile
With gracious, cheerful, and familiar eye
Upon the revels of her court to smile;
For so time's journies she doth oft beguile:
Like sight no mortal eye might elsewhere see
So full of state, art, and variety.

CXXVIII.

For of her barons brave, and ladies fair, [been)
(Who had they been elsewhere most fair had
Many an incomparable lovely pair,
With hand in hand were interlinked seen,
Making fair honour to their sovereign queen;
Forward they pac'd, and did their pace apply
To a most sweet and solemn melody.

CXXIX.

So subtle and so curious was the measure,
With unlook'd for change in ev'ry strain;
As that Penelope wrapt with sweet pleasure,
When she beheld the true proportion plain
Of her own web weav'd and unweav'd again;
But that her art was somewhat less she thought,
And on a mere ignoble subject wrought.

CXXX.

For here, like to the silkworm's industry,
Beauty itself out of itself did weave
So rare a work, and of such subtlety,
As did all eyes entangle and deceive,
And in all minds a strange impression leave:
In this sweet labyrinth did Cupid stray,
And never had the power to pass away.

CXXXI.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the morning,
In honour of the cheerful rising sun, [ing,
With pearl and painted plumes themselves adorn-
A solemn stately measure have begun:
The god, well pleas'd with that fair honour
done,
Sheds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiss
With that immortal glorious face of his.

CXXXII.

So, &c. &c. * * * * *

Z z

THE
THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH HALL.

Containing his
SATIRES.

To which is prefixed
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second *English* satirist.

PROLOGUE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

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POETICAL WORKS

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THE LIFE OF HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, successively Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, was born at Bristow Park, in the parish of Ashby de la Zouch, in Leicestershire, 1st July 1574.

His father, according to his own account, was an officer under the Earl of Huntingdon, President of the North, who, from his infancy, had destined him to the Church; and his mother, whom he has celebrated for her exemplary piety, was extremely solicitous that he should be of a profession which she herself held so much in veneration.

He received his school-education at his native place; and, at the age of fifteen, he was sent to Emanuel college, Cambridge, of which, in due time, after taking his degrees, he became a fellow.

He often disputed and preached before the University; and he read the rhetoric lecture in the public schools for two years, with great applause; or, as he himself expresses it, "was encouraged with a sufficient frequency of auditors."

He distinguished himself as a wit and a poet very early in life; for, in 1597, his 23d year, he published his *Virgidemiarum; Satires, in six books*, which completely established his poetical reputation.

After eight years residence in college, he was presented to the rectory of Halsted, in Suffolk, by Sir Robert Drury; and, being thus settled, he married the daughter of Mr. George Winniff, with whom he lived happily forty-nine years.

In 1605, he accompanied Sir Edmund Bacon to the Spa, where he composed his *Second Century of Meditations*; which were well received at court, and much read by Prince Henry.

On his return, he was appointed Chaplain to that promising young prince, and had the donative of Waltham Holy-cross given him by Lord Denny, afterwards Earl of Norwich.

In 1612, he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

During his residence at Waltham, he was made a prebendary of the collegiate church of Wolverhampton; and, in 1616, dean of Worcester; while he was attending the embassy of Lord Hay into France.

In 1617, he attended his Majesty, as one of his chaplains, into Scotland, where he exerted himself in support of Episcopacy, against Presbyterianism.

Having acquired a considerable reputation in polemical divinity, he was sent, the year following, with other English divines, to the Synod of Dort; which the declining state of his health obliged him to leave in a short time. On his departure, the president and assistants of that famous assembly took a solemn leave of him; and the deputies of the States presented him with a rich medal of gold, "as a monument," he says, "of their respect for his poor endeavours."

Having refused, in 1624, the bishopric of Gloucester from King James, he accepted, in 1627, that of Exeter from King Charles.

In 1641, he was translated to the see of Norwich, which he enjoyed, not without some allay to his happiness; for the civil wars breaking out, he had his share in the severities exercised against the bishops at that time by the prevailing party, of which he has given an account in his *Hard Measure*, printed in 1647.

In 1643, the Committee of Sequestration deprived him of his palace and revenues; upon which he retired to a small estate which he rented at Higham, near Norwich, where he ended his life, on the 8th September 1656, in the 82d year of his age.

His prose writings are very numerous, making in all three volumes in folio, and "are filled," says Bayle, "with fine thoughts, excellent morality, and a great deal of piety:" a commendation which cannot be fully admitted, without making some deductions for the imbecillity of his *Sermons*, and the strain of vulgar credulity and enthusiasm in which *The Specialities of his Life*, and some other pieces are written. His *Miscellaneous Epistles*, dedicated to Prince Henry, have the merit of being the first example of that kind of writing which appeared in England. His *Mundus alter et idem*, in which, under a pretended description of the *Terra Australis*, he gives a very ingenious satire on the vices and follies of mankind, is equally valuable and forgotten, and particularly merits republication. His *Meditations* are justly esteemed, and have been frequently printed; and, very lately, modernized by Mr. Glasse.

The *Virgidemiarum* are not printed with his other writings; and are not even mentioned by him, through his extreme modesty, in the *Specialities of his Life*. Pope saw them, but so late in life, that he could only "wish he had seen them sooner." They were reprinted at Oxford in 1753, and are now, for the first time, admitted into a collection of classical English poetry.

Wyat, in his Epistles, has much of the familiar elegance of Horace; but the merit of introducing into the English language the first legitimate satire, was reserved for Hall.

I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.

The Italians had Ariosto, and the French Regnier, who might have served him as models for imitation; but he copies the ancients, and chiefly Juvenal and Persius; though he wants not many strokes of elegance and delicacy, which shew him perfectly acquainted with the manner of Horace.

The three first books of the *Virgidemiarum* are called *Toothless Satires*, *Poetical*, *Academical*, *Moral*; the three last, *Biting Satires*.

The compliment which was given of old to Homer and Archilochus, is due to Hall; for the improvements which have been made by succeeding poets, bear no proportion to the distance of time between him and them.

Upon comparing him with Donne, his successor, it will appear, that his verses are more musical and flowing; that he is not inferior to him in wit, and that he exceeds him in his characters, which are more numerous, and drawn with greater art and strength of colouring.

Many of his lines would do honour to the most harmonious of our modern poets. The sense has generally such a pause, and will admit of such a punctuation at the close of the second line, as if it were calculated for a modern ear.

He has an animated idea of good poetry, and frequently avows his admiration of Spenser, who was his contemporary, and whom he imitates in the use of obsolete words, which lessen the value, and diminish the perspicuity of his writings.

THE AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT TO HIS SATIRES.

It is not for every one to relish a true and natural satire, being of itself, besides the nature and inbred bitterness and tartness of particulars, both hard of conceit and harsh of style, and therefore cannot but be displeasing both to the unskilful and over musical ear; the one being affected with only a shallow and easy matter, the other with a smooth and current disposition: so that I well foresee in the timely publication of these my concealed satires, I am set upon the rack of many merciless and peremptory censures, which sith the calmest and most plausible writer is almost fatally subject to, in the curiosity of these nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted upon the occasion of so busy and stirring a subject? One thinks it mis-beseeming the author, because a poem; another, unlawful in itself, because a satire; a third, harmful to others, for the sharpness; and a fourth, unsatire-like, for the mildness: the learned, too perspicuous, being named with Juvenal, Persius, and the other ancient satires: the unlearned, favourless, because too obscure, and obscure, because not under their reach. What a monster must he be that would please all!

Certainly look what weather it would be, if every almanack should be verified: much what like poems, if every fancy should be suited. It is not for this kind to desire or hope to please, which naturally should only find pleasure in displeasing: notwithstanding, if the fault finding with the vices of the time may honestly accord with the good will of the parties, I had as lieve ease myself with a slender apology, as wilfully bear the brunt of causeless anger in my silence: for poetry itself, after the so effectual and absolute endeavours of her honoured patrons, either she needeth no new

defence, or else might well scorn the offer of so impotent and poor a client. Only for my own part, though were she a more unworthy mistress, I think she might be inoffensively served with the broken messes of our twelve o'clock hours, which homely service she only claimed and found of me, for that short while of my attendance: yet having thus soon taken my solemn farewell of her, and shak'd hands with all her retinue, why should it be an eye-sore unto any, sith it can be no loss to myself?

For my satires themselves, I see two obvious cavils to be answered: one concerning the matter; than which I confess none can be more open to danger, to envy; sith faults loath nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults; and therefore, what through the nature of the faults, and fault of the persons, it is impossible so violent an appeachment should be quietly brooked. But why should vices be unblamed for fear of blame? And if thou may'st spit upon a toad unvenomed, why may'st thou not speak of vice without danger? Especially so warily as I have endeavoured; who, in the unpartial mention of so many vices, may safely profess to be altogether guiltless in myself to the intention of any guilty person who might be blemished by the likelihood of my conceived application, thereupon choosing rather to marre mine own verse, than another's name; which, notwithstanding, if the injurious reader shall wrest to his own spight, and disparaging of others, it is a short answer, *Art thou guilty?* Complain not, thou art not wronged. *Art thou guiltless?* Complain not, thou art not touched. The other, concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much stooping to

the low reach of the vulgar, I shall be thought not to have any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predecessors, whom, in the want of more late and familiar precedents, I am constrained thus far off to imitate; which thing I can be so willing to grant, that I am further ready to warrant my action therein to any indifferent censure. First, therefore, I dare boldly avouch, that the English is not altogether so natural to a satire as the Latin; which I do not impute to the nature of the language itself, being so far from disabling it any way, that methinks I durst equal it to the proudest in every respect; but to that which is common to it with all the other common languages, Italian, French, German, &c. In their poetries, the fettering together the series of the verses, with the bonds of like cadence or desineness of rhyme, which, if it be unusually abrupt, and not dependent in sense upon so near affinity of words, I know not what a leathsome kind of harshness and discordance it breedeth to any judicial ear; which if any more confident adversary shall gainsay, I wish no better trial than the translation of one of Persius's satires into English; the difficulty and dissonance whereof shall make good my assertion: besides, the plain experience thereof in the satires of Ariosto, (save which, and one base French satire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction, and that also might for need serve for an excuse at least) whose chain-

verse, to which he fettereth himself, as it may well afford a pleasing harmony to the ear, so can it yield nothing but a flashy and loose conceit to the judgment. Whereas the Roman numbers, tying but one foot to another, offereth a greater freedom of variety, with much more delight to the reader. Let my second ground be, the well-known dainties of the time; such, that men rather choose carelessly to lose the sweet of the kernel, than to urge their teeth with breaking the shell wherein it was wrapped; and therefore sith that which is unseen is almost undone, and that is almost unseen which is unconceived, either I would say nothing to be untalk'd of, or speak with my mouth open, that I may be understood. Thirdly, the end of this pains was a satire, but the end of my satire a further good, which whether I attain or no, I know not; but let me be plain with the hope of profit, rather than purposefully obscure only for a bare name's sake.

Notwithstanding, in the expectation of this quarrel, I think my first satire doth somewhat resemble the sour and crabbed face of Juvenal's, which I, endeavouring in that, did determinately omit in the rest, for these forenamed causes, that so I might have somewhat to stop the mouth of every accuser. The rest to each man's censure; which let be as favourable as so thanksless a work can deserve or desire.

A DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

NAY, let the prouder pines of *Ida* feare
The sudden fires of heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops that dar'd the skies whilere ;
And shake your sturdy trunks, ye prouder pines,
Whose swelling grains are like begall'd alone,
With the deep furrows of the thunder-stone.

Stand ye secure, ye safer shrubs below,
In humble dales, whom heav'ns do not despight ;
Nor angry clouds conspire your overthrow,
Envyng at your too disdainful height.
Let high attempts dread envy and ill tongues,
And cow'rdly shrink for feare of causelesse wrongs.

So wont big oaks feare winding ivy weed ;
So soaring eagles fear the neighbour sunne ;
So golden Mazar wont suspicion breed,
Of deadly hemlock's poisoned potion ;
So adders shroud themselves in fairest leaves ;
So fouler fate the fairer thing bereaves.

Nor the low bush feares climbing ivy twine ;
Nor lowly bustard dreads the distant rays ;
Nor earthen pot wont secret death to shrine ;
Nor subtle snake doth lurk in pathed ways ;
Nor baser deed dreads envy and ill tongues,
Nor shrinks so soon for fear of causelesse wrongs.

Needs me then hope, or doth me need mis-dread :
Hope for that honour, dread that wrongful spite :
Spite of the party, honour of the deed,
Which wont alone on lofty objects light.
That envy should accost my muse and me,
For this so rude and recklesse poesie.

Would she but shade her tender browes with bay,
That now lie bare in carelesse wilful rage ;
And trance herself in that sweet extacy,
That rouseth drooping thoughts of bashful age :
(Though now those bays and that aspired
thought,
In carelesse rage she sets at worse than nought.)

Or would we loose her plummy pincen,
Manicled long with bonds of modest feare, [gone,
Soone might she have those kestrels proud out-
Whose flighty wings are dew'd with wetter aire,

And hopen now to shoulder from above
The eagle from the stairs of friendly Jove.

Or list she rather in late triumph reare
Eternal trophies to some conquerour,
Whose dead deserts slept in his sepulcher,
And never saw, nor life, nor light before :
To lead sad Pluto captive with my song,
To grace the triumphs he obscur'd so long.

Or scour the rusted swords of elvish knights,
Bathed in pagan blood, or sheath them new
In mysty moral types ; or tell their fights,
Who mighty giants, or who monsters flew ;
And by some strange enchanted speare and
shield, [field.
Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful

May-be she might in stately stanzas frame
Stories of ladies, and advent'rous knights,
To raise her silent and inglorious name
Unto a reachlesse pitch of praises hight,
And somewhat say, as more unworthy done,
Worthy of brasse, and hoary marble stone.

Then might vain Envy waste her duller wing,
To trace the airy steps she spiteing fees,
And vainly faint in hopelesse following
The clouded paths her native drosse denies.
But now such lowly satires here I sing,
Not worth our Muse, not worth her envy
ing.

Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame ;
Too good, if worse, to shadow shamelesse vice :
Ill, if too good, not answering their name :
So good and ill in fickle censure lies.
Since in our satire lies both good and ill,
And they and it in varying readers will.

Witnesse, ye Muses, how I wilful sung
These heady rhimes, withouten second care ;
And wish'd them worse, my guilty thoughts a-
mong ;
The ruder satire should go ragg'd and bare,
And shew his rougher and his hairy hide,
Though mine be smooth, and deck'd in care-
lesse pride.

Would we but breathe within a wax-bound
quill,
Pan's seven-fold pipe, some plaintive pastoral,
To teach each hollow grove and shrubby hill,
Each murmuring brook, each solitary vale,
To sound our love, and to our song accord,
Wearying Echo with one changlelike word.

Or list us make two striving shepherds sing,
With costly wagers for the victory,
Under Menalcas judge; while one doth bring
A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,
Praising it by the story, or the frame,
Or want of use, or skilful maker's name.

Another layeth a well-marked lamb,
Or spotted kid, or some more forward steere;
And from the paille doth praise their fertile
dam:

So do they strive in doubt, in hope, in feare,
Awaiting for their trusty umpire's doome,
Faulted as false by him that's overcome.

Whether so me list my lovely thought to sing;
Come dance, ye nimble Dryads, by my side;
Ye gentle wood-nymphs, come; and with you
bring [guide:
The willing fawns, that mought your musick
Come nymphs and fawns, that haunt those
shady groves,
While I report my fortunes or my loves.

Or whether list me sing so personate,
My striving selfe to conquer with my verse,
Speake, ye attentive swains that heard me late,
Needs me give grasse unto the conquerors.
At Colin's feet I throw my yielding reed;
But let the rest win homage by their deed.

But now (ye Muses) sith your sacred hefts
Profaned are by each presuming tongue,
In scornful rage I vow this silent rest,
That never field nor grove shall heare my song.
Only these refuse rhimes I here mis-spend,
To chide the world, that did my thoughts of-
fend.

SATIRE S.

BOOK I.

PROLOGUE.

*I first adventure, with fool-bardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.
Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent bolds, and Truth the line:
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite,
Hath made his pen an bired parasite,
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And prauk base men in proud superlatives.*

*Whence damned vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crown'd with virtue's meed, immortal name!
Infamy, dispossest of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue:
The world's eye-bleared with those shameless lies,
Mask'd in the shew of meal-mouth'd poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thanklesse task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask:
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise alect to thee:
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be.*

SATIRE I.

*NOR ladies wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight.
Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mighty Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,
To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace;
Nor can I bide to pen some hungry scene
For thick skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
Nor ever could my scornful Muse abide
With tragic shoes her ankles for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning taylor
To some great Patron, for my best awayle.
Such hunger starven trencher poetrie,
Or let it never live, or timely die:
Nor under every bank and every tree,
Speak rhymes unto my oaten ministrallie:
Nor carol out so pleasing lively laies,
As mought the Graces move my mirth to praise.
Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
I them † bequeath: whose statues wandring twine*

† E. of Surrey, Wyat, Sidney, Dyer, &c.

*Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around
Their living temples likewise laurel bound.
Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the mis-order'd world, and lawles times:
Nor need I crave the Muse's midwifery,
To bring to light so worthless poetry:
Or if we list, what baser Muse can bide,
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'er since the fame of their late † bridal day.
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.*

SATIRE II.

*WHILOM the sisters nine were vestal maides,
And held their temple in the secret shades
Of fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill,
Whose auncient fame the southern world did fill;
And in the stead of their eternal fame,
Was the cool stream that took his endless name,*

† See Spenser.

From out the fertile hoof of winged steed:
There did they sit and do their holy deed, [late
That pleas'd both heav'n and earth—till that of
Whom should I fault? or the most righteous fate,
Or heav'n, or men, or fiends, or ought beside,
That ever made that foul mischance betide?
Some of the sisters in securer shades
Defloured were—

And ever since, disdaining sacred shame,
Done ought that might their heav'nly stock defame.
Now is Parnassus turned to a stewes,
And on bay-stocks the wanton myrtle grewes;
Cythéron hill's become a brothrel bed,
And Pyrene sweet turn'd to a poison'd head
Of coal black puddle, whose infectious stain
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitful plain.

Their modest stole, to garish looser weed, [meed:
Deck'd with love favours, their late whoredoms
And where they wont sip of the simple flood,
Now tosse they bowls of Bacchus' boiling blood.
I marvell'd much, with doubtful jealousy,

Whence came such litters of new poetrie:

Methought I fear'd, lest the horse-hoofed well

His native banks did proudly overswell

In some late discontent, thence to ensue

Such wondrous rabblements of rhymsters new:

But since, I saw it painted on fame's wings,

The Muses to be woxen wantonings.

Each bulh, each bank, and each base apple squire

Can serve to fate their beastly lewd desire.

Ye bastard poets see your pedigree,

From common trulls and loathsome brothelry!

Macbeth:

Macbeth:

Macbeth:

Macbeth:

Macbeth:

Macbeth:

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SATIRE III.

WITH some pot fury, ravish'd from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ:
As frozen dunghills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapours seem'd all befor'n,
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams,
Exhale out filthy smoak and stinking steams.
So doth the base, and the fore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crown'd kings, that fortune hath low brought:
Or some upreared, high aspiring swaine,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine:
Then weeneth he his base drink drowned spright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven hight,
When he conceives upon his faigned stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thundring threats,
That his poor hearers hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide strained mouth,
He vaunts his voyce upon an hired stage,
With high set steps, and princely carriage;
Now souping in side robes of royalty,
That erst did skrub in lowly brokery,
There if he can with terms Italianate
Big sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders:

Then certes was the famous Corduban, ||
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shews of Fortune's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance apall
The dead struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place;
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile ruffetings
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty
kings.

A goodly grace to sober tragic muse,
When each base clown his clumsy fist doth bruise,
And shew his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resembled show.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellows ear.
Woe to the word whose margent in their scrole
Is noted with a black condemning coal.
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho:—bring the ivy boughs, and hands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lavish'd his late half-penny.
Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold.

SATIRE IV.

Too popular is tragic poesie,
Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth beside on rhymeless numbers tread,
Unbid iambics flow from careless head.
Some braver brain in high heroic rhymes
Compileth worm-eat stories of old times:
And he like some imperious Maronist,
Conjures the Muses that they him assist.
Then strives he to bombast his feeble lines
With far-fetch'd phrase;
And maketh up his hard betaken tale [vile,
With strange enchantments, fetch'd from darksome
Of some ¶ Melissa, that by magic doom
To Tuscans soil transporteth Merlin's tomb.
Painters and poets hold your auncient right:
Write what you will, and write not what you
might:
Their limits be their list, their reason will.
But if some painter in presuming skill,
Should paint the stars in centre of the earth,
Could ye forbear some smiles, and taunting mirth?
But let no rebel satyr dare traduce
Th' eternal legends of thy faerie muse,
Renowned Spencer: whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight.
Salust † of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
Yield up the lawrel garland ye have lost:
And let all others willow wear with me,
Or let their undeserving temples bared be.

|| Seneca, ¶ Arioste, † Dubattas,

*youth, poetaster, fine
windy words, much
silly, kind, — figure
with nothing.*

SATIRE V.

ANOTHER, whose more heavy hearted faint
Delights in nought but notes of rueful plaint,
Urgeth his melting muse with solemn tears
Rhyme of some dreary fates of luckless peers.
Then brings he up some branded whining ghost,
To tell how old misfortunes had him tofs'd.
Then must he ban the guiltless fates above,
Or fortune frail, or unrewarded love.
And when he hath parbrak'd his grieved mind,
He sends him down where erst he did him find,
Without one penny to pay Charon's hire,
That waiteth for the wand'ring ghosts retire.

SATIRE VI.

ANOTHER scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times:
Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with
chaunged feet
And headstrong dactyls making music meet.
The nimble dactyl striving to outgo,
The drawling spondees pacing it below.
The lingering spondees, labouring to delay,
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay,
Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,
Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
Can right areed how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets?
If Jove speak English in a thundring cloud,
Thwick thwack, and riss raff, roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate.

SATIRE VII.

GREAT is the folly of a feeble brain,
O'errul'd with love, and tyrannous disdain:
For love, however in the basest breast,
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best.
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry.
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.
The lovesick poet, whose importune prayer
Repulsed is with resolute despair,
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
With public complaints of his conceived flame.
Then pours he forth in patched sonnettings
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings:
As though the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,
When once he smiles, to laugh: and when he
sighs, to grieve.
Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die?
Careth the world how fair thy fair one be?
Fond wit-wal that wouldst load thy witless head
With timely horns, before thy bridal bed.
Then can he term his dirty ill-fac'd bride
Lady and queen, and virgin deify'd:
Be she all sooty black, or berry brown. [blown.
She's white as morrows milk, or flakes new
And though she be some dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he her resign some refuse room

Amidst the well known stars: or if not there,
Sure will he faint her in his Kalendere.

SATIRE VIII.

HENCE ye profane: mell not with holy things
That Sion's Muse from Palestina brings.
Parnassus is transform'd to Sion hill,
And iv'ry palms her steep ascents done fill.
Now good || Saint Peter weeps pure Helicon,
And both the Maries make a music moan:
Yea, and the prophet of the heav'nly lyre,
Great Solomon, sings in the English quire;
And is become a new found sonnetist,
Singing his love, the holy spouse of Christ:
Like as she were some light skirts of the rest,
In mightiest inkhornisms he can thither wrest.
Ye Sion Muses shall by my dear will,
For this your zeal and far admired skill,
Be straight transported from Jerusalem,
Unto the holy house of Bethlehem.

SATIRE IX.

ENVY ye Muses at your thriving mate,
Cupid hath crowned a new laureat:
I saw his statue gayly 'tir'd in green,
As if he had some second Phœbus been.
His statue trimm'd with the venerean tree,
And shrined fair within your sanctuary.
What, he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal,
The worn recital post of capitol,
Rhymed in rules of stewish ribaldry,
Teaching experimental bawdery!
Whiles th'itching vulgar tickled with the song,
Hanged on their unready poet's tongue.
Take this ye patient Muses; and foul shame
Shall wait upon your once profaned name.
Take this ye Muses, this so high despite,
And let all hateful luckless birds of night:
Let screeching owls nest in your razed roofs,
And let your floor with horned satyres hoofs
Be dinted, and defiled every morn:
And let your walls be an eternal scorn.
What if some Shoreditch fury should incite
Some lust-stung lecher: must he needs indite
The beastly rites of hired venery,
The whole world's universal bawd to be?
Did never yet no damned libertine,
Nor elder heathen, nor new ¶ Florentine,
Though they were famous for lewd liberty,
Venture upon so shameful villany;
Our epigrammatarians old and late,
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.
Chaste men, they did but glance at Lesbia's deed,
And handsomely leave off with cleanly speed.
But arts of whoring, stories of the stews,
Ye Muses will ye bear, and may refuse?
Nay let the Devil and Saint Valentine, X
Be gossips to those ribald rhymes of thine.

|| Robert Southwell's St. Peter's Complaint.
¶ Peter Arcetne.

X Must I write: — agt
Valentine wth Guy's
wth St. Valentine's day's letter

SATIRES.

BOOK II.

PROLOGUE.

*Or been the manes of that Cynic spright,
Cloath'd with some stubborn clay and led to light?
Or do the relic ashes of his grave
Revive and rise from their forsaken cave?
That so with gall-wet words and speeches rude
Controuls the manners of the multitude.*

*Envy belike incites his pining heart,
And bids it sate itself with others smart.
Nay, no despiight; but angry Nemesis,
Whose scourge doth follow all that done amiss;
That scourge I bear, albe in ruder fist,
And wound, and strike, and pardon whom she list.*

SATIRE I.

For shame! write better Labeo, or write none;
Or better write, or Labeo write alone:
Nay, call the Cynic but a wittie foole,
Thence to abjure his handsome drinking bowl;
Because the thirstie swaine with hollow hand,
Conveied the streame to weet his drie weasand.
*Write they that can, though they that cannot doe;
But who knowes that, but they that do not know.*
Lo! what it is that makes white rags so deare,
That men must give a teston for a queare.
Lo! what it is that makes goose wings so scant,
That the distressed sempster did them want:
So lavish ope-tyde causeth fasting lents,
And starveling famine comes of large expence.
Might not (so they were pleas'd that beene above)
Long paper abstinence our death remove?
Then manie a Loller'd would in forfaitment,
Beare paper faggots o'er the pavement.
But now men wager who shall blot the most,
And each man writes. *There's so much labour lost,
That's good, that's great: nay, much is seldom well,
Of what is bad, a little's a greate deale.
Better is more: but best is nought at all.
Lesse is the next, and lesser criminal.
Little and good, is greatest good save one,
Then Labeo, or write little, or write none.*
Tush, but small paines can be but little art,
Or lode full drie-fats fro the forren mart,

With folio volumes, two to an oxe hide,
Or else ye pamphleteer go stand aside;
Reade in each schoole, in everie margent quoted,
In everie catalogue for an authour noted.
There's happineffe well given and well got,
Lesse gifts, and lesser gaines, I weigh them not.
So may the giant roam and write on high,
Be he a dwarfe that writes not their as I.
But well fare Strabo, which as stories tell,
Contriv'd all Troy within one walnut shell.
His curious ghost now lately hither came;
Arriving neere the mouth of luckie Tame,
I saw a pismire struggling with the load,
Dragging all Troy home towards her abode.
Now dare we hither, if we durst appeare,
The subtil stithy man that liv'd while ere:
Such one was once, or once I was mistaught,
A smith at Vulcan's owne forge upbrought,
That made an iron chariot so light,
The coach horse was a flea in trappings dight.
The tamelesse steed could well his waggon wield,
Through downes and dales of the uneven field.
Strive they, laugh we: meanwhile the black storie
Passes new Strabo, and new Strabo's Troy.
Little for great; and great for good; all one:
For shame! or better write, or Labeo write none.
But who conjur'd this bawdie Poggie's ghost,
From out the stewes of his lewde homebred coast:
Or wicked Rablais' drunken revellings,
To grace the misrule of our tavernings?

Or who but bayes into blind Cupid's fist,
That he should crowne what laureats him list?
Whose words are those, to remedie the deed,
That cause men stop their noses when they read?
Both good things ill, and ill things well; all one?
For shame! write cleanly Labeo, or write none.

SATIRE II.

To what end did our lavish ancestours
Erect of old these stately piles of ours;
For thread-bare clerks; and for the ragged muse,
Whom better fit some cotes of sad secluse?
Blush niggard Ago, and be asham'd to see,
These monuments of wiser ancestrie.
And ye faire heapes the Muses sacred shrines,
(In spite of time and envious repines)
Stand still and flourish till the world's last day,
Upbraiding it with former love's decay.
Here may you Muses, our deare soveraignes,
Scorne each base lordling ever you disdaines;
And every peasant churle, whose smokie rooffe
Denied harbour for your deare behoofe.
Scorne ye the world before it do complaine,
And scorne the world that scorneth you againe.
And scorne contempt it selfe that doth incite
Each single sold 'squire to set you at so light.
What needes me care for anie bookish skill,
To blot white papers with my restless quill:
Or pore on painted leaves, or beat my braine
With far-fetch thought; or to consume in vaine
In latter even, or midst of winter nights,
Ill smelling oyles, or some still watching lights.
Let them that meane by bookish businesse
To earne their bread, or hopen to professe
Their hard got skill, let them alone for me,
Busie their braines with deeper brokerie.
Great gaines shall bide you sure, when ye have
 spent
A thousand lamps, and thousand reames have rent
Of needles papers; and a thousand nights
Have burned out with costly candle lights.
Ye palish ghosts of Athens, when at last
Your patriomonic spent in witlesse wast,
Your friends all wearie, and your spirits spent,
Ye may your fortunes seeke, and be forwent
Of your kind cousins, and your churlish fires,
Left there alone, midst the fast folding briers.
Have not I lands of faire inheritance,
Deriv'd by right of long continuance,
To first-borne males, so list the law to grace,
Nature's first fruits in an eternal race?
Let second brothers, and poore nestlings,
Whom more injurious nature later brings
Into the naked world; let them assaine
To get hard pennyworths with so bootlesse paine.
Tush! what care I to be Arcesilas,
Or some sad Solon, whose deed furrowed face,
And sullen head, and yellow clouded sight,
Still on the stedfast earth are musing pight;
Mutt'ring what censures their distracted minde,
Of brain-sick paradoxes deeply hath definde:

Or of Parmenides, or of darke Heradite,
Whether all be one, or ought be infinite?
Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought,
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.
Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store;
And he that cares for most shall find no more.
We scorne that wealth should be the final end,
Whereto the heavenly Muse her course doth bend;
And rather had be pale with learned cares,
Than paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.
Or doth thy glorie stand in outward glee?
A lave-ear'd asse with gold may trapped be.
Or if in pleasure? live we as we may,
Let swinish Grill delight in dunghill clay.

SATIRE III.

Who doubts? the laws fell down from heaven's
 height,
Like to some gliding starre in winters night?
Themis, the scribe of God, did long ago
Engrave them deepe in during marble stone,
And cast them downe on this unruly clay,
That men might know to rule and to obey.
But now their characters depraved bin,
By them that would make gain of others sin.
And now hath wrong so maistered the right,
That they live best that on wrongs offall light.
So loathly flye that lives on galled wound,
And scabby festers inwardly unsound,
Feeds fatter with that poys'nous carrion,
Than they that haunt the healthy limbs alone.
Wo to the weale where many lawyers be,
For there is sure much store of maladie.
'Twas truely said, and truely was foreseene
That fat kine are devoured of the leane.
Genus and Species long since barefoote went,
Upon their ten toes in wilde wandermment:
Whiles father Bartoll on his footcloth rode,
Upon high pavement gayly silver strow'd.
Each homebred science percheth in the chaire,
While sacred artes grovell on the groundfell bare.
Since pedling Barbarismes can be in request,
Nor classicke tongues, nor learning found no rest.
The crowching client, with low bended knee,
And manie worships, and faire flatterie,
Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,
But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist;
If that seem lined with a larger fee,
Doubt not the suite, the law is plaine for thee.
Though must he buy his vainer hope with price,
Disclout his crownes, and thanke him for advice.
So have I seene in a tempestuous stowre,
Some bryer bush shewing shelter from the shore
Unto the hopeful sheepe, that faine would hide
His fleecie coate from that same angry tide:
The ruthlesse breere, regardlesse of his plight,
Laies holde upon the fleece he should acquite,
And takes advantage of the carelesse prey,
That thought she in securer shelter lay.
The day is faire, the sheepe would far to feede,
The tyrant brier holdes fast his shelters need,

And claimes it for the fee of his defence :
So robs the sheepe, in favour's faire pretence.

SATIRE IV.

WORTHIE were Galen to be weighed in gold,
Whose help doth sweetest life and health uphold ;
Yet by saint Esculape he sollemne swore,
That for diseases they were never more,
Fees never lesse, never so little gaine,
Men give a groate, and aske the rest againe.
Groats-worth of health can anie leech allot ?
Yet should he have no more that gives a groate.
Should I on each sicke pillow leane my brest,
And grope the pulse of everie mangie wrest ;
And spie out marvels in each urinall ;
And rumble up the filths that from them fall ;
And give a dosse for everie disease,
In prescripts long and tedious recipes,
All for so leane reward of art and me ?
No horseleach but will looke for larger fee.
Meanwhile if chaunce some desp'rate patient die,
Com'n to the period of his destinie :
(As who can crosse the fatal resolution,
In the decreed day of dissolution :)
Whether ill tendment, or recurelesse paine,
Procure his death ; the neighbours all complaine,
Th' unskilful leech murdered his patient,
By poyson of some foule ingredient.
Hereon the vulgar may as soone be brought
To Socrates his poysoned hemlock drougt,
As to the wholsom julap, whose recat
Might his disease's lingring force defeat.
If nor a dramme of triacle soveraigne,
Or aqua vitæ, or sugar candian,
Nor kitchin cordials can it remedie,
Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.
Were I a leech, as who knows what may be,
The liberal man should live, and carle should die.
The sickly ladie, and the gowtie peere
Still would I haunt, that love their life so deare.
Where life is deare, who cares for coyned drosse ?
That spent is counted gaine, and spared, losse :
Or would conjure the chymick mercurie,
Rise from his horsedung bed, and upwards flie ;
And with glasse stills, and sticks of juniper,
Raife the black spright that burnes not with the
fire :
And bring quintessence of elixir pale,
Out of sublimed spirits minerall.
Each powdred graine ransometh captive kings,
Purchaseth reallmes, and life prolonged brings.

SATIRE V.

SAW'ST thou ever Siquis patch'd on Paul's church
To seeke some vacant vicarage before ? [doore
Who wants a churchman that can service say,
Read fast and faire his monthly homily ?
And wed and bury, and make christen-soules ?
Come to the left-side alley of Saint Poules ?

Thou servile foole, why could'st thou not repaire
To buy a benefice at steeple-faire !
There moughtest thou, for but a slender price,
Avowson thee with some fat benefice :
Or if thee list not waite for dead mens shoon,
Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's daies were
A thousand patrons thither ready bring, [done :
Their new-falne churches to the chaffering ;
Stake three yeares stipend : no man asketh more :
Go take possession of the church-porch doore,
And ring thy bells ; lucke stroken in thy fist :
The parsonage is thine, or ere thou wist.
Saint Fooles of Gotam mought thy parish be
For this thy base and servile symonie.

SATIRE VI.

A GENTLE squire would gladly entertaine
Into his house some trencher-chaplain :
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
Whiles his young maister lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twise.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies ;
Sit beare at meales, and one halfe rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young maister beat,
But he must ask his mother to define,
How many jerkes he would his breech should line.
All these observ'd, he could contented bee,
To give five markes and winter liverie.

SATIRE VII.

IN th' heaven's universal alphabet
All earthly thinges so surely are foreset,
That who can read those figures, may foresheew
Whatever thing shall afterwards ensue :
Faine would I know (might it our artist please)
Why can his tell-troth Ephemerides
Teach him the weather's state so long before,
And not foretell him, nor his fatall horne,
Nor his death's day, nor no such sad event ;
Which he mought wisely labour to prevent ?
Thou damned mock art, and thou brainsick tale
Of old astrologie : where didst thou vaile
Thy curfed head thus long, that so it mist
The black bronds of some sharper satyrift ?
Some doting gossip mongst the Chaldee wives,
Did to the credulous world thee first derive ;
And superstition nurs'd thee ever sence,
And publisht in profounder art's pretence :
That now, who pares his nailes, or libs his swine,
But he must first take counsel of the signe.
So that the vulgars count for faire or foule,
For living or for dead, for sick or whole.
His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,
Hangs all upon his new year's almanack.

If chance once in the spring his head should ake,
It was foretold : thus says mine almanack.
In th' heaven's high street are but dozen roomes,
In which dwells all the world, past and to come.
Twelve goodly innes they are, with twelve fayre
Ever well tended by our star-divines. [signes,

Everie man's head innes at the horned Ramme,
The whiles the necke the Black-bull's guest be-
came,

Th' arms, by good hap, meet at the wraffling twins,
Th' heart in the way at the Blue-lion innes.

The leggs their lodging in Aquarius got ;

That is the Bride-streete of the heaven I wot.

The feet took up the Fish with teeth of gold ;

But who with Scorpio lodg'd may not be told.

What office then doth the star-gazer beare ?

Or let him be the heaven's ostelere,

Or tapsters some, or some be chamberlaines,

To waite upon the guests they entertaine.

Hence can they reade, by virtue of their trade,

When any thing is mist, where it was laide.

Hence they divine, and hence they can devise,
If their aim faile, the stars to moralize,
Demon, my friend, once liver-sicke of love,
Thus learn'd I by thy signes his grieve remove :
In the blinde Archer first I saw the signe,
When thou receiv'dst that wilful wound of thine ;
And now in Virgo is that cruel mayde,
Which hath not yet with love thy love repaide.
But marke when once it comes to Gemini,
Straightway fish-whole shall thy sicke-liver be.
But now (as th' angrie heavens seeme to threat
Manie hard fortunes, and disasters great)
If chance it come to wanton Capricorne,
And so into the Ram's disgraceful horne,
Then learne thou of the ugly Scorpion,
To hate her for her fowle abusion :
Thy refuge then the balance of right,
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite :
So with the Crab, go back whence thou began,
From thy first match, and live a single man.

Vol. II.

3 A

SATIRE S.

BOOK III.

PROLOGUE.

*Some say my satyres over loosely flowe,
Nor bide their gall enough from open showe:
Not, riddle-like, obscuring their intent;
But, pack-staffe plaine, uttring what thing they
 ment;
Contrarie to the Roman ancients,
Whose words were short, and darksome was their
 sense.*

*Who reads one line of their barsh poesies,
Thrice must he take his winde, and breath him thrice:
My Muse would follow them that have foregone,
But cannot with an English pineon;
For looke how farre the ancient comedie
Past former satires in her libertie:
So farre must mine yield unto them of olde;
'Tis better be too bad, than be too bolde.*

SATIRE I.

TIME was, and that was term'd the time of
 gold,
When world and time were young, that now
 are old,
(When quiet Saturne sway'd the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.)
Time was, that whiles the autumnne fall did last,
Our hungrie fires gap'd for the falling mast
 of the Donian oakes.
Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be;
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,
They scal'd the stored crab with clasped knee,
'Till they had sated their delicious eye:
Or search'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or sourer floes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,
They lick'd oak-leaves besprint with hony fall.
As for the thrife three angled beech nut-shell,
Or chesnut's armed huske, and hide kernell,
No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the court, and for the king's owne board.
'Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone;
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.

Their only cellar was the neighbour brooke:
None did for better care, for better looke.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,
Nor greedie vintner mix'd the stained grape.
The king's pavilion was the grassy green,
Under safe shelter of the shadie treen.
Under each banke men layd their limbs along,
Not wishing anie ease, not fearing wrong:
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling any cold.
But when by Ceres huswifrie and paine,
Men learn'd to burie the reviving graine,
And father Janus taught the new-found vine,
Rise on the clme, with many a friendly twine:
And base desire bade men to delven low,
For needleffe mettals, then gan mischief grow.
Then farewell sayrest age, the world's best dayes,
Thriving in all as it in age decaies.
Then crept in pride, and peevish covetise,
And men grew greedy, discordous and nice.
Now man, that erst haile-fellow was with beast,
Woxe on to ween himself a god at least.
Nor aerie fowl can take so high a flight,
Though she her daring wings in clouds have
 dight;
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Though Thetis selfe should swear her safetie.

Nor fearfull beast can dig his cave so lowe,
As could he further than earth's center go;
As that the ayre, the earth, or ocean,
Should shield them from the gorge of greedie
man.

Hath utmost Inde ought better than his owne?
Then utmost Inde is neare, and rife to gone.
O nature! was the world ordain'd for nought
But fill man's maw, and feede man's idle thought?
'Thy grandfire's words favour'd of thriftie leekes,
Or manly garlike; but thy furnace reekes
Hot steams of wine; and can aloofe descrie
The drunken draughts of sweet autumnitie.
They naked went; or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-spun russet, void of forraine pride:
But thou canst maske in garish gauderie,
To suite a foole's far-fetch'd liverie.

A French head join'd to neck Italian:
'Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain:
An Englishman in none, a foole in all:
Many in one, and one in severall.

'Then men were men; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good Saturne selfe, that homely emperour,
In proudest pomp was not so clad of yore,
As is the under-groome of the ostlerie,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo! the long date of those expired dayes,
Which the inspired Merlin's word foresayes;
When dunghill peasants shall be dight as kings,
Then one confusion another brings:
'Then farewell fairest age, the world's best dayes,
Thriving in ill, as it in age decayes.

SATIRE II.

GREAT Osmond knowes not how he shall be
known [gone:

When once great Osmond shall be dead and
Unlesse he rear up some rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wife,
Rex Regum written in the pyramis.
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak,
That never felt none but the feller's stroke.
Small honour can be got with gaudy grave:
Nor it thy rotten name from death can save.
The fairer tombe, the fouler is thy name;
'The greater pompe procuring greater shame.
'Thy monument make thou thy living deeds;
Nor other tomb than that true virtue needs.
What! had he nought whereby he might be
knowne

But costly pilements of some curious stone?
The matter nature's, and the workman's frame;
His purse's cost: where then is Osmond's name?
Deserv'dst thou ill? well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditched in great secrecie;
Where as no passenger might curse thy dust,
Nor dogs sepulchrall fate their gnawing lust.
Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,
So long as on thy grave they ingraved be.

SATIRE III.

THE courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
With hollow words, and overly request:
"Come, will ye dine with me this holyday?"
I yielded, though he hop'd I would say nay:
For had I mayden'd it, as many use:
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse.
"Alacke sir, I were loath; another day,—
"I should but trouble you;—pardon me, if you
"may."

No pardon should I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, Darbishirian wife;
(That's one too manie) is a naughtie guise.
Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importune guest.
I went, then saw, and found the greate expence;
The fare and fashions of our citizens.
Oh, Cleoparical! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheere?
Beefe, that erst Hercules held for finest fare:
Porke for the fat Bæotian, or the hare
For Martial; fish for the Venetian;
Goose-liver for the likorous Romane,
Th' Athenian's goate; quail, Iolan's cheere;
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian decre;
Grapes for Arcefilas, figs for Plato's mouth,
And chesnuts faire for Amarillis' tooth.
Hadst thou such cheere? wert thou evere there
before?

Never.—I thought so: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for so meant all that cost:
Never hence take me for thy second host.
For whom he means to make an often guest,
One dish shall serve; and welcome make the rest.

SATIRE IV.

WERE yesterday Polemon's natals kept,
That so his threshold is all freshly steep
With new shed blood? Could he not sacrifice
Some sorry morkin that unbidden dies;
Or meager heifer, or some rotten ewe;
But he must needs his posts with blood embrew,
And on his way-doore fix the horned head,
With flowers and with ribbands garnished?
Now shall the passenger deeme the man devout,
What boots it be so, but the world must know't?
O the fond boasting of vain-glorious man!
Does he the best, that may the best be seene?
Who ever gives a pair of velvet shoes
To th' Holy Rod, or liberally allowes
But a new rope to ring the curfew bell,
But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
Or graven in the chancel window glasse,
Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasse?
For he that doth so few deserving deeds,
'Twere sure his best sue for such larger meeds,
Who would inglorious live, inglorious die,
And might eternize his name's memorie?

And he that cannot brag of greater store,
Must make his somewhat much, and little more.
Nor can good Myson weare on his left hand,
A signet ring of Bristol diamond,
But he must cut his glove to shew his pride,
'That his trim jewel might be better spy'd:
And that men mought some burgesse him repute,
With fatten sleeves hath grac'd his sacke-cloth suit.

SATIRE V.

FIE on all courtesie, and unruly windes,
Two onely foes that faire disguisement findes.
Strange curse! but fit for such a fickle age,
When scalpes are subject to such vassalage.
Late travelling along in London way,
Mee met, as seem'd by his disguis'd array,
A lusty courtier, whose curled head
With abron locks was fairely furnished.
I him saluted in our lavish wife:
He answers my untimely courtesies.
His bonnet vail'd, ere ever I could thinke,
Th' unruly winde blows off his periwinke.
He lights and runs, and quickly hath him sped,
To overtake his over-running head.
The sportfull winde, to mock the headlesse man,
Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian,
And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne:
+ There must my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.
I lookt, and laught, whiles in his raging minde,
He curst all courtesie, and unruly winde.
I lookt and laught, and much I marvailed,
To see so large a cauf-way in his head,
And me bethought, that when it first begon,
'Twas some shroad autumnne that so bar'd the bone.
Is't not sweet pride when, when the crownes
must shade,
With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
Or floor-strow'd locks from off the barber's sheares?
But waxen crownes well gree with borrow'd
haire.

SATIRE VI.

WHEN Gullion dy'd (who knows not Gullion?)
And his drie soule arriv'd at Acheron,
He faire besought the feryman of hell,
That he might drinke to dead Pantagruel.
Charon was afraid lest thirstie Gullion,
Would have drunke dry the river Acheron.
Yet last consented for a little hyre,
And down he dips his chops deep in the myre,
And drinks, and drinks, and swallows in the
streeme,
Untill the shallow shores all naked seeme.
Yet still he drinks, nor can the boatman's cries,
Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers make him rise.
So long he drinks, till the blacke caravell,
Stands still fast gravell'd on the mud of hell.
There stand they still, nor can go, nor retyre,
Though greedie ghosts quicke passage did require.

+ mit Wange bylycht. J.
Henn. J. Wapen gesayst.

Yet stand they still, as though they lay at rode,
Till Gullion his bladder would unlode.
They stand, and waite, and pray for that good
houre;

Which, when it came, they failed to the shore,
But never since dareth the ferryman,
Once entertaine the ghost of Gullian.
Drinke on dry soule, and pledge fir Gullion:
Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine
owne.

Defunct nonnulla.

SATIRE VII.

SEEST thou how gayly my young master goes,
Vaunting himselfe upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutton teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he din'd to-
day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray. 21
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheere,
Keepes he for everie straggling cavaliere.
And open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixt with muscull disport.
Many faire yonker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his tweldepence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touch'd no meat of all this live-long day.
For sure methought, yet that was but a guesse,
His eyes seem'd sunk for verie hollownesse,
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his backe?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found braverie.
The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spaine,
His grandame could have lent with lesser paine?
Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,
Yet fain would counted be a conquerour.
His haire, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock amazon-like disheveled,
As if he meant to weare a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;
His linnen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow pineonings,
As if he meant to flie with linnen wings.
But when I looke, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human shew?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loyne,
Did never sober nature sure conjoyne.
Lik'st a strawne scar-crow in the new-sowne field,
Rear'd on some slicke, the tender corn to shield.

Or if that semblance suit not everie deale,
Like a broad shak-fork with a slender steel.
Despised nature suit them once aright,
Their bodie to their coate, both now mis-dight.
Their bodie to their clothes might shapen be,
That nill their clothes shape to their bodie.
Mean while I wonder at so proud a backe,
Whiles th' empty guts loud rumblen for long
lacke :

The belly envieth the back's bright glee,
And murmurs at such inequality.
The backe appears unto the partial eyne,
The plaintive belly pleads they bribed been :
And he, for want of better advocate,
Doth to the ear his injury relate.
The back, insulting o'er the belly's need,
Says, thou thyself, I others eyes must feed.

I

The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine
The back's great pride, and their own secret paine.
Ye witleffe gallants, I bestrew your hearts,
That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts,
Which never can be set at onement more,
Until the maw's wide mouth be stopt with store.

THE CONCLUSION.

THUS have I writ, in smooother cedar tree,
So gentle Satires, penn'd so easily.
Henceforth I write in crabbed oak tree rynde,
Search they that mean the secret meaning ind. ||
Hold out ye guilty and ye galled hides,
And meet my far-fetch'd stripes with waiting
sides.

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SATIRE S.

BOOK IV.

The Author's Charge to his second Collection of Satires, call'd Biting Satires.

*Ye lucklesse rhymes, whom not unkindly spight
Begot long since of truth and holy rage,
Lye here in wombe of silence and still night,
Until the broils of next unquiet age:
That which is others grave shall be your wombe,
And that which bears you, your eternal tombe.*

*Cease ere you gin, and ere ye live be dead;
And dye and live ere ever ye be borne;
And be not bore ere ye be buried;
Then after live, sith you have dy'd before.
When I am dead, and rotten in the dust,
Then gin to live, and leave when others lust.*

*For when I die, shall envy dye with me,
And lie deep smother'd with my marble stones;
Which while I live cannot be done to dye,
Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,*

*Will hardly yield t'await my mourning bearse
But for my dead corps change my living verse.*

*What shall the ashes of my senselesse urne
Need to regard the raving world above?
Sith afterwards I never can returne,
To feel the force of hatred or of love.
Oh! if my soul could see their posthume spight,
Should it not joy and triumph in the sight?*

*Whatever eye shall find this hateful scrole
After the date of my deare exequies,
Ah pity thou my plaining orphan's dole,
That faine would see the sunne before it dies.
It dy'd before; now let it live againe;
Then let it dye, and bide some famous bane.*

Satis est potuisse videri.

SATIRE I.

Che baiar wuel, bai.

*Who dares upbraid these open rhymes of mine
With blindfold Aquines, or dark Venusine? [vain
Or rough-hewn Teretismes, writ in th' antique
Like an old satire, and new Flaccian? [brow,
Which who reads thrice, and rubs his rugged
And deep intendeth every doubtful row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing stars,
And hundreth crooked interlinears,*

*(Like to a merchant's debt-roll new defac'd,
When some crack'd manour cross'd his book at last)
Should all in rage the curse-beat page out rive,
And in each dust heap bury me alive,
Stamping like Pucephall, whose slacken'd raines
And bloody fetlocks fry with seven mens braines,
More cruel than the cravon satire's ghost,
That bound dead bones unto a burning post;
Or some more strait-lac'd juror of the rest,
Impannel'd of an Holyfax inquest:
Yet well bethought, stoops down and reads anew;
The best lies low, and loathes the shallow view,*

Quoth old Eudemon, when his gout-swolne fist
 Gropes for his double ducates in his chist :
 Then buckle close his carelesse lids once more,
 To pose the pore-blind snake of Epidaore.
 That Lycius may be match'd with Gaulard's fight,
 That sees not Paris for the houses height ;
 Or Wily Cyppus, that can winke and snort
 While his wife dallies on Mæcenus' skort :
 Yet when he had my crabbled pamphlet read
 As oftentimes as Philip hath been dead,
 Bids all the furies haunt each peevish line
 That thus have rack'd their friendly reader's eyne ;
 Worse than the Logogryphes of later times,
 Or hundreth riddles shak'd to sleevelesse rhymes.
 Should I endure these curses and despight
 While no man's eare should glow at what I write ?
 Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face :
 Why ? for I smite and hide the galled place.
 Gird but the cynick's helmet on his head,
 Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of lead ?
 Long as the crafty cuttle lieth sure
 In the blacke cloud of his thicke vomiture,
 Who list complaine of wronged faith or fame,
 When he may shift it to another's name ?
 Calvus can scratch his elbow and can smile,
 That thriftlesse Pontice bites his lips the while.
 Yet I intended in that selfe device
 To checke the churle for his knowne covetise.
 Each points his straight forefinger to his friend,
 Like the blind dial on the belfry end.
 Who turns it homeward, to say this is I,
 As bolder Socrates in the comedy ?
 But single out, and say once plat and plaine
 That coy Matrona is a courtezan ;
 Or thou false Cryspus choak'dst thy wealthy guest
 Whiles he lay snoring at his midnight rest,
 And in thy dung-cart didst the carkasse shrine
 And deepe intombe it in Port-esquiline,
 Proud Trebius lives, for all his princely gait,
 On third-hand suits, and scrapings of the plate.
 Titius knew not where to shroude his head
 Until he did a dying widow wed,
 Whiles she lay doating on her death's bed.
 And now hath purchas'd lands with one night's
 paine,
 And on the morrow woos and weds againe.
 Now see I fire flakes sparkle from his eyes,
 Like a comet's tail in th' angry skies ;
 His pouting cheeks puff up above his brow,
 Like a swolne toad touch'd with the spider's
 blow ;
 His mouth shrinks sideward like a scornful playse,
 To take his tired ear's ingrateful place.
 His ears hang living like a new lugg'd swine,
 To take some counsell of his griev'd eyne.
 Now laugh I loud, and breake by splene to see
 This pleasing pastime of my poesie ;
 Much better than a Paris-garden beare,
 Or prating puppet on a theatre ?
 Or Mimoe's whistling to his tabouret,
 Selling a laughter for a cold meal's meat.
 Go to then, ye my sacred Semonees,
 And please me more, the more you do displease.
 Care we for all those bugs of idle feare ?
 For Tigels grinning on the theatre ?

Or scar-babe threatenings of the rascal crew ;
 Or wind-spent verdicts of each ale-knight's view ?
 Whatever breast doth freeze for such false dread,
 Beshrew his base white liver for his meed.
 Fond were that pity, and that feare were sin,
 To spare waste leaves that so deserved bin.
 Those toothlesse toys that dropt out by mishap,
 Be but as lightning to a thunder-clap.
 Shall then that foul infamous Cyned's hide
 Laugh at the purple wales of other's side ?
 Not if he were as near as, by report,
 The stews had wont to be th' tennies court :
 He that, while thousands envy at his bed,
 Neighs after bridals, and fresh maidenhead ;
 While slavish Juno dares not to look awry,
 To frowne at such imperious rivalry ;
 Not though she sees her wedding jewels drest
 To make new bracelets for a strumpet's wrest ;
 Or like some strange disguised Messaline,
 Hires a night's lodging of his concubine ;
 Whether his twilight torch of love do call
 To revels of uncleanly musically,
 Or midnight plays, or taverns of new wine,
 Hye ye white aprons to your landlord's signe ;
 When all, save toothlesse age, or infancy,
 Are summon'd to the court of venery.
 Who list excuse ? when chaster dames can hire
 Some snout fair stripling to their apple squire,
 Whom staked up like to some stallion steed,
 They keep with eggs and oysters for the breed,
 O Lucine ! barren Caia hath an heir,
 After her husband's dozen years despair.
 And now the bribed midwife swears apace,
 The bastard babe doth bear his father's face.
 But hath not Lelia pass'd her virgin years ?
 For modest shame (God wot !) or penal feares ?
 He tells a merchant tidings of a prize,
 That tells Cynedo of such novelties,
 Worth little less than landing of a whale,
 Or Godes' spoils, or a churl's funerals.
 Go bid the banes and point the bridal day,
 His broking bawd hath got a noble prey ;
 A vacant tenement, an honest dowre
 Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
 That he, base wretch, may clog his wit-old head,
 And give him hanfel of his Hymen-bed.
 Ho ! all ye females that would live unsilent,
 Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment.
 If Trent be drawn to dregs and Low refuse,
 Hence, ye hot lecher, to the steaming stews.
 Tyber, the famous sink of Christendome,
 Turn thou to Thames, and Thames run towards
 Rome.

Whatever damned streame but thine were meet
 To quench his lusty liver's boiling heat ?
 Thy double draught may quench his dog-days rage
 With some stale Bacchis, or obsequious page,
 When wirthen Lena makes her sale-set shews
 Of wooden Venus with fair limned brows ;
 Or like him more some veiled matron's face,
 Or trained prentice trading in the place.
 The close adultresse, where her name is red, [bed,
 Comes crawling from her husband's luke-warm
 Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours sweet,
 Groping the postern with his bared feet.

Now play the satire whoſo liſt for me,
 Valentine ſelf, or ſome as chaſte as he.
 In vaine ſhe wiſheth long Alkmaena's night,
 Curſing the haſty dawning of the light;
 And with her cruel lady-ſtar uproſe
 She ſeeks her third rouſt on her ſilent toes,
 Beſmeared all with loathſome ſmoake of luſt,
 Like Acheron's ſteams, or ſmoldring ſulphur duſt.
 Yet all day ſits ſhe ſimpering in her mew,
 Like ſome chaſte dame, or ſhrined ſaint in ſhew;
 Whiles he lies wallowing with a weſty-head
 And palish carcaſſe, on his brothel-bed,
 Till his ſalt bowels boil with poiſonous fire;
 Right Hercules with his ſecond Deianire.
 O Eſculape! how riſe is phyſick made,
 When each braſſe baſon can profeſſe the trade
 Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,
 And do the beaſtly cure for ten groats gaine?
 All theſe and more deſerve ſome blood-drawn
 lines,
 But my fix cords beene of too looſe a twine:
 Stay till my beard ſhall ſweep mine aged breaſt,
 Then ſhall I ſeem an awful ſatiriſt:
 While now my rhymes reliſh of the ſerule ſtill,
 Some noſe-wiſe pedant ſaith; whoſe deep-ſeen ſkill
 Hath three times conſtrued either Flaccus o'er,
 And thrice rehears'd them in his trivial floore.
 So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,
 Rather than ſay I doated in my age.

SATIRE II.

Arcades ambo.

OLD driveling Lolio drudges all he can
 To make his eldeſt ſonne a gentleman.
 Who can deſpaire to ſee another thrive,
 By loan of twelvpence to an oyster-wive?
 When a craz'd ſcaffold, and a rotten ſtage,
 Was all rich Nænius his heritage.
 Nought ſpendeth he for ſeare, nor ſpares for coſt
 And all he ſpends and ſpares beſides is loſt.
 Himſelfe goes patched like ſome bare cottyer,
 Left he might ought the future ſtocke appeyre.
 Let giddy Coſminus change his choice array,
 Like as the Turk his tents, thrice in a day,
 And all to ſun and air his ſuits untold
 From ſpiteful moths, and frets, and hoary mold,
 Bearing his pawn-laid lands upon his backe
 As ſnailes their ſhells, or pedlers do their packe.
 Who cannot ſhine in tiſſues and pure gold
 That hath his lands and patrimony ſold?
 Lolio's ſide coat is rough pampilian
 Gilded with drops that downe the boſome ran,
 White carſey hoſe patched on either knee,
 The very embleme of good huſbandry,
 And a knit night-cap made of coarſeſt twine,
 With two long labels button'd to his chin;
 So rides he mounted on the market-day,
 Upon a ſtraw-ſtufft pannel all the way,
 With a maund charg'd with houſhold merchandize,
 With eggs, or white-meate, from both dayries;
 And with that buys he roaſt for Sunday noone,
 Proud how he made that week's proviſion.

Elſe is he ſtall-fed on the worky day,
 With browne-bread cruſts ſofter'd in ſodden whey,
 Or water-gruel, or thoſe paups of meale
 That Maro makes his ſimule, and cybeale:
 Or once a weeke, perhaps for novelty,
 Reez'd bacon ſoordſ ſhall feaſt his family;
 And weens this more than one egg cleſt in twaine
 To feaſt ſome patrone and his chappellaine:
 Or more than is ſome hungry gallant's dole,
 That in a dearth runs ſneaking to an hole,
 And leaves his man and dog to keepe his hall
 Left the wild room ſhould run ſorth of the wall.
 Good man! him liſt not ſpend his idle meales
 In quinfing plovers, or in wining quailes;
 Nor toot in cheap-ſide baſkets earn and late
 To ſet the firſt tooth in ſome novell cate.
 Let ſweet-mouth'd Mercia bid what crowns ſhe
 pleaſe

For half-red cherries, or greene garden peaſe,
 Or the firſt artichoaks of all the yeare,
 To make ſo laſiſh coſt for little cheare:
 When Lolio feaſteth in his revelling fit,
 Some ſtarved pullen ſcours the ruſted ſpit.
 For elſe how ſhould his ſonne maintained be
 At inns of court or of the chancery:
 There to learn law, and courtly carriage,
 To make amends for his mean parentage;
 Where he unknowne and ruſſing as he can,
 Goes currant each where for a gentleman?
 While yet he rouſteth at ſome uncouth ſigne,
 Nor ever red his tenures ſecond line.
 What broker's louſy wardrobe cannot reach
 With tiſſued pains to pranck each peaſant's breech?
 Couldſt thou but give the wall, the cap, the knee,
 To proud Sartorio that goes ſtraddling by.
 Wert not the needle pricked on his ſleeve,
 Doth by good hap the ſecret watch-word give?
 But hear'ſt thou Lolio's ſonne? gin not thy gait
 Until the evening owl or bloody bat:
 Never until the lamps of Paul's been light,
 And niggard lanterns ſhade the moon-ſhine night;
 Then when the guilty bankrupt, in bold dreade,
 From his cloſe cabbin thruſts his ſhrinking heade,
 That hath been long in ſhady ſhelter pent
 Imprisoned for ſeare of priſonment.
 May be ſome ruſſet-coat parochian
 Shall call thee couſin, friend, or countryman,
 And for thy hoped fiſt croſſing the ſtreete
 Shall in his father's name his god-ſon greeſe.
 Could never man work thee a worſer ſhame
 Than once to minge thy father's odious name?
 Whoſe mention were alike to thee as lieve
 As a catch-poll's fiſt unto a bankrupt's ſleeve;
 Or an *hos ego* from old Petrarch's ſpright
 Unto a plagiary ſonnet-wright.
 There, ſoon as he can kiſs his hand in gree,
 And with good grace bow it below the knee,
 Or make a Spaniſh face with ſawning cheere,
 With th' iſland conge like a cavalier,
 And ſhake his head, and cringe his neck and ſide,
 Home hies he in his father's farm to bide.
 The tenants wonder at their landlord's ſonne,
 And bleſſe them at ſo ſudden coming on,
 More than who vies his pence to view ſome trick
 Of ſtranges Moroco's dumb arithmeticke,

Or the young elephant, or two-tayl'd steere,
 Or the rigg'd camell, or the fiddling frere.
 Nay then his Hodge shall leave the plough and
 waine,
 And buy a booke, and go to schoole againe.
 Why mought not he as well as others done,
 Rise from his fescue to his Littleton?
 Fools they may feed with words and live by ayre,
 That climb to honour by the pulpit's stayre:
 Sit seven years pining in an anchore's cheyre,
 To win some patched shreds of Minivere;
 And seven more plod at a patron's tayle
 To get a gilded chapel's cheaper sayle.
 Old Lolio sees, and laugheth in his sleeve
 At the great hope they and his state do give. [all,
 But that which glads and makes him proud't of
 Is when the brabbling neighbours on him call
 For counsel in some crabbed case of law,
 Or some indentments, or some bond to draw:
 His neighbour's goose hath grazed on his lea,
 What action mought be enter'd in the plea?
 So new-fall'n lands have made him in request,
 That now he looks as lofty as the best.
 And well done Lolio, like a thrifty fire,
 'Twere pity but thy sonne should prove a squire.
 How I foresee in many ages past,
 When Lolio's caytive name is quite defac'd,
 Thine heir, thine heir's heir, and his heir again
 From out the loynes of careful Lolian,
 Shall climb up to the chancell pewes on high,
 And rule and raigne in their rich tenancy;
 When perch'd aloft to perfect their estate
 They rack their rents unto a treble rate;
 And hedge in all the neighbour common lands,
 And clodge their slavish tenants with commands;
 Whiles they, poor souls, with feeling sigh com-
 plaine,
 And wish old Lolio were alive againe,
 And praise his gentle soule and wish it well,
 And of his friendly facts full often tell.
 His father dead! tush, no it was not he,
 He finds records of his great pedigree,
 And tells how first his famous ancestour
 Did come in long since with the conquerour.
 Nor hath some bribed herald first assign'd
 His quartered arms and crest of gentle kind;
 The Scottish barnacle, if I might choose,
 That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose;
 Nathlesse some hungry squire for hope of good
 Matches the churl's sonne into gentle blood,
 Whose sonne more justly of his gentry boasts
 Than who were borne at two py'd painted posts,
 And had some traunting merchant to his fire,
 That traffick'd both by water and by fire.
 O times! since ever Rome did kings create,
 Brasse gentlemen, and Cæsars laureate.

SATIRE III.

Fuimus troes. Vel vix ea nostra.

WHAT boots it Pontice, though thou could'st dis-
 course
 Of a long golden line of ancestours?

Or shew their painted faces gayly drest,
 From ever since before the last conquest?
 Or tedious bead-rolls of descended blood,
 From father Japhet since Ducalion's flood?
 Or call some old church-windows to record
 The age of thy fair armes; —
 Or find some figures halfe obliterate
 In rain-beat marble near to the church-gate
 Upon a crosse-legg'd tombe: what boots it thee
 To shew the rusted buckle that did tie
 The garter of thy greatest grandsires knee?
 What to reserve their relicks many yeares,
 Their silver spurs, or spils of broken speares?
 Or cite old Ocland's verse, how they did weild
 The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field?
 And if thou canst in picking strawes engage
 In one half day thy father's heritage;
 Or hide whatever treasures he thee got,
 In some deep cock-pit, or in desp'rate lot
 Upon a six square piece of ivory,
 Throw both thyself and thy posterity?
 Or if (O shame!) in hired harlot's bed
 Thy wealthy heirdome thou have buried:
 Then Pontice little boots thee to discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestours.
 Ventrours Fortunio his farm hath sold,
 And gads to Guiane land to fish for gold,
 Meeting perhaps, if Orenoque deny,
 Some straggling pinnace of Polonian rye:
 Then comes home floating with a silken sail,
 That Severne shaketh with his cannon-peal;
 Wiser Raymundus, in his closet pent,
 Laughs at such danger and adventurement,
 When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
 And now his second hopeful glasse is broke.
 But yet if hap'ly his third fornace hold,
 Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold:
 So spend thou Pontice, if thou canst not spare,
 Like some stout seaman, or philosopher.
 And where thy fathers gentle? that's their praise;
 No thank to thee by whom their name decays;
 By virtue got they it, and valourous deed;
 Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.
 But else, look how their virtue was their owne,
 Not capable of propagation.
 Right so their titles beene, nor can be thine,
 Whose ill deserts might blanke their golden line.
 Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize
 Thy brute beasts worth by their dams qualities?
 Say'st thou this colt shall prove a swift-pac'd steed
 Only because a Jennet did him breed?
 Or say'st thou this same horse shall win the prize,
 Because his dam was swiftest Trunchevice,
 Or Runcevall his sire? himself a Gallaway?
 Whiles like a tireling jade he lags half-way.
 Or whiles thou see'st some of thy stallion race,
 Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,
 Like to a Scythian slave sworne to the payle,
 Or dragging frothy barrels at his tayle?
 Albe wise nature in her providence,
 Wont in the want of reason and of sense,
 Traduce the native virtue with the kind,
 Making all brute and senselesse things inclin'd
 Unto their cause, or place where they were sowne;
 That one is like to all, and all like one.

Was never fox but wily cubs begets;
 The bear his fierceness to his brood begets;
 Nor fearful hare falls out of lyon's seed,
 Nor eagle wont the tender dove to breed:
 Creet ever wont the cypress sad to bear,
 Acheron banks the palish popelar:
 The palm doth rifely rise in Jury field,
 And Alpheus waters nought but olives wild.
 Asopus breeds big bullrushes alone,
 Meander, heath; peaches by Nilus growne.
 An English wolfe, an Irish toad to see,
 Were as a chaste man-nurs'd in Italy.
 And now when nature gives another guide
 To human kind, that in his bosome bides,
 Above instinct, his reason and discourse,
 His being better, is his life the worse?
 Ah me! how seldome see we sonnes succeed
 Their father's praise, in prowess and great deed?
 Yet certes if the fire be ill inclin'd,
 His faults befall his sonnes by course of kind.
 Scaurus was covetous, his sonne not so;
 But not his pared nayle will he forego.
 Florian the fire did women love alive,
 And so his son doth too, all but his wife.
 Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own;
 Brag of his lands, if they are not forgone;
 Brag of thine own good deeds, for they are thine
 More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

SATIRE IV.

Plus beaque fort.

CAN I not touch some upstart ret-shield
 Of Lolio's sonne, that never saw the field,
 Or taxe wild Pontice for his luxuries,
 But straight they tell me of Tiresias eyes?
 Or lucklesse Collingborn's feeding of the crows,
 Or hundreth scalps which Thames still over-
 flows,
 But straight Sigalion nods and knits his browes,
 And winks and waxes his warning hand for feare,
 And lisps some silent letters in my eare?
 Have I not vow'd for shunning such debate?
 Pardon ye satires, to degenerate!
 And wading low in the plebeian lake,
 That no salt wave shall froth upon my backe.
 Let Labco, or who else list for me,
 Go loose his ears, and fall to alchimy:
 Only let Gallio give me leave a while
 To schoole him once or ere I change my stile.
 O lawlesse paunch! the cause of much despight,
 Through raunging of a currish appetite,
 When spleenish morsels cram the gaping maw,
 Withouten diet's care or trencher-law;
 Though never have I Salerne rhymes profess,
 To be some lady's trencher-critick guest;
 Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,
 Whose sentence charms it with a rhyming spell.
 Touch not this coler, that melancholy,
 This bit were dry and hot, that cold and dry.
 Yet can I set my Gallio's dieting,
 A pestle of a lark, or plover's wing;

And warn him not to cast his wanton cyne
 On grosser bacon, or salt haberdine,
 Or dried flitches of some smoked beeve,
 Hang'd on a writhen wythe since Martin's eve,
 Or burnt larke's heeles, or rashers raw and greene,
 Or melancholick liver of an hen,
 Which stout Vorano brags to make his feast,
 And claps his hand on his brave ostridge breast;
 Then falls to praise the hardy Janizar,
 That sucks his horse side, thirsting in the war;
 Lastly, to seal up all that he hath spoke,
 Quaffes a whole tunnell of tobacco smoke.
 If Martius in boist'rous buff's be dress'd,
 Branded with iron plates upon the breast,
 And pointed on the shoulders for the nonce,
 As new come from the Belgian garrisons,
 What should thou need to envy ought at that,
 Whenas thou smell'st like a civet cat?
 Whenas thine oyled locks smooth platted fall,
 Shining like varnish'd pictures on a wall.
 When a plum'd fanne may shade thy chalked
 face,
 And lawny strips thy naked bosom grace.
 If brabbling Make-fray, at each fair and fize,
 Picks quarrels for to shew his valiantize,
 Straight pressed for an hungry Swizzer's pay,
 To thrust his fist to each part of the fray;
 And piping hot puffs toward the pointed plaine
 With a broad Scot, or proking spit of Spaine;
 Or hoyfeth sayle up to a forraine shore,
 That he may live a lawlesse conquerour.
 If some such desp'rate hackster shall devise
 To rouze thine hare's-heart from her cowardice,
 As idle children striving to excell
 In blowing bubbles from an empty shell;
 Oh Hercules! how like to prove a man,
 That all so rath thy warlike life began?
 Thy mother could thee for thy cradle set
 Her husband's rusty iron corselet,
 Whose jargling sound might rock her babe to rest,
 That never plain'd of his uneasy nest:
 There did he dreame of dreary wars at hand,
 And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could
 stand.
 But who hath seene the lambs of Tarentine,
 May guesse what Gallio his manners beene;
 All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,
 Soft as the sumy ball, or Morrian's crowne.
 Now Gallio, gins thy youthly heat to raigne
 In every vigorous limb and swelling vaine;
 Time bids thee raise thine headstrong thoughts on
 high,
 To valour and advent'rous chivalry:
 Pawne thou no glove for challenge of the deed,
 Nor make thy Quintaine others armed head
 T' enrich the waiting herald with thy shame,
 And make thy losse the scornful scaffold's game.
 Wars, God forefend! nay God defend from war;
 Soone are sonnes spent, that not soon reared are.
 Gallio may pull me'roses ere they fall,
 Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball,
 Or tend his spar-hawke mantling in her mew,
 Or yelping beagles busy heeles pursue,
 Or watch a sinking corke upon the shore,
 Or halter finches through a privy doore,

Or list he spend the time in sportful game,
In daily courting of his lovely dame,
Hang on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
Dance in her hand, joy in her jollity;
Here's little perill, and much lesser paine,
So timely Hymen do the rest restraine.
Hye, wanton Gallio, and wed betime,
Why should'st thou leese the pleasures of thy
prime?

Seest thou the rose-leaves fall ungathered?
Then hye thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.
Let ring and serule meet upon thine hand,
And Lucine's girdle with her swathing band.
Hye thee, and give the world yet one dwarfe
more,

Such as it got when thou thy selfe wast bore:
Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
Can ever happinesse too soone begin?
Virginus vow'd to keep his maidenhead,
And eats chaste lettrice, and drinks poppy-feed,
And smells on camphire fasting; and that done,
Long hath he liv'd, chaste as a veiled nunne;
Free as a new-absolved damofell,
That frier Cornelius thrived in his cell,
Till now he wax'd a toothlesse bachelour,
He thaws like Chaucer's frosty Januere,
And sets a month's mind upon smiling May,
And dyes his beard that did his age bewray;
Biting on annys-seede and rosemarine,
Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine:
Now he in Charon's barge a bride doth seeke,
The maidens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

SATIRE V.

Stupet albius are.

Would now that Matho were the satyrift,
That some fat bribe might grease him in the fist,
For which he need not brawl at any bar,
Nor kisse the book to be a perjurer;
Who else would scorne his silence to have sold,
And have his tongue tyed with strings of gold?
Curius is dead, and buried long since,
And all that loved golden abstinence.
Might he not well repine at his old fee,
Would he but spare to speake of usury?
Hirelings enow beside can be so base,
Though we should scorne each bribing varlet's
brasse:

Yet he and I could shun each jealous head,
Sticking our thumbs close to our girdle-stead.
Though were they manied behind our backe,
Another's fist can serve our fees to take.
Yet purfy Euclio cheerly smiling pray'd
That my sharp words might curtail their side
trade:

For thousands beene in every governall
That live by losse, and rise by others fall.
Whatever sickly sheepe so secret dies,
But some foule raven hath bespoken his eyes?

What else makes N——, when his lands are
spent,
Go shaking like a threadbare malecontent,
Whose handlesse bonnet vailes his o'ergrown chin,
And fullen rags bewray his morphew'd skin:
So ships he to the wolfish western isle,
Among the savage kernes in sad exile;
Or in the Turkish wars at Caesar's pay
To rub his life out till the latest day.
Another shifting gallant to forecast
To gull his hostess for a month's repast,
With some gall'd trunk, ballast with straw and
stone,

Left for the pawn of his provision.
Had F——'s shop layn fallow but from hence,
His doores close seal'd, as in some pestilence,
Whiles his light heeles their fearful flight can take,
To get some badgelesse blue upon his back.
Tocullio was a wealthy usurer,
Such store of incomes had he every year,
By bushels was he wont to mete his coine,
As did the old wife of Trimalcion.
Could he do more that finds an idle roome
For many hundreth thousands on a toombe?
Or who rears up four free-schooles in his age
Of his old pillage, and damn'd surplusage?
Yet now he swore by that sweete crosse he kiss'd
(That silver crosse, where he had sacrific'd
His coveting soule, by his desire's own doome,
Daily to die the devil's martyrdome)
His angels were all flowne up to their sky,
And had forsooke his naked treasury.
Farewell, Astrea, and her weights of gold,
Untill his lingring calends once be told;
Nought left behind but wax and parchment
seroles,

Like Lucian's dreame, that silver turn'd to coals.
Should'st thou him credit that could credit thee?
Yes, and may'st sweare he swore the verity.
The ding-thrift heir, his shift-got summe mispent,
Comes drooping like a penlesse penitent,
And beats his faint fist on Tocullio's doore;
It lost the last, and now must call for more.
Now hath the spider caught a wand'ring fly,
And draws her captive at her cruel thigh:
Soon is his errand read in his pale face,
Which bears dumb characters of every case.
So Cyned's dusky cheek and fiery eye,
And hairlesse brow, tells where he last did lye.
So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought,
While his pale face doth say his cause is nought.
Seest thou the wary angler trayle along
His feeble line, soone as some pike too strong
Hath swallowed the baite that scornes the shore,
Yet now near-hand cannot resist no more.
So lieth he aloofe in smooth pretence,
To hide his rough intended violence;
As he that under name of Christmas cheere
Can starve his tenant's all th' ensuing yeare.
Paper and wax, (God wot!) a weake repay
For such deepe debts and downcast sums as they;
Write, seale, deliver, take, go spend and speede,
And yet full hardly could his present need
Part with such sum; for but as yester-late
Did Furnus offer pen-worths at easy rate,

For small disbursement; he the bankes hath broke,
And needs mote now some further playne o'er-
look;

Yet ere he go faine would he be releast,
Hye ye, ye ravens, hye you to the feast.
Provided that thy lands are left entire,
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire:
Then shalt thou teare those idle paper bonds
That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.
Ah foole! for sooner shalt thou sell the rest
Than stake ought for thy former interest;
When it shall grind thy grating gall for shame,
To see the lands that beare thy grandfire's name
Become a dunghill peasant's summer-hall,
Or lonely hermit's cage inhospitall;
A pining gourmand, an imperious slave,
An horse-leech, barren wombe, and gaping
grave;

A legal thiefe, a bloodlesse murtherer,
A fiend incarnate, a false usurer:
Albe such mayne extort scorns to be pent
In the clay walls of thatched tenement:
For certes no man of a low degree
May bid two guests, or gout, or usury;
Unlesse some base hedge-creeping Collybist
Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list
For Easter gloves, or for a Shrove-tide hen,
Which bought to give, he takes to sell again.
I do not meane some glozing merchant's feate,
'That laugheth at the cozened world's deceit,
When as an hundred stocks lie in his fist,
He leaks and sinks, and breaketh when he list.
But Nummius eas'd the needy gallant's care
With a base bargain of his blowen ware
Of fusted hops, now lost for lack of sale,
Or mould brown paper that could nought avail;
Or what he cannot utter otherwise,
May pleasure Fridoline for treble price;
Whiles his false broker lieth in the wind,
And for a present chapman is assign'd,
'The cut-throat wretch, for their compacted gaine,
Buys all but for one quarter of the mayne;
Whiles if he chance to break his deare-bought
day,
And forfeit, for default of due repay,
His late intangled lands; then, Fridoline,
Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.
If Mammon's selfe should ever live with men,
Mammon himself shall be a citizen.

SATIRE VI.

Quid placet ergo?

I wot not how the world's degenerate,
'That men or know or like not their estate:
Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morne,
Not one but holds his native state forlorne.
When comely striplings wish it were their chance,
For Cænis distaffe to exchange their lance,
And weare curl'd periwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.

Tyr'd with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet
strips,

And busks and verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,
And make their napkin for their spitting place,
And gripe their waist within a narrow span:
Fond Cænis, that would'it wish to be a man!
Whose manish housewives like their refuse state,
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
Who like a cot-queene freezeth at the rock,
Whiles his breech't dame doth man the forren
stock.

Is't not a shame to see each homely groome
Sit perched in an idle chariot roome,
That were not meete some pannel to bestride,
Surfingled to a galled hackney's hide?
Each muck-worme will be rich with lawlesse
gaine, [graine,
Although he smother up mowes of seven years
And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap
again;

Although he buy whole harvests in the spring,
And foyst in false strikes to the measuring;
Altho' his shop be muffled from the light,
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night;
Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,
While his George-Nobles rusten in his chest;
He sleeps but once, and dreames of burglary,
And wakes, and casts about his frightened eye,
And gropes for th' eves in ev'ry darker shade;
And if a mouse but stirre, he calls for ayde.
The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
All scarfed with py'd colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he gins to loathe his former state;
Now doth he inly scorne his Kendall-Greene,
And his patch'd cockers now despised beene;
Nor list he now go whistling to the carre,
But sells his teeme, and fetleth to the warre.
O warre! to them that never try'd thee, sweete!
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feete,
And angry bullets whistle at his eare,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and dreere.
Oh happy ploughman! were thy weale well
knowne:

Oh happy all estates, except his own!
Some drunken rhymers think his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print;
Who when he is once fleshed to the presse,
And sees his handsell have such faire successe,
Sung to the wheele, and sung unto the payle,
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale;
Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodg'd
rhymes,

To have his name talk'd of in future times,
The brain-sick youth that feeds his tickled eare
With sweet-fauc'd lies of some false traveller,
Which hath the Spanish decades read awhile,
Or whet-stone leavings of old Mandeville;
Now with discourses breakes his midnight sleepe,
Of his adventures through the Indian deepe,
Of all their massy heapes of golden mine,
Or of the antique toombes of Palestine,
Or of Damascus magick wall of glasse,
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brasse,

Of the bird Ruc that bears an elephant,
 Of mermaids that the southerne seas do haunt,
 Of headlesse men, of savage cannibals,
 The fashions of their lives and governalls;
 What monstrous cities there erected be,
 Cayro, or the city of the Trinity.
 Now are they dunghill cocks that have not seene
 The bordering Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhine:
 And now he plies the newes-full grasshopper,
 Of voyages and ventures to inquire.
 His land mortgag'd, he, sea-beat in the way,
 Wishe for home a thousand sighs a day:
 And now he deems his home bred fare as lease
 As his parcht bisket, or his barrel'd beeefe.
 Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
 Oh let me lead an academick life;
 To know much, and to think we nothing know;
 Nothing to have, yet think we have enowe;
 In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
 In weale nor want, nor wish for greater store.
 Envy ye monarchs, with your proud excesse,
 At our low sayle, and our high happinesse.

SATIRE VII.

POMH PTMH.

Who says these Romish pageants been too high
 To be the scorne of sportful poesie?
 Certes not all the world such matter wist
 As are the seven hills, for a satyrise.
 Perdie I loath an hundred Mathoes tongues,
 An hundred gamesters shifts, or landlords wrongs,
 Or Labeo's poems, or base Lolio's pride,
 Or ever what I thought or wrote beside.
 When once I think if carping Aquine's spright
 To see now Rome, were licenc'd to the light,
 How his enraged ghost would stamp and stare,
 That Cæsar's throne is turn'd to Peter's chayre;
 To see an old shorne Lozell perched high,
 Crossing beneath a golden canopy;
 The whiles a thousand hairlesse crownes crouch
 low,
 To kisse the precious case of his proud toe;
 And for the lordly Fasces borne of old,
 To see two quiet crossed keyes of gold,
 Or Cybele's shrine, the famous Pantheon's frame,
 Turn'd to the honour of our Lady's name.
 But that he most would gaze and wonder at,
 Is th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat,
 The crooked staffe, their coule's strange form and
 store,
 Save that he saw the same in hell before;

To see the broken nuns, with new-shorne heads,
 In a blind cloyster tosse their idle beades,
 Or louzy coules come smoking from the stewes,
 To raise the lewd rent to their lord accrewes,
 (Who with ranke Venice doth his pompe advance
 By trading of ten thousand courtezans)
 Yet backward must absolve a female's sinne,
 Like to a false dissembling Theatine,
 Who when his skin is red with shirts of male
 And rugged haire-cloth scoures his greasy nayle,
 Or wedding garment tames his stubborne backe,
 Which his hempe girdle dyes all blue and black;
 Or of his almes-boule three dayes supp'd and
 din'd,
 Trudges to open stewes of either kinde;
 Or takes some cardinal's stable in the way,
 And with some pampered mule doth weare the
 day,
 Kept for his lord's own saddle when him list.
 Come, Valentine, and play the satyrise,
 To see poor sucklings welcom'd to the light
 With searing irons of some soure Jacobite,
 Or golden offers of an aged foole,
 To make his coffin some Franciscan's coule;
 To see the Pope's blacke knight, a cloaked frere,
 Sweating in the channel like a scavengere;
 Whom erst thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,
 When at the corner-crosse thou didst him meete,
 Tumbling his rosaries hanging at his belt,
 Or his barretta, or his towred felt:
 To see a lazy dumbe Acholithite
 Armed against a devout flye's despight,
 Which at th' high altar doth the chalice vaile
 With a broad flie-flappe of a peacocke's tayle,
 The whiles the liquorous priest spits every trice
 With longing for his morning sacrifice,
 Which he reares up quite perpendiculare,
 That the mid church doth spighte the chancel's
 fare,
 Beating their empty mawes that would be fed
 With the scant morsels of the sacrist's bread:
 Would he not laugh to death when he should
 heare
 The shamelesse legends of St. Christopher,
 St. George, the Sleepers, or St. Peter's well,
 Or of his daughter good St. Petronell?
 But had he heard the female father's groane,
 Yeanning in mids of her procession;
 Or now should see the needlesse tryal-chayre,
 (When each is proved by his bastard heyre)
 Or saw the churches, and new calendere
 Pester'd with mongrel saints and relicks deare,
 Should he cry out on Codro's tedious toombes,
 When his new rage would ask no narrower
 roomes?

SATIRE S.

BOOK V.

SATIRE I.

Sit pana merenti.

PARDON, ye glowing cares; needs will it out,
Though brazen walls compass'd my tongue about
As thick as wealthy Scrobio's quick-set rows
In the wide common that he did enclose.
Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice;
Or let me see it with detesting eyes.
Renowned Aquine, now I follow thee,
Far as I may, for feare of jeopardy;
And to thy hand yield up the ivy-mace
From crabbed Persius, and more smooth Horace;
Or from that shrew, the Roman poetesse,
That taught her gossips learned bitternesse;
Or Lucile's muse, whom thou didst imitate,
Or Menips old, or Pasquillers of late.
Yet name I not Mutius or Tigilline,
Though they deserve a keener style than mine;
Nor meane to ranfack up the quiet grave,
Nor burn dead bones, as he example gave.
I taxe the living; let the dead ashes rest,
Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.
Who can refrain that's guiltlesse of their crime,
Whiles yet he lives in such a cruel time?
When Titio's grounds, that in his grandfire's
dayes,
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise,
A summer snow-ball, or a winter rose,
Is growne to thousands, as the world now goes.
So thrift and time sets other things on floate,
That now his sonne soups in a silken coate,
Whose grandfire happily, a poore hungry swaine,
Begg'd some cast abbey in the church's wayne:
And but for that, whatever he may vaunt,
Who knows a monk had been a mendicant?
While freezing Mathe, that for one lean see
Won't term each term the term of Hillary,
May now, instead of those his simple fees,
Get the see-simples of faire manneries.

What, did he counterfeat his prince's hand,
For some streave lordship of concealed land?
Or on each Michael and Lady-day,
Tooke he deepe forfeits for an hour's delay?
And gain'd no lesse by such injurious brawl,
Than Gamius by his sixth wife's burial?
Or hath he wonne some wider interest,
By hoary charters from his grandfire's chest,
Which late some bribed scribe, for slender wage,
Writ in the characters of another age,
That Plowdon selfe might flammer to rehearse,
Whose date o'erlooks three centuries of years.
Who ever yet the tracks of weale so try'd,
But there hath been one beaten way beside?
He, when he lets a lease for life, or yeares,
(As never he doth until the date expires;
For when the full state in his fist doth lie,
He may take vantage of the vacancy)
His fine affords so many treble pounds
As he agreeth yeares to lease his grounds:
His rent in fair response must arise
To double trebles of his one yeare's price.
Of one baye's breadth, God wot! a silly coate,
Whose thatched spars are furr'd with fluttish soote.
A whole inch thick, shining like black-moor's
brows, [blows.
Through smoke that down the headlesse barrel
At his bed's feet feeden his stalled teeme;
His swine beneath, his pullen o'er the beame.
A starved tenement, such as I guesse
Stands straggling in the wastes of Holdernesse;
Or such as shiver on a Peake hill side,
When March's lungs beate on their turf-clad hide,
Such as nice Lipsius would grudge to see
Above his lodging in wild Westphalye;
Or as the Saxon king his court might make,
When his sides playned of the neat-heard's cake.
Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord's hall
With often presents at each festival:
With crammed capons every New-yeares morne,
Or with green cheeses when his sheep are shorne:

Or many maunds full of his mellow fruite,
 To make some way to win his weighty suite.
 Whom cannot gifts at last cause to relent,
 Or to win favour, or flee punishment?
 When griple patrons turn their sturdie steele
 To waxe, when they the golden flame do seele:
 When grand Mæcenæ calls a glavering eye
 On the cold present of a poesy:
 And lest he might more frankly take than give,
 Gropes for a French crowne in his empty sleeve.
 Thence Clodius hopes to set his shoulders free
 From the light burden of his Napery.
 The smiling landlord shewes a sun-shine face,
 Feigning that he will grant him further grace,
 And leers like Æsop's foxe upon a crane
 Whose neck he craves for his chirurgian:
 So lingers off the lease until the last,
 What reckes he then of paines or promise past?
 Was ever feather, or fond woman's mind
 More light than words? the blasts of idle wind!
 What's sib or fire, to take the gentle slip,
 And in th' exchequer rot for suretyship?
 Or thence thy starved brother live and die,
 Within the cold Coal harbour sanctuary?
 Will one from Scots-bank bid but one groate more,
 My old tenant may be turned out of doore,
 Though much he spent in th' rotten roof's repaire,
 In hope to have it left unto his heir:
 Though many a load of marle and manure layd,
 Reviv'd his barren leas, that erst lay dead.
 Were he as Furius, he would defy
 Such pilfering slips of petty landlordry:
 And might dislodge whole colonies of poore,
 And lay their rooffe quite level with the floore,
 Whiles yet he gives as to a yielding fence,
 Their bag and baggage to his citizens,
 And ships them to the new-nam'd Virgin-lond,
 Or wilder Wales where never wight yet wonn'd.
 Would it not vex thee where thy fires did keep,
 To see the dinged folds of dag-tayl'd sheep?
 And ruin'd house where holy things were said,
 Whose free-stone walls the thatched rooffe upbraid,
 Whose shrill saint's bell hangs on his livery,
 While the rest are damned to the plumbery?
 Yet pure devotion lets the steeple stand,
 And idle battlements on either hand:
 Lest that, perhaps, were all those relicks gone,
 Furius his sacrilege could not be knowne.

SATIRE II.

Hæc querite Trojam.

HOUSE-KEEPING's dead, Saturio, wot'st thou
 where?
 Forsooth they say far hence in Breckneckshire.
 And ever since, they say that feel and taste,
 That men may breck their neck soon as their fast.
 Certes, if pity dy'd at Chaucer's date,
 He liv'd a widower long behind his mate:
 Save that I see some rotten bed-rid fire,
 Which to outstrip the nonage of his heire,
 Is cramm'd with golden broths, and drugs of price,
 And each day dying lives, and living dies;

Till once surviv'd his wardship's laten eve,
 His eyes are clos'd, with choice to die or live.
 Plenty and He dy'd both in that same yeare,
 When the sad sky did shed so many a teare.
 And now, who list not of his labour faile,
 Mark with Saturio my friendly tale.
 Along thy way thou canst not but descry
 Fair glittering halls to tempt the hopeful eye,
 Thy right eye 'gins to leap for vaine delight,
 And surbeat toes to tickle at the sight;
 As greedy T—— when in the sounding mould
 He finds a shining potshard tip'd with gold;
 For never syren tempts the pleased eares,
 As these the eye of fainting passengers.
 All is not so that seemes, for surely then
 Matrona should not be a courtezan;
 Smooth Chrysalus should not be rich with fraud,
 Nor honest R—— be his own wife's bawd.
 Look not askint, nor stride across the way
 Like some demurring Alcide to delay;
 But walk on cheerly, till thou have espy'd
 Saint Peter's finger at the church-yard side.
 But wilt thou needs when thou art warn'd so well
 Go see who in so garish walls doth dwell?
 There findest thou some stately Dorick frame,
 Or neat Ionick worke;——
 Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
 That overcroweth all the world beside.
 Which rear'd to raise the crazy monarch's fame,
 Strives for a court and for a college name;
 Yet nought within but lousy coules doth hold,
 Like a scabl'd cuckow in a cage of gold.
 So pride above doth shade the shame below;
 A golden periwig on a black moor's brow.
 When Mævio's first page of his poesy,
 Nail'd to an hundred postes for novelty,
 With his big title an Italian mot,
 Layes siege unto the backward buyer's groat;
 Which all within is drafty fluttish geere,
 Fit for the oven, or the kitchen fire.
 So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,
 That such proud piles were never rais'd for
 nought.
 Beat the broad gates a goodly hollow sound
 With double echoes doth again rebound;
 But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
 Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see:
 All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
 Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite.
 The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
 With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed:
 But if thou chance cast up thy wond'ring eyes,
 Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece
 ΟΤΑΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ graven up on high,
 A fragment of old Plato's poesy:
 The meaning is "Sir foole ye may be gone,
 "Go back by leave, for way here lieth none."
 Look to the tow'red chimnies which should be
 The windpipes of good hospitality,
 Through which it breatheth to the open aire,
 Betokening life, and liberal welfare;
 Lo! there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
 And fills the tunnell with her circled nest;
 Nor half that smoke from all his chimnies goes
 Which one tobacco pipe drives through his nose.

So raw-bone hunger scorns the mudded walls,
 And 'gins to revel it in lordly halls.
 So the black prince is broken loose againe
 That saw no funne save once (as stories saine)
 That once was, when in Trinacry I weene
 He stole the daughter of the harvest queene,
 And gript the mawes of barren Sicily
 With long constraint of pinesful penury;
 And they that should resist his second rage,
 Have pent themselves up in the private cage
 Of some blind lane, and there they lurk unknowne
 Till th' hungry tempest once be overblowne:
 Then like the coward after neighbour's fray,
 They creep forth boldly, and ask, Where are they?
 Meanwhile the hunger starv'd appurtenance
 Must bide the brunt, whatever ill mischance:
 Grim Famine sits in their fore-pined face,
 All full of angles of unequal space,
 Like to the plane of many sided squares,
 That wont be drawne out by geometars;
 So sharp and meager that who should them see
 Would swear they lately came from Hungary.
 When their brasse pans and winter coverlid
 Have wip'd the maunger of the horse's bread,
 Oh me! what odds there seemeth 'twixt their
 cheer

And the swolne bezzle at an alehouse fire,
 That tonnes in gallons to his bursten paunch,
 Whose slimy draughts his drought can never
 staunch?

For shame, ye gallants! grow more hospital,
 And turn your needlesse wardrobe to your hall.
 As lavish Virro that keeps open doores,
 Like Janus in the warres,—
 Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feast,
 What time he needs must be his cousin's guest.
 Philene hath bid him, can he choose but come?
 Who should pull Virro's sleeve to stay at home?
 All yeare besides who mealtime can attend:
 Come Trebius, welcome to the table's end.
 What though he chires on purer manchet's crowne,
 While his kind client grindes on blacke and
 browne,

A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
 From off the mong-corne heap shall Trebius load.
 What though he quaffe pure amber in his bowle
 Of March brew'd wheat, yet flecks my thirsting
 soul

With palish oat, frothing in Boston clay,
 Or in a shallow cruise, nor must that stay
 Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd braine,
 But call and crave, and have thy cruise againe:
 Else how should even tale be registred,
 Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrel's head?
 And if he list revive his heartles graine
 With some French grape, or pure Canariane
 When pleasing Bourdeaux falls into his lot,
 Some sow'rish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throate.
 What though himselfe craveth his welcome friend
 With a cool'd pittance from his trencher's end,
 Must Trebius' lip hang toward his trencher side?
 Nor kisse his fist to take what doth betide?
 What though to spare thy teeth he employs thy
 tongue

In busy questions all the dinner long?

What though the scornful waiter lookes askile,
 And pouts and frowns, and curseth thee the while,
 And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,
 At every morsell he his last shall see?
 And if but one exceed the common size,
 Or make an hillock in thy cheeke arise,
 Or if perchance thou shouldest, ere thou wist,
 Hold thy knife upright in thy griped fist,
 Or fittest double on thy backward seat,
 Or with thine elbow shad'st thy shared meat,
 He laughs thee, in his fellow's care to scorne,
 And asks aloud, where Trebius was borne?
 Though the third sewer takes thee quite away
 Without a staffe, when thou would'st longer stay,
 What of all this? Is't not enough to say,
 I din'd at Virro his owne board to-day?

SATIRE III.

KOINA ΦΙΛΩΝ.

THE satire should be like the porcupine,
 That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line,
 And wounds the blushing cheeke, and fiery eye,
 Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.
 Ye antique satires, how I blesse your dayes,
 That brook'd your bolder stile, their own dispraise,
 And well near wish, yet joy my wish is vaine,
 I had been then, or they been now againe!
 For now our eares been of more brittle mold,
 Than those dull earthen eares that were of old:
 Sith theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's head,
 Our glasse can never touch unshivered.
 But from the ashes of my quiet stile
 Henceforth may rise some raging rough Lucile,
 That may with Æschylus both find and leese
 The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides:
 Meanwhile, sufficeth me, the world may say
 That I these vices loath'd another day,
 Which I hane done with as devout a cheere
 As he that rounds Poul's pillars in the yeare,
 Or bends his ham downe in the naked quire.
 'Twas ever said, Frontine, and ever seene,
 That golden clerkes but wooden lawyers been.
 Could ever wise man wish, in good estate,
 The use of all things indiscriminate?
 Who wots not yet how well this did besecme
 The learned master of the academe?
 Plato is dead, and dead is his device, [wise,
 Which some thought witty, none thought ever
 Yet certes Mæcha is a Platonist
 To all, they say, save who do not list;
 Because her husband, a far trafick'd man,
 Is a profess'd Peripatetician.
 And so our grandsires were in ages past,
 That let their lands lie all so widely waste,
 That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent
 Within some province, or whole shire's extent.
 As nature made the earth, so did it lie,
 Save for the furrowes of their husbandry;
 Whenas the neighbour lands so couched layne
 That all bore shew of one fair champion:
 Some headlesse crosse they digged on their lea,
 Or roll'd some marked meare-stone in the way.

Poor simple men! for what mought that availe,
That my field might not fill my neighbour's payle,
More than a pilled stick can stand in stead,
To bar Cynedo from his neighbour's bed;
More than the thread-bare client's poverty
Debars th' attorney of his wonted fee?
If they were thriftlesse, mought not we amend,
And with more care our dangered fields defend?
Each man can guard what thing he deemeth deare,
As fearful merchants do their female heir,
Which, were it not for promise of their wealth,
Need not be stalled up for fear of stealth;
Would rather stick upon the bellman's cries,
Though proffer'd for a branded Indian's price.
Then raise we muddy bulwarks on our banks,
Beset around with treble quick set ranks;
Or if those walls be over weak a ward,
The squared bricke may be a better guard.
Go to, my thrifty yeoman, and upreare
A brazen wall to shend thy land from feare.
Do so; and I shall praise thee all the while,
So be thou stake not up the common style;
So be thou hedge in nought but what's thine
owne;

So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done;
So be thou let not lie in fallow'd plaine
That which was wont yield usury of graine.
But when I see thy pitched stakes do stand
On thy incroached piece of common land,
Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbour's kyne,
And warn'st that none feed on thy field save thine;
Brag no more, Scrobious, of thy mudded bankes,
Nor thy deep ditches, nor three quickset rankes.
O happy dayes of old Ducalion,
When one was landlord of the world alone!
But now whose choler would not rise to yield
A peasant halfe stakes of his new mown field,

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Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
Buy out the remnant of his royalties?
Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
Scorne thou to live, if others live beside;
And trace proud Castile that aspires to be
In his old age a young fifth monarchy:
Or the red hat that cries the lucklesse mayne,
For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhine.

SATIRE IV.

Possunt, quia posse videntur.

VILLIUS, the wealthy farmer, left his heire
Twice twenty sterling pounds to spend by yeare:
The neighbours praïsen Villio's hide-bound sonne,
And say it was a goodly portion.
Not knowing how some merchants dow'r can rise,
By Sunday's tale to fifty centuries;
Or to weigh downe a leaden bride with gold,
Worth all that Matho bought, or Pontice sold.
But whiles ten pound goes to his wife's new
gowne,
Nor little lesse can serve to suit his owne;
Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-man,
Or buys an hooode, or silver handled fanne,
Or hires a Friezeland trotter, halfe yard deepe,
To drag his tumbrell through the staring Cheape;
Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,
And's treble rated at the subsidies;
One end a kennel keeps of thriftlesse hounds;
What think ye rests of all my younker's pounds
To diet him, or deal out at his doore,
To coffer up, or stocke his wasting store?
If then I reckon'd right, it should appeare
That forty pounds serve not the farmer's heire,

3 B

SATIRE S.

BOOK VI.

SATIRE I.

Semel insanivimus.

LABEO reserves a long naile for the nonce,
To wound my margeant through ten leaves at
once,
Much worse than Aristarchus his blacke pile
That pierc'd old Homer's side; —
And makes such faces that me seems I see
Some foul Megæra in the tragedy,
Threat'ning her twined snakes at Tantale's ghost;
Or the grim visage of some frowning post
The crabtree porter of the Guildhall gates;
While he his frightful beetle elevates,
His angry cyne look all so glaring bright,
Like th' hunted badger in a moonlesse night:
Or like a painted staring Saracen;
His cheeks change hue like th' air-fed vermin skin,
Now red, now pale, and swol'n above his eyes
Like to the old Colossian imageries.
But when he doth of my recanting heare,
Away ye angry fires, and frosts of seare,
Give place unto his hopeful temper'd thought
That yields to peace, ere ever peace be sought:
Then let me now repent me of my rage
For writing satires in so righteous age.
Whereas I should have stroak'd her tow'rdly head,
And cry'd *evæe* in my satires stead;
Sith now not one of thousand does amisse,
Was never age I weene so pure as this.
As pure as old Labulla from the banes,
As pure as through faire channels when it raines;
As pure as is a black moor's face by night,
As dung-clad skin of dying Heraclite.
Seeke over all the world, and tell me where
Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer;
A thief, a drunkard, or a paricide,
A lecher, liar, or what vice beside?
Merchants are no whit covetous of late,
Nor make no mart of time, gain of deceit.

Patrons are honest now, o'er they of old,
Can now no benefice be bought or sold?
Give him a gelding, or some two yeares tithe;
For he all bribes and simony defy'th.
Is not one pick-thank stirring in the court,
That feld was free till now, by all report.
But some one, like a claw-back parasite,
Pick'd mothes from his master's cloake in sight,
Whiles he could pick out both his eyes for need,
Mought they but stand him in some better stead.
Nor now no more smell-feast Vitellio
Smiles on his master for a meal or two,
And loves him in his maw, loaths in his heart,
Yet soothes, and yeas and nays on either part.
Tattelius, the new-come traveller,
With his disguised coate and ringed care,
Trampling the bourse's marble twice a day,
Tells nothing but stark truths I dare well say;
Nor would he have them known for any thing,
Though all the vault of his loud murmuring.
Not one man tells a lie of all the yeare,
Except the Almanack or Chronicler.
But not a man of all the damned crew,
For hills of gold would sweare the thing untrue.
Pansophus now, though all in the cold sweat,
Dares venture through the feared castle-gate,
Albe the faithful oracles have foresayne,
The wisest senator shall there be slaine:
That made him long keepe home as well it might,
Till now he hopeth of some wiser wight.
The vale of Standgate, or the Suter's hill,
Or westernne plaine are free from feared ill.
Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed:
But he that hath ought hye him, and God speed.
Nor drunken Dennis doth, by breake of day,
Stumble into blind taverns by the way,
And reel me homeward at the ev'ning starre,
Or ride more eas'ly in his neighbour's chayre.
Well might these checks have fitted former times,
And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathlesse rhymes.

Ere Chrysalus had barr'd the common boxe,
 Which erst he pick'd to store his private stocks;
 But now hath all with vantage paid againe,
 And locks and plates what doth behind remaine;
 When erst our dry soul'd fires so layish were,
 To charge whole boots-full to their friends welfare;
 Now shalt thou never see the salt beset
 With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.
 Of an ebbe cruise must thirsty Silen sip,
 That's all forestalled by his upper lip;
 Somewhat it was that made his paunch so peare,
 His girdle fell ten inches in a yeare.
 Or when old gouty bed-rid Euclio
 To his officious factor fair could shew
 His name in margent of some old cast bill,
 And say, Lo! whom I named in my will,
 Whiles he believes, and looking for the share
 Tendeth his cumbrous charge with busy care
 For but a while; for now he sure will die,
 By his strange qualme of liberality.
 Great thanks he gives—but God him shield and
 save
 From ever gaining by his master's grave:
 Only live long and he is well repaid,
 And wets his forced cheeks while thus he said;
 Some strong smell'd onion shall stir his eyes
 Rather than no salt teares shall then arise.
 So looks he like a marble toward raine,
 And wrings and snites, and weeps, and wipes
 again:
 Then turns his back and smiles, and looks askance,
 Seas'ning again his sorrow'd countenance;
 Whiles yet he wearies heav'n with daily cries,
 And backward death with devout sacrifice,
 That they would now his tedious ghost bereav'n,
 And wishes well, that wish'd no worse than heav'n.
 When Zoylus was sicke, he knew not where,
 Save his wrough night-cap, and lawn pillowbear.
 Kind fooles! they made him sick that made him
 fine;
 Take those away, and there's his medicine.
 Or Gellia wore a velvet mastick-patch
 Upon her temples when no tooth did ache;
 When beauty was her rheume I soon espy'd,
 Nor could her plaister cure her of her pride.
 These vices were, but now they ceas'd off long:
 Then why did I a righteous age that wrong?
 I would repent me were it not too late,
 Were not the angry world prejudicate.
 If all the seven penitential
 Or thousand white wands might me ought avail;
 If Trent or Thames could scoure my foule offence
 And set me in my former innocence,
 I would at last repent me of my rage:
 Now, bear my wrong, I thine, O righteous age.
 As for fine wits, an hundred thousand fold
 Passeth our age whatever times of old.
 For in that puiſne world, our fires of long
 Could hardly wag their too unwieldy tongue.
 As pined crows and parrots can do now,
 When hoary age did bend their wrinkled brow:
 And now of late did many a learned man
 Serve thirty years prenticeship with Priscian;
 But now can every novice speake with ease
 The far-fetch'd language of th' Antipodes.

Would'st thou the tongues that erst were learned
 hight,
 Though our wise age hath wip'd them of their
 right;
 Would'st thou the courtly three in most request,
 Or the two barbarous neighbours of the West?
 Bibinus selfe can have ten tongues in one,
 Though in all ten not one good tongue alone.
 And can deep skill lie smothering within,
 Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin?
 Shall it not be a wild fig in a wall,
 Or fired brimstone in a minerall?
 Do thou disdain, O ever-learned age!
 The tongue-ty'd silence of that Samian sage:
 Forth ye fine wits and rush into the presse,
 And for the cloyed world your works addresse.
 Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor seely ant,
 But a fine wit can make an elephant.
 Should Bandell's throstle die without a song,
 Or Adamantius, my dog, be laid along,
 Downe in some ditch without his exequies,
 Or epitaphs, or mournful elegies?
 Folly itself, and baldnesse may be prais'd,
 And sweet conceits from filthy objects rais'd.
 What do not fine wits dare to undertake?
 What dare not fine wits do for honour's sake?
 But why doth Balbus his dead doing quill
 Parch in his rusty scabbard all the while;
 His golden fleece o'ergrowne with mouldy hoare
 And though he had his witty works forswore?
 Belike of late now Balbus hath no need,
 Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread
 The catch-poll's fist—The presse may still remaine
 And breathe, till Balbus be in debt againe.
 Soon may that be! so I had silent beene,
 And not this rak'd up quiet crimes unseen.
 Silence is safe, when saying stirreth fore,
 And makes the stirred puddle stink the more.
 Shall the controller of proud Nemesis
 In lawlesse rage upbraid each other's vice,
 While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong,
 And curb the raunge of his misruly tongue?
 By the two crownes of Parnasse ever-green,
 And by the cloven head of Hippocrene
 As I true poet am, I here avow
 (So solemnly kiss'd he his laurell bough)
 If that bold satire unrevenge'd be
 For this so saucy and foule injury.
 So Labeo weens it my eternal shame
 To prove I never earn'd a poet's name.
 But would I be a poet if I might,
 To rub my browes three days and wake three
 nights,
 And bite my nails, and scratch my dullard head,
 And curse the backward Muses on my bed
 About one peevish syllable; which out-sought
 I take up Tales joy, save for fore-thought
 How it shall please each ale-knight's censuring eye,
 And hang'd my head for fear they deem awry:
 While thread-bare Martiall turns his merry note
 To beg of Rufus a cast winter coate;
 While hungry Marot leapeth at a beane,
 And dieth like a starved Cappuchin;
 Go Ariost, and gape for what may fall
 From trencher of a flattering cardinall;

And if thou gettest but a pedant's fee,
 Thy bed, thy board, and courser livery,
 O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
 To sit with Tarleton on an ale post's signe!
 Who had but lived in Augustus' dayes,
 'Thad been some honour to be crown'd with bayes;
 When Lucan stretched on his marble bed
 To think of Cæsar, and great Pompey's deed:
 Or when Achelaus shav'd his mourning head,
 Soon as he heard Stefichorus was dead.
 At least, would some good body of the rest
 Set a gold pen on their baye-wreathed crest;
 Or would their face in stamped coin expresse,
 As did the Mytelens their poetesse.
 Now as it is, beshrew him if he might,
 That would his browes with Cæsar's laurell dight.
 Though what ail'd me, I might not well as they
 Rake up some furworne tales that smother'd lay
 In chimney corners smoak'd with winter fires,
 To read and rock asleep our drowsy fires?
 No man his threshold better knowes, than I
 Brute's first arrival, and first victory;
 Saint George's sorrell, or his crosse of blood,
 Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,
 Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine,
 What were his knights did Salen's siege maintaine:
 How the mad rival of faire Angelice
 Was physick'd from the new-found paradise.
 High stories they, which with their swelling straine
 Have riven Frontoe's broad rehearful plaine.
 But so to fill up books, both backe and side,
 What needs it? Are there not enow beside?
 O age well thriven and well fortunate,
 When each man hath a muse appropriate;
 And she, like to some servile eare-bor'd slave
 Must play and sing when and what he'd have!
 Would that were all—small fault in number lies,
 Were not the feare from whence it should arise.
 But can it be ought but a spurious seed
 That growes so rife in such unlikely speed?
 Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home,
 And spent two years at Venice and at Rome,
 Returned, hears his blessing ask'd of three,
 Cries out, O Julian law! adultery!
 Though Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
 The true strains of heroick poesy:
 For he can tell how fury rest his sense,
 And Phœbus fill'd him with intelligence.
 He can implore the heathen deities
 To guide his bold and busy enterprize;
 Or filch whole pages at a clap for need
 From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed;
 Wile big but ob's! each stanza can begin,
 Whose trunk and taile fluttish and heartlesse been.

He knowes the grace of that new elegance,
 Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France,
 That well beseem'd his high-stil'd Arcady,
 Though others marre it with much liberty,
 In epithets to joine two wordes in one
 Forsooth, for adjectives can't stand alone:
 As a great poet could of Bacchus say,
 That he was *Semele-femori-gena*.
 Lastly he names the spirit of Astrophel;
 Now hath not Labeo done wondrous well?
 But ere his Muse her weapon learn to wield,
 Or dance a sober pirrhicke in the field,
 Or marching wade in blood up to the knees,
 Her *arma virum* goes by two degrees,
 The sheepe-cote first hath beene her uursery
 Where she hath worne her idle infancy,
 And in high startups walk'd the pastur'd plaines,
 To tend her tasked herd that there remaines,
 And winded still a pipe of oate or breare,
 Striving for wages who the praise shall beare;
 As did whilere the homely Carmelite,
 Following Virgil, and he Theocrite;
 Or else hath beene in Venus' chamber train'd
 To play with Cupid, till she had attain'd
 To comment well upon a beauteous face,
 Then was she fit for an heroic place;
 As witty Pontan in great earnest said,
 His mistress' breasts were like two weights of lead,
 Another thinks her teeth might liken'd be
 To two faire rankes of pales of ivory,
 To fence in sure the wild beast of her tongue,
 From either going far, or going wrong;
 Her grinders like two chalk-stones in a mill,
 Which shall with time and wearing waxe as ill
 As old Catillaes, which wont every night
 Lay up her holy pegs till next day-light,
 And with them grind soft-simpring all the day,
 When, lest her laughter should her gums bewray,
 Her hands must hide her mouth if she but smile;
 Faine would she seeme all frixe and frolicke still.
 Her forehead faire is like a brazen hill
 Whose wrinkled furrows which her age doth breed
 Are dawbed full of Venice chalke for need:
 Her eyes like silver faucers faire beset
 With shining amber, and with shady set,
 Her lids like Cupid's bow case, where he hides
 The weapons that doth wound the wanton ey'd:
 Her chin like Pindus, or Parnassus hill,
 Where down descends th' o'erflowing stream doth
 fill
 The well of her faire mouth.—Each hath his
 praise.
 Who would not but wed poets now a dayes!

ELEGY ON DR. WHITAKER*.

Bind ye my browes with mourning cyparisse,
And palish twigs of deadlie poplar tree,
Or if some sadder shades ye can devise,
Those sadder shades vaile my light-loathing eie :
I loath the laurel-bandes I loved best,
And all that maketh mirth and pleasant rest.

If ever breath dissolv'd the world to teares,
Or hollow cries made heaven's vault resound :
If ever shrieks were founded out so cleare,
That all the worldswast might heare around : [cries,
Be mine the breath, the teares, the shrieks, the
Yet still my grieve unseene, unfounded lies.

Thou flattering Sun, that ledst this loathed light,
Why didst thou in thy saffron-robes arise ?
Or foldst not up the day in drearie night ?
And wakst the westerne worldes amazed eies ?
And never more rise from the ocean,
To make the morn, or chase night-shades again.

Heare we no bird of day, or dawning morne,
To greet the sun, or glad the waking eare :
Sing out ye scrich-owles lowder then aforne,
And ravens blacke of night ; of death of driere :
And all ye barking foules yet never seene,
That fill the moonlesse night with hideous din.

Now shall the wanton Devils daunce in rings
In everie mede, and everie heath hore :
The Elvish Faeries, and the Gobelins :
The hoofed Satyres silent heretofore :
Religion, Vertue, Muses, holie mirth
Have now forsworne the late forsaken earth.

The Prince of Darknesse gins to tyrannize,
And reare up cruel trophees of his rage :
Faint earth through her despairing cowardice
Yields up herselfe to endlesse vassalage : [Hell,
What Champion now shall tame the power of
And the unrulie spirits overquell ?

The world's praise, the pride of Nature's prooffe,
Amaze of times, hope of our faded age :

* King's professor, and matter of St. John's College, Cambridge; he died in 1595. This elegy was annexed to the "Carmen Funebre Caroli Horni, 1596," and is now reprinted from Nichols's "Select Collection of Poems," 8 vols. 12mo. Lond. 1789.

Religions hold, Earth's choice, and Heaven's love,
Patterne of Vertue, patron of Muses sage :
All these and more were Whitaker's alone,
Now they in him, and he and all are gone.

Heaven, Earth, Nature, Death, and every Fate,
Thus spoild the carelesse world of woonted joy :
Whiles each repin'd at others pleasing state,
And all agreed to work the world's annoy :
Heaven strove with Earth, Destiny gave the
doome,
That Death should Earth and Nature overcome,

Earth takes one part, when forced Nature sendes
The soul, to flit into the yeelding skie :
Sorted by death into their fatal ends,
Foreseene, foresett from all eternitie :
Destinie by Death spoyl'd feeble Natures frame,
Earth was despoyl'd when Heaven overcame.

Ah, coward Nature, and more cruell Death,
Envying Heaven, and unworthy mold,
Unweildy carkasse and unconstant breath,
That did so lightly leave your living hold :
How have ye all conspir'd our hopelesse spight,
And wrapt us up in Griefes eternall night.

Base Nature yeeldes, imperious Death com-
maundes.
Heaven desires, durst lowly dust denie ?
The Fates decreed, no mortall might withstand,
The spirit leaves his load, and lets it lie.
The sencelesse corpes corrupts in sweeter clay,
And waytes for worms to waste it quite away.

Now ginne your triumphes, Death and Destinies,
And let the trembling world witnesse your wast :
Now let blacke Orphney raise his gastly neighes,
And trample high, and hellish some outcast :
Shake he the earth and teare the hollow skies,
That all may feeble and feare your victories,

And after your triumphant chariot,
Drag the pale corpes that thus you did to die,
To shew what goodly conquests ye have got,
To fright the world, and fill the woondring eie :
Millions of lives, of deaths no conquest were,
Compared with one onely Whitaker.

But thou, O soule, shalt laugh at their despite,
Sitting beyond the mortal mans extent,
All in the bosome of that blessed spright:
Which the great God for thy safe conduct sent,
He through the circling spheares taketh his
flight,
And cuts the solid skie with spirituall might.

Open ye golden gates of Paradise,
Open ye wide unto a welcome ghost:
Enter, O soule, into thy boure of blisse,
Through all the throng of Heaven's hoast:
Which shall with triumph gard thee as thou
go'st
With psalmes of conquest and with crownes of

Seldome had ever soule such entertaines;
With such sweet hymnes, and such a glorious
crowne.
Nor with such joy amidst the heavenly traines,
Was ever led to his Creator's throne:
There now he lives, and sees his Saviour's face,
And ever sings sweet songs unto his grace.

Meanwhile, the memorie of his mightie name,
Shal live as long as aged earth shal last:
Enrolled on berill walles of fame,
Ay ming'd, ay mourn'd: and wished oft in wast,
Is this to die, to live for evermore.
A double life: that neither liv'd afore?

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